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1







THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN





E. HALSE, SC.

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EARTHWARD BOUND.

THE
COMPANY OF HEAVEN

*DAILY LINKS WITH THE
HOUSEHOLD OF GOD*

Rev.
S. J. C.

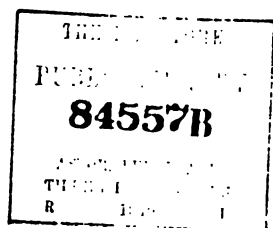
*'Therefore with Angels, and Archangels, and
all the Company of Heaven, we laud and
magnify Thy glorious name'*

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

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'The subject of angel ministry has of late years fallen out of notice; and that to a degree which is somewhat strange, considering how frequently, by our Lord's showing, it is through the "sending of angels" that the Father's purposes are carried out.'

REV. HENRY LATHAM, M.A.,
Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

W/ND 1055R/26

P R E F A C E

THE 'daily links with the Household of God' are offered as helps to the realisation of the intermingling Family Life of Heaven and Earth, of which Our Father is the centre, and Christ the Elder Brother—His simple Religion the binding of heart to heart in one tender Love, one happy trust, one humble service.

As these readings have, on one side, to do with a world which has been called 'unseen,' they should be regarded first of all as suggestions, from many aspects, which may appeal more or less to the reason and faith of those who may read them.

In the earliest days of Christ's followers, the visits of the angels were a wonder, a joy, and a strong support to their faith and courage. They were kept 'in all their ways.' Is the promise that 'He shall give His angels charge over thee' struck out of the Holy Writings? May we not almost give a tone of tender remonstrance to the

words, 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?' It is a loving ministry which He, Who was in all things made like unto us, accepted for His strengthening and comfort: it was continued to those who believed in Him, and it is given for our daily needs. Shall we not strive to realise that it is *here* and *now* we are guarded, guided, taught, and comforted by the radiant messengers 'sent' by the Eternal Will—'unseen, yet blessing well.'

It is good to emphasise the word '*sent*'; for in some minds there seems to be a dread lest the messengers should be honoured above the message. Christ, our Lord and theirs, is our very Life; we abide in Him, and He in us; and in His name our Father has sent unto us the Comforter. But that does not abolish and render useless the unselfish devotion, the tender sympathy, the wise counsel, the efficient teaching, the powerful protection, the precious gifts of earthly friends; still less does it lead us to value lightly the selfsame proofs of our Father's love, sent by Him through the love of our heavenly friends. Their obedience is implicit—'Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.'

Should not this promise of heavenly com-

panionship and of practical help in our busy days awaken in us an earnest desire to bring them into tune with the thanksgiving to the Great Father and the goodwill to men which are the keynotes of the angels' message, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men'? A thankful heart is a cheerful heart, and 'goodwill' covers all—love, helpful sympathy, unselfish labour, the charity that 'believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' So, though for a time we walk amidst the shadows of sin and sorrow, they would fain teach the pilgrims to the Heavenly City their song of joy and peace, and chase far from us the spectres of gloom, and distrust, and despondency.

Little children turn gladly to their white and shining guardians; the dying look for the welcome of the heavenly company; and in many an aspiring soul there is a consciousness that, beyond its highest efforts, another mind interprets within it the heavenly wisdom and beauty in all that may benefit the human family. May there not also be a ministry of beauty as well as of comfort? Fra Angelico painting on his knees, Michael Angelo reaching up to the sublime grandeurs of his faith, Handel caught up almost to the 'third heaven' to learn the celestial

melodies, the handicraftsman who robs his rest that he may work out, in humble duty, the vision of loveliness vouchsafed to him, and many another in these later days have known that messengers from the Most High have brought to them 'good and perfect gifts,' with which they, in their turn, may bless their fellows. To men and women of all creeds, at all times, in all circumstances, the Heavenly Visitants have come; and though these gleanings from wide fields of thought are essentially Christian, offered in Christ's name, and for His sake, they are intended to be as comprehensive in their sympathies as it is possible to make them. That they are only gleanings which may have missed many a precious grain of truth, no one is more conscious than the one who has gathered them. The origin of the collection was in a strong desire to comfort the lonely, to make a vivid reality that to each desolate soul is given, by the all-pitiful Father, at least one angel, one tender spirit, who, 'brimful of love,' shall be made happy and still more blessed by that soul's repentance and its every step upwards and homewards, and grieved by its failures and despairings; who shall 'keep it in *all* its ways'—busy ways, dull ways, difficult ways, happier ways—with unfailing sympathy and interest. In short, it is the

result of an earnest wish that we may enter more fully into the joy ordained for us by the 'Love that passeth knowledge.'

One sidelight that it may comfort some to dwell on is that, however cut off from human companionship a soul may be by bodily infirmity, the avenues of the spirit are open to the coming of heavenly friends, who may be sent to bring rich treasures of love and knowledge.

A very agreeable duty remains—to offer heartfelt thanks to the authors, to the friends of those who have joined 'the Company of Heaven,' and to the publishers who have with so much generous courtesy and kindness placed at my disposal the treasures over which they have control. Certainly they have a large share in whatever realisation of its aims this book of daily readings may achieve. And more especially I owe a deep debt of gratitude to my own publisher, whose kindly interest made a difficult task easy and pleasant, and whose efficient help cleared away every obstacle.

I therefore very gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to

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Humanity, Love's Music, and Love Triumphant.*

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Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., for extracts from the *Poems*
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Rev. Conrad Noel, for lines from the *Poems* of the Hon.
Roden Noel.

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Messrs. James Parker and Co., for extracts from the Rev.
John Keble's *Poems.*

Mrs. Patmore, for lines from Mr. Coventry Patmore's
Angel in the House.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, and Mr. John Lane.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons, for extracts from Philip
James Bailey's *Festus.*

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., for extracts from the Works
of Mr. and Mrs. Browning.

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Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and the author's representatives, for a sonnet by Mr. John Addington Symonds.

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Bishop Wilkinson, and Messrs. Wells, Gardiner and Co.

And to the authors and publishers of extracts that I have been quite unable to trace. Some have reached me through friends, and I must reluctantly leave them unsigned and unacknowledged. I hope this difficulty may be understood, and my sincere apology accepted.

Last, but not least, I heartily thank Miss E. Halse, the gifted sculptress, to whose generosity and to that of the Autotype Company, I owe the frontispiece which adds so great a beauty and interest to the book, and of which the wonderful story is to be found in its pages.

And there is an inmost, and to me a sacred, circle, a little company in heaven and earth,

where no names need be given, and no thanks said ; for in it are my own, and to them I dedicate the best I have to give. May the blessing of the Highest be vouchsafed to it !

S. J. C.

103 GLOUCESTER PLACE, W.,
LONDON.

In quotations from the Holy Scriptures, the Authorised, the Revised, or the Prayer Book Version has been used as seemed most appropriate.

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January

'Ye are come to an innumerable company of angels.'

A

45.

January 1

He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—Ps. xci. 11.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?
—HEB. i. 14.

YOU will always find that, in proportion to the earnestness of our own faith, its tendency to accept a spiritual personality increases: and that the most vital and beautiful Christian temper rests joyfully in its conviction of the multitudinous ministry of living angels, infinitely varied in rank and power.

RUSKIN.

AND is there care in heaven? and is their love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh, the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us who succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fleeting skies, like flying pursuivant
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward.
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such
regard?

SPENSER.

January 2

Sent forth to minister.—HEB. i. 14.

Love covereth a multitude of sins.—1 PET. iv. 8.

‘THEY are ministering spirits’; and herein is set before all good Christians a great heart-cheering truth, and a mirror of humility, that such pure and glorious creatures minister to us, impure, poor, insignificant human beings, in the home, in the state, in religion.

Our faithful servants are they, doing for us the work which one of us, poor beggars and human creatures, is ashamed to do for another.

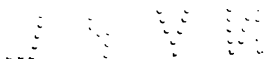
Thus should it be taught simply, and in choice order, concerning the dear angels.

LUTHER.

PRAISE and thanks to Thee be sung,
Mighty God, in sweetest tone !
Lo ! from every land and tongue
Nations gather round Thy throne,
Praising Thee, that Thou dost send,
Daily from Thy heaven above,
Angel-messengers of love,
Who Thy threaten’d Church defend,
Who can offer worthily,
Lord of angels, praise to Thee !

’Tis your office, spirits bright,
Still to guard us night and day,
And before your heavenly might
Powers of darkness flee away.
Ever doth your unseen host
Camp around us, and avert
All that seeks to do us hurt,
Curbing Satan’s malice most.
Lord, who then can worthily
For such goodness honour Thee !

RIST, 1655.



January 3

Bless the Lord, ye angels of His: ye mighty in strength, that fulfil His word, hearkening unto the voice of His word.

Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all ye His works, in all places of His dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

Ps. ciii. 20, 21, 22.

BE my one work here to make the commonplaces and levels as full of His presence as the Holy of Holies, where His glory dwells; so to beautify earth's dull paths by heavenly patience and joyfulness, that the angels of God may frequent them.

REV. BALDWIN BROWN.

NOR think—though men were none—
That heaven would want spectators, God want
praise!

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night.

MILTON.

January 4

And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's Host.—GEN. xxxii. 1, 2.

The Lord of Hosts is with us.—PS. xlv. 11.

CERTAINLY there is nothing clearer or more striking in the Bible than the calm, familiar way with which from end to end it assumes the present existence of a world of spiritual beings always close to and acting on this world of flesh and

6 THE MESSENGERS OF GOD

blood. It does not belong to any one part of the Bible. It runs through its whole vast range. From creation to judgment the spiritual beings are for ever present. They act as truly in the drama as the men and women who, with their unmistakable humanity, walk the sacred stage in the successive scenes. There is nothing of hesitation about the Bible's treatment of the spiritual world. There is no reserve, no vagueness which would leave a chance for the whole system to be explained away into dreams and metaphors. The spiritual world with all its multitudinous existence is just as real as the crowded cities, and the fragrant fields and the loud battle-grounds of the visible and palpable Judæa in which the writers of the sacred books were living.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

WE see but half the causes of our deeds,
 Seeking them only in the outer life,
 And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
 Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
 All germs of pure and world-wide purposes

J. R. LOWELL.

January 5

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—S. MATT. xxviii. 20.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.—S. JOHN i. 51.

THE angels of God are ever with us. They haunt us at every turning. Do not be indifferent to their presence! Do not think them absent because you cannot catch the expression of their face, or trace the outlines of their form. The spiritual presences are the most real presences. Let not the ministries of life and death, of the visible and visible world, be lost upon you. In God's ƒ

THE MESSENGERS OF GOD

7

Name, I plead with you to welcome the heavenly messengers.

Around your lifetime golden ladders rise ;
And up and down the skies
With wingèd sandals shod
The Angels come and go, the messengers of God.

DR. JOHN HUNTER.

Not only those
Who keep clear accents of the voice divine
Are honourable—they are happy, indeed,
Whate'er the world has held—but those who hear
Some fair, faint echoes, though the crowd be deaf,
And see the white gods' garments on the hills,
Which the crowd sees not, though they may not find
Fit music for their thought, they too are blest,
Not pitiable.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

January 6

Then flew one of the Seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand . . . and he touched my mouth with it, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips ; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us ?—ISA. vi. 6, 7, 8.

ANGELS are the unseen attendants of the people of God ; they bear us up in their hands, lest we dash our foot against a stone. Loyalty to their Lord leads them to take a deep interest in the children of His love ; they rejoice over the return of the prodigal to his father's house below, and they welcome the advent of the believer to the King's palace above. In olden times the sons of God were favoured with their visible appearance ; and at this day, although unseen by us, heaven is still opened, and the angels of God ascend and descend upon the Son of man, that they may visit the heirs of salvation. Seraphim still fly with live coals from off the altar to touch the lips of men 'greatly beloved.' If

our eyes could be opened we should see horses of fire and chariots about the servants of the Lord, for we have come to an innumerable company of angels, who are our watchers and protectors. Spenser's line is no poetic fiction when he sings :—

‘How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fleeting skies, like flying pursuivant
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !’

REV. CHARLES SPURGEON.

BRIGHT to the soul thy seraph-hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix-spirit burns within !

CAMPBELL.

HERE are we, Redeemer, send us !
But because Thy work is fire,
And our lips, unclean and earthly,
Breathe no breath of high desire,
Send Thy Seraph from the Altar
Veil'd, but in his bright attire.

Cause him, Lord, to fly full swiftly
With the mystic coal in hand,
Sin-consuming, soul-transforming
(Faith and love will understand) :
Touch our lips, Thou awful Mercy,
With thine own keen healing brand.

KEBLE.

January 7

[Jesus Christ] Who is on the right hand of God, having gone into heaven ; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him.—1 PET. iii. 22.

Bless the Lord, ye angels of His: ye mighty in strength, that fulfil His word.—Ps. ciii. 20.

THERE have been ages of the world, in which men have thought too much of angels, and paid them excessive honour; honoured them so

perversely as to forget the supreme worship due to Almighty God. This is the sin of a dark age. But the sin of what is called an educated age, such as our own, is just the reverse ; to account slightly of them, or not at all ; to ascribe all we see around us, not to their agency, but to certain assumed laws of nature. This I say is likely to be our sin, in proportion as we are initiated into the learning of this world ;—the danger, that is, of resting in things seen, and forgetting unseen things, and our ignorance about them.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

PRAISE to God Who reigns above,
Binding earth and heav'n in love ;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread sovereignty.

Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Marshall'd might that never cowers.

Speeds the Archangel from His Face,
Bearing messages of grace ;
Angel hosts His words fulfil,
Ruling nature by His Will.

Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For in Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.

On the Throne their Lord Who died
Sits in Manhood glorified ;
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

Oh the depths of joy Divine
Thrilling through those Orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banish'd come to reign !

Now in faith, in hope, in love
 We will join the choirs above,
 Praising with the Heavenly Host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

REV. B. M. BENSON.

January 8

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?—Ps. viii. 4.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: and the Lord is among them, as in the holy place of Sinai.—Ps. lxxviii. 17. P.B.V.

NOW it seems to me that one's conception of an all-encompassing celestial sphere, which every individual must make for the practical uses of astronomy, is one which is just as necessary to make for the practical uses of our spiritual life. Every living soul may dare to conceive himself as a central point of celestial thought and care, towards whom in all the exigences of life shall centre and focus whatever agencies of life God may think needful. He knows the enemies against whom we contend—so numerous, so insatiable, so much more powerful than ourselves. He knows the secret foes who too often hold possession of the fortress of the heart, and stand ready to betray us to God's enemies and our own. Be sure, then, that in the crisis of spiritual conflict, in the hour of greatest temporal need, our Heavenly Commander, from His high vantage point of observation viewing all the field, will send forth His reserve of grace to strengthen us and preserve us. We must not let go faith in this great truth. God rules—He rules for us. We may trust Him implicitly. We may venture into the conflict, not rashly, not self-confidently, not presumptuously, but assured that if our strength should fail, there are reserves in heaven, hosts of God, agencies at His command that shall be bidden forth to our rescue.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

HENCE Heaven looks down on earth with
all her eyes ;
Hence the soul's mighty moment in her sight :
Hence every soul has partisans above,
And every thought a critic in the skies :
Hence clay, vile clay, has angels for its guard,
And every guard a passion for his charge :
Hence, from all age, the Cabinet Divine
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

YOUNG.

January 9

[Christ Jesus] Who is the image of the invisible God, the Firstborn of all creation ; for in Him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers ; all things have been created through Him, and unto Him.—COL. i. 15, 16.

REVELATION iv. 2-11 ; NEHEMIAH ix. 6.

A DISTINGUISHED naturalist, whom I have more than once quoted, has said : ' The grand law of continuity, the last outcome of modern science, which seems absolute throughout the realm of matter, force and mind, so far as we can explore them, cannot surely fail to be true beyond the narrow sphere of our vision, and leave an infinite chasm between man and the Great Mind of the Universe ! Such a supposition seems to me in the highest degree improbable.' Our pyramid, then, may not, does not, end in man. Man is simply the fleshly termination thereof. The edifice of life goes on through those mysterious ranks of being known to us as the angels, until it ends at the very pillars of the Divine throne in the highest grade of angelic being—the cherubim themselves. Nor is it contrary to the truth to express this continuity of life from the earthside upward by a symbolism drawn, first from inanimate nature, as the clouds and rainbow, and next from the highest orders of animals, and from man. Moreover, the

physical qualities which such creatures as the eagle, ox, and lion personify, are certainly possessed by those angels whose life-history we read in the Holy Bible. Their swiftness of motion, lofty courage, strength, supreme powers of destruction, as the executors of judgment in the Divine government—these and suchlike traits appear in the angels of sacred history.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

THESE clear-minded, careful men, who ponder every fact with discriminating judgment, cannot be given credence upon one line of facts and denied it in another, concerning which they are equally competent and confident as witnesses. No, the facts of the spiritual life are facts. The world has been full of witnesses thereto since the world was.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

HAIL to the unknown
 Mightier beings
 Whom we anticipate !
 What in the human
 Typed we behold
 Leads to a faith
 In the primal Divine.
 . . . the Immortals
 Deeming them brothered
 With what is most human
 In the great Cosmos,
 Willing and working
 What in their small lives
 Men may achieve. GOETHE.

January 10

Ye are come . . . to an innumerable company of angels.

HEB. xii. 22.

STUDY the angels of the Scriptures ; not only is everything there grand, holy, and worthy of God ; not only is their character at once ardent and

sublime, compassionate and majestic, constantly brought before us there by their names, their attributes, their employments, their habitations, their songs, their contemplation of the depths of redemption, and the joys of their love ; but what must strike us most of all, is the perfect harmony of the whole. . . . In a word, this doctrine, sustained from one end of Scripture to the other, bears the most striking testimony to its inspiration from God.

ROBERT HALL.

HARMONIOUS as the voice of angels singing
before the Eternal Majesty. SPENSER.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one. DR. WATTS.

January 11

And I saw another angel ascend from the sunrising, having the seal of the living God : and he cried with a great voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we shall have sealed the servants of our God on their foreheads.—REV. vii. 2, 3.

THE Apostles' lives are full of illustrations of this heavenly service. Peter in prison, Philip guided into the desert, Paul in the storm, John in Patmos—all are witnesses of the angelic help which is ever waiting for the Lord's servants. To John especially it was given, not only to 'hear the voice of many angels round about the throne,' but also to see how to these angels is committed not a little of the government of this world. 'Not unto angels, but to man hath God put in subjection the world to come' ; but 'the things that are,' as seen by John, are in the

hands of Heavenly Hosts, whose work it is to fulfil God's will, both in the world and towards His people.

REV. ANDREW JUKES.

HIS state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest. .

JOHN MILTON.

YOURS the spell
Whose all-transfiguring sorceries
Convert the dust man grovels in to gold ;
Robbing the pauper royal in the pomp
Of princely exultations, changing night
To morning, death to life, the wilderness
To paradise ; beautifying pain,
Cleansing impurity, and strewing thick
The Gulphs of Hell with starry gleams of Heaven !

LORD LYTTON.

January 12

Behold, I send an angel before thee. . . . Take ye heed of him, and hearken unto his voice ; provoke him not : for he will not pardon your transgression ; for My name is in him.—EXOD. xxiii. 20, 21.

In heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

THERE is no declaration in the whole Bible more serious or fuller of authority than that every Christian, however humble, has angels specially charged with his welfare, and still beholding the face of our Heavenly Father, and so in His presence. Now this is what Christians believe 'the Word' does for them, so they are at some loss to understand why angels are wanted in the matter. We have no right to entertain any such difficulty. If God is pleased, and Christ is pleased, to employ angels as He employs apostles and evangelists, priests, deacons, and many other agencies and

means, it is to our loss, or at our peril, that we demur to accept the service.

REV. T. MOZLEY.

EVER round Thy glorious throne,
Where Thou sittest, Lord ! alone,
Veiled in light and clothed in love,
Bright adoring angels move.

They to do Thy bidding wait,
Honouring Thine awful state :
Watchful eyes and folded wings
Circle Thee, the King of kings.

From the world's remotest prime,
Since the earliest hours of time,
Thou to man hast let them bear
Proof of Thy undying care.

Eager for the sweet employ,
Even in the midst of joy,
Never so supremely blest,
As when succouring the distressed.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

January 13

Ye his angels that excel in strength, that do his Commandments.—PS. ciii. 20.

Then said they, It is his angel.—ACTS xii. 15.

Are they not all ministering spirits?—HEB. i. 14.

AS a simple matter of fact, angels do make much appearance in the Bible, New Testament as well as Old—they do discharge important duties ; they are invested with immense powers for the work they have to do, and there is not one single word even to suggest that, having done their work and served their day, they are now off the scene. So far from this being the case, the immediate and necessary service of angels to the individual believer is much

more distinctly stated and seriously impressed in the New Testament than in the Old. REV. T. MOZLEY.

TO the Ethiopian brought
Him, who Christ's salvation taught ;
To the Gentile soldier bare
Answer to his alms and prayer :

Soothed the holy prisoner's pains,
Woke him up, and loosed his chains ;
Hope of life, and shelt'ring shore,
To the saints in shipwreck bore.

Thus from age to age, O Lord,
Did Thine angel bands afford
Help in danger, joy in woe,
To Thy suffering Church below.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

January 14

If we live in the Spirit, let us walk in the Spirit.—
GAL. v. 25.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day.—REV. iv. 10.

Our citizenship is in heaven.—PHIL. iii. 20.

BY which words we cannot suppose him (S. Paul) to mean less, than that by Christ, the Mediator of this better covenant, a more free intercourse with heaven, and a more intimate fellowship with saints and angels, is now opened for us, if we debar not ourselves of this blessed privilege. What then hinders our conversing with angels now, as the patriarchs and prophets did of old? What but our own fault and unfitness for such glorious company? Why do we not now see them descending and ascending between heaven and earth, as Jacob did on the typical ladder? Why, but for our own unbelief, our dulness, our earthly-mindedness ; from which deep sleep, as to the things of God, if we are truly awakened, we should see cause to own, in the

words of the same patriarch, when he awaked from the vision of the night, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.'

REV. THOMAS HARTLEY.

BRUTISH we found man's life, the brutes
among,
Beauteous we strove to make it—strove in vain !
. . . Ill thank'd was all our toil !
To glorify earth's clay, oh, not to soil
Heaven's azure ! came we from the kindly skies
Kindling immortal fire in mortal eyes.

LORD LYTTON.

TILL sensuous and unsensuous seemed one
thing.
Viewed from one level,—earth's reapers at the
sheaves
Scarce plainer than Heaven's angels on the wing.

E. B. BROWNING.

January 15

I charge thee in the sight of God, and Christ Jesus,
and the elect angels.—1 TIM. v. 21.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see
heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and
descending upon the Son of man.—S. JOHN i. 51.

NOW I can conceive persons saying all this is
fanciful ; but if it appears so, it is only because
we are not accustomed to such thoughts. Surely we
are not told in Scripture about the angels for nothing,
but for practical purposes ; nor can I conceive a use
of our knowledge more practical than to make it
connect the sight of this world with the thought of
another. Nor one more consolatory ; for surely it
is a great comfort to reflect that, wherever we go, we
have those about us, who are ministering to all the
heirs of salvation, though we see them not. Nor one

more easily to be understood and felt by all men ; for we know that at one time the doctrine of angels was received even too readily. And if any one would argue hence against it as dangerous, let him recollect the great principle of our Church, that the abuse of a thing does not supersede the use of it ; and let him explain, if he can, S. Paul's exhorting Timothy not only as before 'God and Christ,' but before 'the elect angels' also. Hence in the Communion Service, our Church teaches us to join our praises with that of angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven.'

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

AND, truly, if Joy's music once hath rung
 From lips of bands invisible, if any—
 Be they the Dead, or of the Deathless Many—
 Love and serve Man, angelical Befrienders,
 Glad of his weal, and from his woe Defenders,—
 If such, in Heaven, have pity on our tears,
 For ever falling with the unending years,
 High cause had they at Bethlehem, that night
 To lift the curtain of Hope's hidden light,
 To break decree of silence with Love's cry,
 Foreseeing how this Babe, born lowly,
 Should—past dispute, since now achieved is
 this—
 Bring earth great gifts of blessing and of bliss ;
 Date, from that crib, the Dynasty of Love.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE angels' eyes, whome veiles cannot deceave,
 Might best disclose what best they do discern.

God present is at once in every place ;
 Yet God in every place is always one.
 So may there be, by gifts of ghostly grace,
 One man in many roomes, yet filling none.
 Sith angels may effects of body show,
 God's angels gifts on bodyes may bestow.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1550-1595.

January 16

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions : and also upon the servants and the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.—JOEL ii. 28, 29.

HEAVEN and God are not farther away from us than they were from the patriarchs and apostles. The stories of open heavens, of descending and ascending angels, of spiritual voices and suchlike, are not merely the records of an ancient, but vanished experience. We too are God's children. We too are susceptible to spiritual impressions because we ourselves are spirits. The days of inspiration are not over.

DR. JOHN HUNTER.

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed ?
 Oh ! will ye visit this dim world no more ?
 Ye whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted
 Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore ?

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,
 Man wander'd from his Paradise away ;
 Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,
 Came down, high guests ! in many a later day,
 And with the patriarchs, under vine or oak,
 'Midst noontide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,
 Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,
 That saw your hosts ascending and descending
 On those bright steps between the earth and sky :

Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,
 And worshipp'd awe-struck, in that fearful place.

which we have heard again and again amid the silence of the hills, under the midnight stars, by the wayside of quiet meditation, in moments of trial when we have been deeply moved? What are they all but the visitations of the living God? The old Hebrew would have described them as the angels of God coming to him, and the angels of God speaking to him.

DR. JOHN HUNTER.

O R shall I heed them when they bid me take
No care for aught but what my brain may
prove?

I, through whose inmost depths from birth to death,
Strange heavenward currents move ;

Vague whispers, inspirations, memories,
Sanctities, yearnings, secret questionings,
And oft amid the fullest blaze of noon,
The rush of hidden wings?

Nay : my soul spurns it ! Less it is to know
Than to have faith. . . .

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

January 19

Come and see. . . . Jesus saw Nathanael coming to Him. . . . And He saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.—S. JOHN i. 46, 47, 51.

HE arose, bestirred himself, came—how much of the secret of salvation is wrapped up in that word ‘come’!—and *Jesus saw him coming*, and quick as He ever is to meet the awaking soul reaching after Him, rewards Nathanael with such a flood of God-given demonstration and conviction that from that moment his heart was filled with the knowledge of the Lord, and he entered into the believer’s privilege : ‘Henceforth thou shalt see the heaven opened,

and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.'

ARCHDEACON BASIL WILBERFORCE,

THE childlike faith that asks not sight,
 Waits not for wonder or for sign,
 Believes, because it loves, aright—
 Shall see things greater, things divine.

Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
 And brightest angels to and fro
 On messages of love shall glide
 'Twixt God above and Christ below.

So still the guileless man is blest,
 To him all crooked paths are straight,
 Him on his way to endless rest
 Fresh, ever-growing strengths await.

God's witnesses, a glorious host,
 Compass him daily like a cloud. KEBLE.

January 20

Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the Company of Heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee.—THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

WE, who hope one day to partake of the nature of angels, should make it our delight even here below to imitate their heavenly tempers, and join in their holy employment; like them, to be ever ready to praise God and do His pleasure; to fulfil His commandments and hearken unto the voice of His words. Thus, from meditating on these holy beings, do we learn how we, even while in the flesh, may hold such communion with them, as to prepare for their constant companionship in heaven. As they tarry round about us to deliver us, and have charge over us to keep us in all our ways, so let us cherish and follow their holy influences. Thank God for

them, and pray to Him to continue them to us. As they continually serve and praise God before His throne, so let us, their fellow-servants, strive to do His will on earth as they do it in heaven. 'With angels and archangels, let us unite to praise and magnify His holy Name.'

DEAN HOOK.

Chorus. Praised be the God of love,

Men. Here below

Angels. And here Above :

Chor. Who hath dealt His mercies so,

Ang. To His friend,

Men. And to His foe ;

Chor. That both grace and glory tend

Ang. Us of old

Men. And us in the end.

Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold

Ang. Us did make,

Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake :

Ang. Him we touch ;

Men. And Him we take.

Chor. Wherefore since that He is such,

Ang. We adore,

Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy praises shall be more.

Men. We have none,

Ang. And we no store,

Chor. Praised be the God alone

Who hath made of two folds one.

To this life things of sense

Make them pretence :

In the other angels have a right by birth :

Man ties them both alone,

And makes them one,

With the one hand touching heaven, with the
other earth.

G. HERBERT.

January 22

And the angel answering said unto him : I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God : and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these great tidings.—S. LUKE : 1.

NEITHER in the Old Testament nor the New have we any instance of an angel acting independently, or taking any step on his own judgment or of his own will. He is always "ever ready" concerning the matter in hand and receives definite directions. He has no place outside his errand. It would not be easy for a writer who trusted to his imagination to preserve so delicate a line. He would be inclined to exalt the creations of his fancy and thus the consideration that in all the numerous books of Holy Writ this distinction is scrupulously maintained while in legendary traditions it is constantly broken through, is another point which I commend to the attention of learned and talented alike.

REV. E. LITTLE.

HIS youthful face grew more serenely sweet
His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air :

The form ethereal bursts upon his sight
And moves in all the majesty of light.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke—
The voice of music ravished as he spoke :
'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to mine unknown
In sweet memorial rise before the throne.
These charms success in our bright region find
And force an angel down to calm thy mind.
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

THOMAS PARSONS, 1859.

January 22

I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.—

REV. xxii. 8, 9.

IN revering, it is no more necessary to worship the blessed angels than the most saintly of our departed friends; but when we think of all the glory and perfection with which God has adorned them, their unselfish joy at the Incarnation, though then God 'Took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham'; their deep interest in man, revealed to us from beginning to end of Holy Scripture; their vigilant care of each one of us as day and night they watch and guard us; the perils through which they have shielded us; and all their patient and unrecognised ministrations—we may well ask ourselves what we should feel if any one requited our love and care as we do theirs. How shall we meet them face to face without shame if, instead of reverential and grateful love, we receive their ceaseless services with careless and thankless indifference?

Faithful as angel guardians.

Play: *Emilia*.

YE too must fly before a chasing hand,
 Angels and saints in every hamlet mourned!
 Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
 Let not your radiant shapes desert the land!
 Her adoration was not your demand,—
 The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart,
 And therefore are ye summoned to depart;
 Michael, and thou, S. George, whose flaming
 brand
 The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret,
 Whose rival sword a like opponent slew;

THE MESSENGERS OF GOD

27

And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen
Of harmony ; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !

WORDSWORTH

January 23

Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels.—1 P. 18

For our God is a consuming fire.—HEB. 12. 29

IN His care for the moral perfection of the universe. He cannot suffer a lower ideal than Himself to fill the heart of any of His reasoning creatures. Talk about the worship of the holy angels : Talk about prayer to the ministering spirits who hang unseen about our pathways, and uphold our footsteps, and keep gentle vigil over our slumbers ! God's own hand breaks up the image. . . . That goodness, however superior to our own, is finite at its loftiest altitude. To God's closest scrutiny, it is coarse with unchastened imperfections. The spirit of uncreated righteousness must be jarred by signs of feebleness and defect in the loftiest types of created righteousness. . . . 'He putteth no trust in His saints, and the seraphs, humbled by the silent rebuke of His more perfect holiness, 'hide their faces with their wings.'

T. G. SLETT.

SHE mourns that tender hearts should bend
Before a meaner shrine,
And upon saint or angel spend
The love that should be thine.

KEATS

THERE is a fable that I once did read
Of a bad angel, that was somehow good,
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood ;
Looking each way, and no way could proceed ;
Till at the last he purged away his sin
By loving all the joy he saw within.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

January 24

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see.—
2 KINGS vi. 17.

CONSIDER, first, what a thing it is to know that the good angels are on our side; that they camp about us to deliver us; that as Christ Himself in His distress had but to pray to His Father, and He would presently have given Him more than twelve legions of angels, so the members of Christ, in their several agonies of body and mind, have but to pray to the Almighty, and who knows but the same holy messengers, most likely unknown to them, will receive some commission to do them good? As they came to Daniel, to shut the lions' mouths; as they were like an army with horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha; as they opened the prison doors of Jerusalem, and let out first all the apostles, then S. Peter, on the eve of martyrdom; as in the book of Revelation they are introduced continually, helping the saints in their prayers, assuring them of blessings, taking their side in their warfare with the world; even so it is now. . . . So the prayer of Elisha runs, 'Lord, open the eyes of this young man, that he may see,' as though he might have seen the same at any time, if he would but have opened his eyes.

KEBLE.

NOT always shall the slave uplift
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain,
God's angel, like the good S. Mark,
Comes shining down to break his chain!

O weary ones! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight;
Nor hear the sound of silver wings,
Slow beating thro' the hush of night!

There are who, like the Seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain-side
Is white with many an angel tent :

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down His pathway to prepare ;
And light from others hidden shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such for earth's despairing ones,
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer :
' Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see '

January 25

Forget not to show love unto strangers: for
thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—

HEB. xiii. 2.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to
minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?—

HEB. i. 14.

THE same apostle who, cautious against despising
prophecyings, does also give us to understand
that angels were not to discontinue their visits to
men in future times of the Church ; as, when exhort-
ing us not to 'be forgetful to entertain strangers,'
he adds, 'for thereby some have entertained angels
unawares.' Now there would be no encouragement
nor argument in the latter part of the verse, unless
the same might happen to be the case with us also.
But wherefore should we doubt that those blessed
friendly beings should take delight in exercising their
good-will to men by many kind offices, both visible
and invisible, according to the good pleasure of our
common Lord ; as by preserving us in many dangers,
protecting us against the assaults of evil men and
evil spirits, and by counselling, warning, and helping
us, by various ways and means we know not of?

REV. THOMAS HARTLEY.

THERE is more of heaven on earth than many dream.

If earth-born senses would permit us see,
 And heaven is nearer to this earth I deem,
 Than to our holden sight it seems to be.
 And there are thoughts of love that come and go
 Like angels on the ladder Jacob saw
 That bear sweet fruitage even here below,
 And from the wounded heart its arrows draw.
 Earth-born or heaven-born, both worlds are ours ;
 Our feet tread one, while in the higher sphere,
 With hearts in love renewed and quickened powers,
 We breathe the higher life that knows no fear.
 Surely a part of our employ in heaven
 Will be to learn and rightly understand
 The mysteries, to solve which we have striven
 While dwelling in this transient borderland.
 Silent and motionless as carven stone
 We gaze at times with an abstracted air
 Across the dim, mysterious unknown,
 And span it with a thought, half wish, half prayer,
 Nor count it strange that heaven's bright ones
 should come
 With comforting and strength into our lives,
 Or that some light from heaven's eternal dome
 In hours of needed grace and strength arrives !

January 26

(Stephen) He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened.—
 ACTS vii. 55, 56.

THERE is a natural man and a spiritual, a lower range of perception and a higher ; and by this latter only, set open to the light, can the spiritual and supernatural things of God be discerned and judged. By this it is that a whole heaven of being

and society is conceived to reveal itself to souls, when they are converted and set open to God. . . . And so glorious and clear was their inward beholding at times, that one disciple seemed to be caught up into some 'third heaven' by it; though the heaven, as he well understood, was within. Another also declared, as in vision, 'I see heaven opened,' and though he 'looked steadfastly up' at the time, it was only that altitude is the natural language, on line of direction in such inward exaltations. So intensely perceptive, according to the Scripture view, may a human soul become, when awakened inwardly, and drawn out in its higher apprehensions after those invisible, supernatural associations for which it is created.

DR. HORACE BUSHNEILL.

THE eye of Faith, that waxes bright
 Each moment by Thine altar's light,
 Sees them e'en now : they still abide
 In mystery kneeling at our side ;

And with them every spirit blest,
 From realms of triumph or of rest,
 From him who saw creation's morn,
 Of all Thine angels eldest born,

To the poor babe who died to-day,
 Take part in our thanksgiving lay,
 Watching the tearful joy and calm,
 While sinners taste Thine heavenly balm.

KEBLE.

January 27

At the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and, behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing, and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God.—

ACTS x. 30, 31.

I AM speaking from the assumption, somewhat profound, that we have in a measure realised our heavenly citizenship. It is well not to flinch from

this, for nothing can more impress the stamp of consecrated purpose and practical usefulness on life. To be a conscious citizen of heaven, so far from emancipating a man from intelligent participation in the duties of this earth-life, accentuates his corresponding obligation to be light in the world and salt of the earth.

ARCHDEACON BASIL WILBERFORCE.

I SING the Doers of the Word
Whom angel wings have fanned
And filled with love and joy unheard
To scatter through the land.

The Doers of the Word I sing,
Who with a generous heart
Their sacrifice to duty bring
And well perform their part.

UNKNOWN.

NAY, gracious Saviour—but as now
Our thoughts have traced Thee to Thy glory-throne,
So help us evermore with Thee to bow
Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moan.

We must not stand to gaze too long,
Tho' on unfolding heaven our gaze we bend,
Where lost behind the bright angelic throng
We see Christ's entering triumph slow ascend.

KEBLE.

January 28

And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man;
and he saw.—2 KINGS vi. 17.

I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord.
... And I know such a man, ... how that he was
caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable
words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.—
2 COR. xii. 1, 3, 4.

But all these worketh the one and the same Spirit,
dividing to each one severally as He will.—1 COR.
xii. 11.

EVERY Christian soul has its past, its sacred memories known only to itself and to God. Like S. Paul, perhaps, it has at one time or another heard unspeakable things which it is not lawful for a man to utter. It has been close to God—possessed of His secrets—instinct with His life. It has had its own invisible friends, its own hopes and fears, its own horizons on earth and in heaven. These things, my brethren, are not transferable.

CANON LIDDON.

NOT from arrogant pride
Nor over-boldness fail they who have striven
To tell what they have heard, with voice too
weak
For such high message. More it is than ease,
Palace and pomp, honours and luxuries,
To have seen white Presences upon the hills,
To have heard the voices of the Eternal Gods.
For I know
How far high failure overleaps the bound
Of low successes. Only suffering draws
The inner heart of song, and can elicit
The perfumes of the soul.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

WHO may not wander from the allotted field
Before his work be done ; but, being done,
Let visions of the night or of the day
Come, as they will ; and many a time they come.

TENNYSON.

AND in the freshness of that love
She preached by word and deed,
The mysteries of the world above
Her new-found, glorious creed.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

January 29

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.—S. JOHN xvi. 12.

But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will.—
I COR. xii. 11.

SOME men are prepared for broader revelations than others. To some men revelation comes through the perturbed and many-coloured medium of experience. They know, because they have felt. John writes a record of all things that he '*saw*.' Why not believe him? He imposes upon us no false credentials. He is an approved and accepted witness. We must not measure any man's greatness by our littleness. Nor must we make the dimness of our own sight the standard and compass of another man's vision. We believe accredited men when they tell us of Africa and Polynesia, and places unknown to common fame; why disbelieve men equally high in character when they report their spiritual experience; their dreams of the soul, nightly wrestlings with invisible presences, and hymns and songs of ineffable gladness?

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

THERE are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

KEBLE.

January 30

And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see.—2 KINGS vi. 17.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all

comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.—2 COR. i. 3, 4.

HAS God taught you some great truth, or revealed to you, in deep personal experience, some new, sweet thought of His love? What is the next thing? Is it not that you shall whisper the blessed secret to some other's soul? After Peter's strange vision, he sat pondering what it could mean; and while he thought on the vision, the spirit said unto him, 'Behold, three men seek thee.' The picture is very suggestive. When we have got anything from God, there is always some one waiting to get from us what God has just given to us. Heavenly visions are not shown to us to be absorbed in our own soul, but to be translated into some form that will bless the world.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

YET if it be that something not thy own,
Is even to thy unworthiness made known,
Thou mayst not hide what yet thou shouldst not dare
To utter lightly, lest on lips of thine
The real seem false, the beauty undivine.
So, weighing duty in the scale of prayer,
Give what seems given thee. It may prove a seed
Of goodness dropped in fallow grounds of need.

J. G. WHITTIER.

January 31

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.—HEB. xii. 1.

I DWELL principally on the practical outcome of this belief. I say, for instance, that to fancy ourselves ever before the eyes of a host of angels

will lead us to try and show ourselves at our best ;
and that the belief that angels survey our acts,
catching eagerly at anything that may tell of good
in the actor, will make us turn towards them, as a
man, worn by the strife and evil-judging of the world,
turns to the safe haven of his home.

REV. H. LATHAM.

ANGELS thy old friends there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there ; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the king, Thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

RICHARD CRAWSHAW TO S. TERESA.

THAT rock, wherefrom we saw the billows sink
In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall
In the white light of heaven, the type of one
Who, momentarily by Error's host assailed,
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite
mailed ;
And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all
The tumult, hears the angels say, Well done !

J. G. WHITTIER.

February

**'He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep
thee in all thy ways.'**

February 1

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?—Ps. cxvi. 12.

Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights.—
S. JAMES i. 17.

S. BERNARD says, ‘The angels are not only with you, but for you. They are with you to protect you, they are with you to help you. What should you render unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto you? For to Him alone be the honour and glory. Why to Him alone? Because it is He Who so orders it, from Whom is every perfect gift. Nevertheless, although it is He Who gives His angels charge over us, yet it is they who with such love obey His bidding, and succour us in all our necessities. Let us therefore cultivate a pious and grateful spirit towards our noble guardians; let us love and honour them as much as we can and as is fitting.’ All we have said is in commendation of the service of the angels, their help, and the power of prayer. Keep these things in memory, and testify your reverence for the presence of the holy angels to the best of your power.

S. BONAVENTURE.

DEAR angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A guilty wretch like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Spirit ! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes ! when I pray thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards wilt let me kiss
Thy beautiful bright face.

Ah me ! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified ;
Yet one of them, oh sweetest thought !
Is ever at my side.

Then, for thy sake, dear angel ! now
More humble will I be :
But I am weak, and, when I fall,
Oh, weary not of me.

Then love me, love me, angel dear !
And I will love thee more ;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

F. W. FABER.

February 2

And he requested for himself that he might die ;
and said, It is enough ; now, O Lord, take away my
life ; for I am not better than my fathers. . . . And
behold an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise
and eat.—1 KINGS xix. 4, 5.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.—
S. MATT. x. 30.

PART of that vivifying power which I found in
the angel's words came of this—they restored
to me that personal part of mine in the universe,
that claim to go for something as an individual soul,
which certain social theories acting in one way and
some scientific discoveries in another have some-
what tended to disparage. If angels cared about
me, and were happier or sadder on my account,
looking on me as a being who might some day be
one of themselves, then clearly I did not count for
nothing ; I was neither merged in a mass, nor was
I a mere waif or stray tossed up on the shore of the
world. I had come into it with a business to do,
which was different from anybody else's, and must
be done by me.

REV. H. LATHAM.

IN the hours of morn and even,
In the noon and night,
Trooping down they come from heaven
In their noiseless flight
To guide, to guard, to warn, to cheer us
'Mid our joys and cares,
All unseen are hovering near us
Angels unawares.

When the daylight is declining
In the western skies,
And the stars in heaven are shining
As the twilight dies,

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

Voices on our hearts come stealing
 Like celestial airs,
 To our spirit-sense revealing
 Angels unawares.

O faint hearts ! what consolation
 For us here below,
 That angelic ministration
 Guides us where we go ;
 Every task that is before us
 Some blest spirit shares ;
 Watchful eyes are ever o'er us,
 Angels unawares. J. F. WALLER.

February 3

Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee by the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Take ye heed of him, and hearken unto his voice.—EXOD. xxiii. 20, 21.

THE Sacred Scriptures are Divine Truth. They are not merely general truths. They are specific, personal. Every man and woman can take any promise, any threat, any law of life or death, and say, That law is the principle of my life ; that promise was made to me ; it is given to me as directly and personally as it would be if I were the only child of my heavenly Father. In the light of this truth what a precious promise the Lord sends to us this morning ! Suppose an angel, as glorious as the one whom John saw, had come to you this morning, and addressing you by name, had delivered this message from your heavenly Father, written in letters of light ? Would not your heart bound with joy ? Would not your face be all glowing with delight ?

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

THE air of Paradise did fan the house
 And angels officed all.

SHAKESPEARE.

COMPLAIN not that the way is long—what road
is weary that leads there?

But let the angel take thy hand, and lead thee up
the misty stair,

And then with beating heart await the opening of
the Golden Gate.

A. A. PROCTOR.

February 5

Then shall I know even as also I have been known.

I COR. xiii. 12.

NEVER suppose yourself alone : we are always
by : we know much that passes through your
mind ; what you really would do if you could, and
what you think you would do if you could, and we
know how different these two things often are ! We
know, too, what you on earth can never know, how
much of what seems to be good and evil in each of
you, comes of circumstance, comes of temperament,
comes of blind motion of nerve or of brain, and how
much of it comes of what is purely and properly
YOU.

REV. H. LATHAM.

O H, well the denizens of heaven
Their Master's children know,
By filial yearnings sweet and even,
By patient smiles in woe.

By gaze of meek inquiry turn'd
Towards the informing eye,
By tears that to obey have learned,
By claspèd hands on high.

Well may we guess our guardians true
Stoop low and tarry long,
Each accent noting, each faint hue,
That shows us weak or strong.

And even as loving nurses here
Joy in the babe to find
The likeness true of kinsman dear
Or brother good and kind,

So in each budding inward grace
The seraphs' searching ken,
The memory haply may retrace
Of ancient, holy men.

'And hark,' saith one, 'the soul I guide—
I heard it gently sigh
In such a tone as Peter sighed,
Touched by his Saviour's eye.'

'And see,' another cries, 'how soft
Smiles on that little child
Yon aged man ! even so full oft
The loved Disciple smiled.'

KEBLE.

February 6

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.—S. MATT. XXV. 34.

LET us not forget, however, that the angels know each saint on earth more intimately than the saints themselves are known by their nearest friends. . . . But this fact suggests another analogy between our social relationships with men and angels, viz. that as earthly friends, who have been acquainted with ourselves and our family history during the forgotten days of infancy, are met by us, in after years, not as strangers but with feelings of intimacy and sympathy akin to those awakened by old kindred ; even so will the saint, on reaching heaven, find God's angels to be, not strangers, but old friends who have known all about him from the day of his birth until the hour of his death.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

ANGELS unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

The angels' Lord Himself is nigh
 To them that love His name ;
 Ready to save them when they cry,
 And put their foes to shame.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

February 7

Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee
 by the way.—EX. xxiii. 20.

Then said they, It is his angel.—ACTS xii. 15.

THERE was a common opinion among the heathen, and a constant tradition among the Jews, that every man, at least every good man, had a guardian angel appointed him by God, to take a special care of him and his concerns, both spiritual and temporal ; and we find that the best men among the Jews did at least believe the common ministry of good angels about good men, and their more especial care of particular persons, upon particular and great occasions, as is plain in Abraham and David. And this tradition of the Jews seems to be confirmed and approved by our Saviour, in that caution He gives us, not to despise one of these little ones, because in heaven their angels always behold the face of His Father ; and the first Christians seemed to be of the same mind, when being told that Peter was at the door, they said it was his angel, thinking that he himself was fast in prison ; for which saying there could be no reason, had there not been a current opinion among them of guardian angels.

ROBERT NELSON, 1656.

GO, and the Holy One
 Of Israel be thy guide,

Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
 Fast by thy side.

MILTON.

THERE are two angels, that attend unseen
 Each one of us, and in great books record
 Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
 The good ones, after every action closes
 His volume and ascends with it to God.
 The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
 Till sunset that we may repent ; which doing,
 The record of the action fades away,
 And leaves a line of white across the page.

LONGFELLOW.

February 8

He will keep the feet of His saints.—I SAM. ii. 9.

They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt
 not thy foot against a stone.—Ps. xci. 12.

OBSERVE the care which the angels take of the
 saints pursuant to this charge: 'They shall
 bear them up in their hands,' which notes both their
 great ability and their great affection; they are able
 to bear up the saints out of reach of danger, and they
 do it with all the tenderness and affection wherewith
 the nurse carries the little child about in her arms.
 It speaks us helpless and them helpful. They are
 descending in their ministrations, they 'keep the feet
 of the saints,' lest they dash them against a stone,
 lest they stumble and fall into sin and into trouble.

MATTHEW HENRY.

GO, waken Eve ;
 Her also I, with gentle dreams, have calm'd,
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed
 To meek submission.

MILTON.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the heavens above,
 The angels, whispering to one another,
 Can find, among their burning terms of love,
 None so devotional as that of 'Mother,'
 Therefore by that dear name I long have called you.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

February 9

And he saith unto me, See thou do it not: I am a fellow-servant with thee and with thy brethren the prophets, and with them which keep the words of this book: worship God.—REV. xxii. 9.

ALL is in the present; by no means ended and consigned to the past. The speaker (apparently a deathless angel) not merely *was* but *is* S. John's fellow-servant, of his brethren the prophets, of them who keep the sayings of this Book. Then are the lives of all such twain lovely and pleasant, being such as neither immortality nor mortality can divide. We too, I too, the first of us and the last, may aspire to the same blessed fellowship.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A GUARDIAN angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

LOVE'S great charity
Hath taught this lesson, as beside her knee
I stand, and, childlike, con it o'er and o'er,
'Through loving one so much love all the more.'

DORA GREENWELL.

February 10

Let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking in nothing.—JAMES i. 4.

It is God which worketh in you both to will and to work, for His good pleasure.—PHIL. ii. 13.

THERE are many persons to whom there has occurred some vivid impression or opportune thought, some deliverance, or happy chance which has influenced their lives; . . . these influences I represent as coming through angels—although the

angels I take to be only agencies through which God Himself operates—and such influences may play no small part in bringing about the great purpose of our abode on earth, the fitting ourselves to be worthy of the Resurrection to Eternal Life. What if some should, through such agency, exerted in their childhood, be rendered worthy to consort with those very angels, who ‘do always behold the Father’s face’?

REV. H. LATHAM.

I CANNOT mount to heaven beneath this ban ;
 Can Christian hope survive so far below
 The level of the happiness of man ?
 Can angels’ wings in these dark waters grow ?
 A spirit voice replied, ‘ From bearing right
 Our sorest burthens, comes fresh strength to bear !
 And so we rise again towards the light,
 And quit the sunless depths for upper air.
 Meek patience is as diver’s breath to all
 Who sink in sorrow’s sea, and many a ray
 Comes gleaming downwards from the source of day.
 To guide us reascending from our fall ;
 The rocks have bruised thee sore, but angels’ wings
 Grow fast from bruises, hope from anguish springs.’

REV. C. TENNYSON TURNER.

February 11

Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Perfecter of our faith.—HEB. xii. 1.

THOUGH a member of this world, thou hast but to kneel in prayer and thou art at once in the society of saints and angels. Wherever thou art, thou canst, through God’s mercy, in a moment bring thyself into the midst of His holy Church invisible,

and receive secretly that aid, the very thought of which is a present sensible blessing. Art thou lonely? does the day run heavily? fall on thy knees and thou art at once relieved by the reality of thy unseen companions. Art thou tempted to sin? think steadily of those who perchance witness thy doings from God's secret dwelling-place. Hast thou lost friends? realise them by faith.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

IT is sweet to feel we are encircled here,
 By breath of angels as the stars by heaven;
 And the soul's own relations, all divine,
 As kind as even those of blood; and thus,
 While friends and kin, like Saturn's double rings,
 Cheer us along our orbit, we may feel
 We are not lone in life, but that earth's part
 Of heaven and all things.

P. J. BAILEY.

THERE is an angel bright who loveth me
 And who from love, whene'er I wake or sleep,
 Is ready o'er my body watch to keep.

'CANTERBURY TALES.'

February 12

And now I exhort you to be of good cheer. . . . For there stood by me this night an angel of the God whose I am, whom also I serve, saying, Fear not.—
 ACTS xxvii. 22, 23.

TEN years ago, when I was alone, God comforted me, through His dear angels, with my own striving and writing.

Therefore fear not, you are not alone.

LUTHER.

AND ye come on ready wing—
 When we drift toward sheer despair,
 Seeing nought where we might cling,
 Suddenly, lo, ye are there!

THE GREAT GAIN AND LOSS

And the voice that I hear is His voice
As an angel speaks, when I hear
Falling in the garden of
Near the world - "There was one who
Lived who then was within
For such heavy burdened time

Right and security is in His
We should glory that we have
Had such burdened time in His
That He sends us to such heavy
Prison of the heavy burden
Championing with us and His
Should be with His love
Come behind now after His love
Lived who then was within
For such heavy burdened time

1871-1872

February 11

And the Lord answered the angel that spoke with me
with good words and comforting words - March 11

I MISS much comfort if I remember that I am
one of the many who have been in His love
me. My Father gives me His love and His love
human friends. So His love is His love
who love to serve me for His love. But He is not
their aid in His love. I ought to be thankful
for it. Though I seem like a child who is
forgotten. I am in the thoughts of God's love
who never tire of serving for me.

THE GREAT GAIN AND LOSS

SOMETIMES I work with Jesus who is in His
With a strange glory of His love. I am
As though an angel had spoken to me and His love
And filled my soul with His love. I am in His love
A fragrance from His love who is in His love
And at my work my heart is in His love.

1871-1872

February 14

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence
of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—
S. LUKE xv. 10.

Are they not all ministering spirits?—HEB. i. 14.

I FIND too a moving responsibility in the thought
that we men, walking this earth of ours, bear
part in brightening or bedimming the angels' joy.
This thought may quicken into energetic life some
who were growing languid, and were laying the
blame of their languor on the lack of an object of
veritable worth.

REV. H. LATHAM.

TEARS, though they're here below the sinner's
brine,
Above, they are the angels' spiced wine.
If little labour, little are our gains,
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

HERRICK.

THEY bade him bear a stout and manful heart,
For he had sympathy where they were shining ;
Thousands were watching how he play'd his part—
Smiled at his smiles, and wept when he was pining.
And thoughtfully he turn'd him to his home ;
Yet gleams of cheerfulness with thought were
blended ;
For he had learnt beneath the star-lit dome
That toiling men by angels' hands are tended.
'HOUSEHOLD WORDS.'

February 15

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the
Spirit.—EPHES. v. 25.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.—
1 JOHN ii. 10.

IF we are to live in the company of the holy
angels hereafter, we must prepare for it by
living in it here. How many of us give anything

like adequate thought to our guardian angels, or any of those glorious beings who always behold the face of God, and yet cease not for all our coldness, ingratitude, to minister tenderly to us ! It would greatly ennoble and elevate us to strive, in the more conscious company of angels, to live the angel life.

HOW oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 'Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt
 see

How He persists to knock and wait for thee !'

And oh ! how often to that voice of sorrow,

'To-morrow we will open,' I replied.

And when the morrow came, I answered still,

'To-morrow.'

'LOPE DE VEGA,' LONGFELLOW.

TENDER and careful as a guardian angel.

CENTLIVRE.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room
 Where, with Thy choir of angels, for evermore
 I shall be made Thy music, as I come
 I tune my instrument here at the door,
 And what I must do then, think here before.

DR. DONNE, 1630.

SACRED as message from an angel's tongue.

THOMAS TROTTER.

February 16.

I took them on my arms, but they knew not that I
 healed them.—HOSEA xi. 3.

He shall give his angels charge over thee.—PS.
 xci. 11.

SINCE God is all-powerful, you find it hard to
 understand how He can allow Himself to be
 grieved ; but angels you can easily picture as sorrow-
 ing over men. All this shows there is a moral

potency in a creed which brings these intermediate intelligences within your spiritual ken. New sympathies are awakened, enlarging and enforcing the duties that you knew. Angels may do for you what the thought of the home fireside does for a youngster who is roaming the world, and who knows that there is no grief or gladness at home to be compared to that which comes from news of him.

REV. H. LATHAM.

AND such a light was in the angel's face,
It made a glory round about the place
To see by.

GERALD MASSEY.

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us
round !
Parents first season us : then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws. . . .

Holy messengers ;
Blessings beforehand ; ties of gratefulness ;
The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
Without our shame, within our consciences,
Angels and grace ; eternal hopes and fears !

GEORGE HERBERT, 1592-1634.

February 17.

And these all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promises, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect.—HEB. xi. 40.

THE ancient Liturgies preserve the token of this doctrine ; the very highest of the saints used to be named in them. Christ interceding both for them and for us, in heaven. See, then, how great and holy we all are ! You think no one cares for you, while apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs care for you ; they are leaning down, as it were, to watch you ; they are a 'cloud of witnesses' beholding you ;

they long for your company. How can you choose such company as you do, and care for such sympathy as you do, in preference to the company and sympathy of the saints? You think you are left alone and helpless, while the air is full of angels, and heaven is full of prayers. How can you fret and grumble here, while you have such a home, and such friends there? How can you say you want encouragement in goodness, when you know what we are taught by S. Paul, that 'the Heavens and all the Powers therein' wait for you, do not count themselves perfect without you.

KEBLE.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I WILL prepare my loved one's destiny ;
And with my kindred angels smoothen his ways
So among men, that he o'er all may cope,
Throneworthy through all ages ; hallowed, blessed ;
Born of the lofty lineage of the light.

Peace to the soul-world, and the grand belief
Wherein are blended truth and bliss, shall he,
By aidance of the blessed, install on earth.

P. J. BAILEY.

February 18.

For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to
keep thee in all thy ways.—Ps. xci. 11.

THE thought that we, each one of us—small as our capacity may be—in all that we do, and in all our inward changes of feeling and thought, are objects of the keenest interest to hosts of Spiritual Personalities, . . . while it awakens in us a new sense of responsibility and awe, gives us, at the same time, a higher kind of care for ourselves. Tennyson makes his hero say that if he were beloved, 'then he would be to himself more dear,' and that all the common routine of his daily life would be endued with an interest which it had not hitherto known. In like manner, if we believe that the angels of God love

us, and take a lively and affectionate interest in our doings, as we do in those of our children—now delighting and now grieving, but saved from desponding, where we might despond, by being able ‘to see the end and know the good,’ less imperfectly than the wisest men; and if while living here on earth, we are all the while able to add to the joy in heaven, or cause sorrow there, then we must become more precious in our own eyes, knowing that we can bring about more imperishable effects than we had dreamt of before.

REV. H. LATHAM.

THE other world is not cut off from this :
Forgetfulness is not the gate of bliss.

They touch you with the waving of their wing,
Lightly as airs of heaven the Æolian string.
At times as Comforters above you stoop,
To lift the burden from you when ye droop !
As parents on their little ones may peep
Ere going to rest, they bend to bless your sleep.
With fruit from our Lord’s Garden, dear ones come
To bring ye a foretaste ; try to lure you home.
Even as ye turn your thoughts to them above,
Do they return to you ; look back for love.

GERALD MASSEY.

February 19.

Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?—JAMES ii. 5.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?—HEB. i. 14.

THIS, now, is an excellent comfort, that the angels and all the heavenly host esteem him so much whom the world contemneth; by which we may learn that, although we be outcasts in the world, there be notwithstanding that have regard and care

of us. Believe thou this undoubtedly, if it had not so pleased God He would not have suffered His beloved Son to be laid in a manger ; He would not have permitted Him to be born in so great poverty, misery, and contempt. But the poorer and more despised He is before the world, so much greater care and regard God and all the heavenly soldiers have of Him : so that we may receive comfort thereby, and believe assuredly that the more we are rejected of the world, the more we are esteemed before God.

LUTHER.

MILTON.

I AM weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not that I no longer see ;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee !

O merciful One !
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Oh ! I seem to stand,
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

race generally, but manifest unconcern in the application of Redemption to the individual soul? If in God's eyes the individual soul be precious above all the riches and glories of the world, must not this be, in a lower degree, their estimate also, who regard all things from God's point of view?

DEAN GOULBURN.

ALL heaven is there, all joy ! Go in, go in ;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win :
Room, room, still room ! oh enter, enter now !

H. BONAR.

As if fearful that God's saints
Would look down suddenly and say, ' Herein
You missed a point,' I think, ' through lack of love !'

E. B. BROWNING.

February 22

Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. . . . And ye shall serve the Lord your God, and He shall bless thy bread, and thy water ; and I will take sickness away from the midst of thee.—EXOD. xxiii. 20, 25.

AND what shall we say of the descending angels, who come from God to us? Come they empty-handed or without a blessing? Nay, by God's appointment ' they succour and defend us upon earth.' We believe that they are often invisibly employed to shield the true Christian from bodily harm, or to make some disposition in Nature or in Providence, by which he may be assisted or extricated from difficulties. We believe that they camp about every child of God, and have charge of him to keep him in all his ways. DEAN GOULBURN.

GENTLY he passed ; the little maiden wept,
Sank down o'erwearied by the dead, and slept,
With such a heavenly lustre in her face,
You might have fancied angels in the place :

[illegible]

~~FORN~~ =

Behold the angels of the morning and the evening,
And he was afraid and said: How wonderful a new
place! This is none other but the garden of Eden,
and this is the gate of heaven.—Genesis 28:12, 13, 17, 18.

[illegible]

So, with Heaven's love upon him,
 Stern in calm and resolute will,
 Looked St. Michael—does the picture
 Hang in the old cloister still?

Threefold were the dreams of honour
 That absorbed my heart and brain;
 Threefold crowns the angel promised,
 Each one to be bought by pain:
 While he spoke a threefold blessing
 Fell upon my soul like rain.
Helper of the poor and suffering;
Victor in a glorious strife;
Singer of a noble poem:
 Such the honours of my life.

Ah, that dream! Long years that gave me
 Joy and grief as real things
 Never touched the tender memory
 Sweet and solemn that it brings—
 Never quite effaced the feeling
 Of those white and shadowing wings.

A. A. PROCTER.

THEIR hour of consciousness arrives at last
 To all the children of eternity—
 Once always, if once only.

LORD LYTTON.

February 24

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I
 comfort you.—ISA. lxvi. 13.

Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying,
 This the way, walk ye in it; when ye turn to the
 right hand, and when ye turn to the left.—ISA. xxx. 21.

AND it had been ever thus, though in earlier days
 God's people knew it less clearly; for love
 makes provision for the helpless babe, even while it
 is all unconscious of the service rendered to it. God's
 host had always been serving His elect. But it is

the New Testament which especially opens this ministry of the Heavenly Hosts to God's elect. They constantly appear, wherever there is need to be supplied, or danger to be averted . . . in every instance commencing their message with the words, 'Fear not.'

REV. ANDREW JUKES.

AND some good angel bear a shield before us.
MILTON.

NO one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings ; -
And whispers in its song,
'Where hast thou stayed so long?'

LONGFELLOW.

THE path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;
We need the shadowing rock as they—
We need, like them, the guides of God.

J. G. WHITTIER.

February 25

Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you.—1 PETER v. 7.

Not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father.—S. MATT. x. 29.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?—HEB. i. 14.

WHEN cares fret and worry you, and anxieties torment you, and gloomy forebodings cast doubts and darkness over the future, you may know

they come from regions of darkness and despair. You sometimes doubt the goodness and provident care of the Lord ; think He deals harshly with you, withholds joys from you, thwarts you in your plans, and robs you of your delights. Did that distrust of the Divine Goodness come from the angels, think you, who know that God is Love itself, that 'not a sparrow falls to the ground' in our life without His notice, that not the smallest event in our history occurs without His provident care and wise permission, and whose sole delight it is to be the almoners of His exhaustless bounty and the loving instruments of His goodness? You may rest assured that no distrust of the Divine Goodness ever comes from the angels. Children who love and honour their parents do not circulate falsehoods about them.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

AND ye, beneath life's crushing load
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow ;
 Look now ! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing ;
 Oh ! rest beside the weary load,
 And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold ;
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendours fling,
 And the whole world send back the song,
 Which now the angels sing.

E. HAMILTON SEARS.

AND I have walked with angels unawares
 And upward mounted, climbing over cares
 A little nearer to the Home above.

GERALD MASSEY.

February 26

A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench.—ISA. xlii. 3.

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.

Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts.—Ps. ciii. 4, 21.

THE Lord has sudden unfoldings for souls long closed. For beaten-down stalks He has looks which ripen into a golden harvest; He has warm rains for parched-up grounds; He has royal compassions, at which the hosts of angels break into hallelujahs of praise that ring from heaven to heaven.

COMTESSE DE GASPARIN.

WHERE sittest Thou, the satisfying One,
With help for sins and holy perfectings
For all requirements; while the archangel, raising
Unto Thy face his full ecstatic gazing,
Forgets the rush and rapture of his wings.

E. B. BROWNING.

HOW angels gazed and wondered at the sight!
Had angels cause of wonder? Man has more;
Yes, dearest Lord, I wonder, love, adore!

ANNE STEELE, 1717-1778.

AND oh, when brought before us
Where heart and soul can see,
How mighty to restore us
Love's little signs may be!
Perhaps His angels see us
Disquieted in vain;
Perhaps His watch would free us
From some ensnaring pain;
But only He can measure
Who sees our nature through
The good that in His pleasure
A passing joy may do.

A. L. WARING.

AH, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes ;
 And in the hereafter, angels may
 Roll the stone from its grave away !

J. G. WHITTIER.

February 27

Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from
 me ; nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done.
 And there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven,
 strengthening Him.—S. LUKE xxii. 42, 43.

WE ask for the lifting away of a burden or the
 averting of a sorrow ; our plea is not granted
 in form, but instead we receive a new impartation of
 the power of Christ, or an angel from heaven comes
 to minister to us.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

HE feeds me, comforts, and defends,
 And when I die His angel sends,
 To bear me whither He is gone,
 For of His own He loseth none ;
 Hallelujah.

No more to fear or grief I bow,
 God and His angels love me now ;
 The joys prepared for me to-day
 Drive fear and mourning far away ;
 Hallelujah.

J. HEERMANN, 1630.

WE miss thee, miss thee, miss thee ; ah, and yet
 At moments when some tender long-sought
 boon
 Falls at our feet, then in the solemn noon
 Of joy's great sunlight, like an amulet,
 To wear in secret against worldly fret,
 The quick thought comes that we shall meet thee
 soon,
 Where we shall need no light of sun nor moon,

And where the love shall neither rise nor set ;
 Then swifter, sweeter, nearer, comes belief
 That Love perchance through thee has wrought the
 gift ;
 Through thee, who well hast read our difficult part,
 Hast laid thy hand upon our hidden grief,
 And while thy prayers to heaven our soul uplift,
 Dost even in heaven hold us to thy heart.

A. MATHESON.

February 28

Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken
 unto you rather than unto God, judge ye ; for we
 cannot but speak the things which we saw and heard.
 —ACTS iv. 19, 20.

We find no evil in this man : and what if a spirit
 hath spoken to him, or an angel ?—ACTS xxiii. 9.

Every one who shall confess me before men, him
 shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of
 God.—S. LUKE xii. 8.

LET us not fear, therefore, to be but a few among
 many in our belief. Let us not fear opposition,
 suspicion, reproach, or ridicule. God sees us, and
 His angels, they are looking on. They know we
 are right, and bear witness to us ; and yet a little
 while, and He that cometh shall come, and will not
 tarry. ' Now the just shall live by *faith*.'

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

MARTYRS.

AH me ! what a rest fell upon them !
 Sweeter than mariner's is whose long tired watch is
 completed ;
 Sweeter than sick man's sleep, when his pain for the
 moment is over,

Blessedly dropping away into dear forgetfulness,
 feeling
 Just as if angels' wings were hushing and soothing
 and rocking ;
 Heavenlier still was the sleep that they took, for in
 verity angels
 Filled them with deep consolation and rest, like the
 rest of the happy.
 All through the long, long night, the platane-tree sang
 them its anthem ;
 Anthem—wherewith the responses of minstering
 spirits are mingled,
 All through the long, long night, they lay in that
 calmness of slumber,
 Stillness and beauty around, and their guardians
 watching about them.

DR. J. M. NEALE.

THIS is true glory and renown, when God
 Looking on the earth with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through heaven
 To all His angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises : thus He did to Job,
 When to extend his fame through heaven and earth
 As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,
 He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job ?'
 Famous he was in heaven, on earth less known ;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.

MILTON.

February 29

But while he thought on these things, behold, the
 angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream.

Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the
 angel of the Lord had bidden him.—S. MATT. i. 20, 24.

In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep
 falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed ; then
 He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruc-
 tion.—JOB xxxiii. 15, 16.

THE angel comes when Joseph is troubled. While he thought on these things, an angel appeared to Joseph in a dream. . . . And why not openly, as to the shepherds, and to Zacharias, and to the Virgin? The man was exceedingly full of faith and needed not sight. Whereas the Virgin, as having very exceeding good tidings declared to her, greater than to Zacharias, and this before the event, needed also a marvellous vision ; and the shepherds, as being by disposition dull and clownish. But this man . . . readily receives the revelation. Wherefore he hath the good tidings declared to him after his suspicion, that this selfsame thing might be to him a convincing proof of the things spoken. I mean, that the fact of his having mentioned it to no one, his hearing the angel say the very things which he thought in his mind, this afforded him an unquestionable sign, that one had come from God to say it. For to Him alone it belongs to know the secrets of the heart.

S. CHRYSOSTOM.

NOR bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favours fall ;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

J. G. WHITTIER.

CAN Science bear us
To the hid springs
Of human things?
Why may not dream
Of thoughts' day-gleam
Startle, yet cheer us?

Are such thoughts fetters,
While Faith disowns
Dread of Earth's tones,
Recks but Heaven's call,
And, on the wall
Reads but Heaven's letters?

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

March

**‘There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over
one sinner that repenteth.’**



March 1

Then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.—S. MATT. iv. 11.

And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him.—S. LUKE xxii. 43.

LET Thy holy angels be ever present with me, to keep me in all my ways from the malice and violence of the spirits of darkness, from evil company, and the occasion and opportunities of evil; from perishing in popular judgments, from all the ways of sinful shame, from the hands of all mine enemies, from a sinful life, and from despair in the day of my death.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

IT is not when man's heart is nighest heaven
He hath most need of Servant-Seraphim—
Albeit that height be holy, and God be still. . . .
Nay, but much rather when one, flat as earth,
Knows not which way to grovel, or where to flee
From the overmastering agony of Sin.

F. W. H. MYERS.

IN solemn beauty, and in strength and power,
Comes the soul's guardian from his home afar,
To stand beside us in temptation's hour,
Pure as a glittering star.

They see all clear what mortals cannot know,
Each spring of thought the cloudless angels find;
Our dearest friends misjudge us, and are slow
Deciphering heart and mind.

They read our wants and give us tenderest care;
Tuned by one heart of love their bosoms beat;
They know the trials we are called to bear,
The thorns that pierce our feet.

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They teach us mysteries of life and death
 In the soul's silence breathing hallowed things
 With heaven's hushed music in their fragrant
 breath,
 God's glory on their wings.

E. BRINE.

Part 2

I am not worthy to be called thy son.—S. LUKE
 xv. 21.

And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the
 earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and
 behold, the angels of God ascending and descending
 on it.—GEN. xxviii. 12.

HE had seen in vision a ladder reared against the
 sky, and angels ascending and descending on
 it. Exceedingly remarkable. Immediately after his
 transgression, when leaving his father's home, a
 banished man, to be a wanderer for many years, this
 first meeting took place. Fresh from his sin, God
 met him in tenderness and forgiveness. He saw the
 token which told him that all communication between
 heaven and earth was not severed. The way was clear
 and unimpeded still. Messages of reciprocated love
 might pass between the Father and His sinful child,
 as the angels in the dream ascended and descended
 on the visionary ladder.

REV. F. W. ROBERTSON.

I read upon that book
 How, when the Shepherd Prince did flee
 (Red Esau's twin), he desolate took
 The stone for a pillow: then he fell on sleep.
 And lo! there was a ladder. Lo! there hung
 A ladder from the star-place, and it clung
 To the earth; it tied her so to heaven; and oh!
 There fluttered wings;
 Then were ascending and descending things
 That stepped to him where he lay low;

Then up the ladder would a-drifting go
(This feathered brood of heaven), and show
Small as white flakes in winter that are blown
Together, underneath the great white throne.

When I had shut the book, I said :
' Now, as for me, my dreams upon my bed
Are not like Jacob's dream ;
Yet I have got it in my life ; yes, I,
And many more ; it doth not us beseem,
Therefore to sigh,
Is there not hung a ladder in our sky ?'

JEAN INGELow.

March 3

Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—S. MATT.
xxv. 23.

It was meet to make merry and be glad : for this
thy brother was dead and is alive again ; and was
lost, and is found.—S. LUKE xv. 32.

THEY seemed to stand before me and say : ' Yes,
we are they whom you read of in the text that
has caught your eye ; we exult over a repentant
sinner as men do over treasure-trove, but those who
need no repentance bring us a steady and abiding
joy. We scan the universe to gather good, as bees
with you carry the honey home, . . . the happiness
of all things in the world we make our own ; this is
the bright side of our being. We, angels of God,
rejoice in your good and your joy, and grieve over
your faults and your pains ; not always loving those
least who, like that repentant sinner, have caused us
much grief before. Some grief you always cause,
but the interest of having you to love outweighs the
woe, and we spy a gleam beyond the cloud.'

REV. H. LATHAM.

THEN far along the mournful way
Paternal Love speeds out, to say
The words of welcome ; angels bear
The robe, sweet pledge of pardoning care ;

And as he daily seeks aright
 His lowly station in their sight,
 They watch th' all-ruling Eye, for leave
 Some flower of Paradise to give,
 Bid amaranth odours round him float,
 Or breathe into his ear one note
 Of that high loving strain,
 Which rings from all the harps of heaven,
 When from the Shrine the word is given,
 'The dead soul lives again.'

KEBLE.

PART 4

Pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—I PETER v. 16.

And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand.—REV. viii. 4.

THE foot of the great bright ladder, whose top reaches to heaven, is in our very midst, stretching upwards with its shining stair to the Throne of God; and around it, and upon it, are the blessed angels, waiting, to carry up our prayers to God, and to fetch down to us the Divine Benediction. O sinner, yet unrenewed in the spirit of thy mind, shall they wait in vain, as far as you are concerned? Will you charge them with no message in behalf of yourself? Shall they not have the joy of seeing you throw yourself at the feet of the present Saviour, and abandon yourself to the treatment of the good Physician?

DEAN GOULBURN.

FIRST ANGEL.

AND she so young, that I who bring
 Good dreams for saintly children, might
 Mistake that small soft face to-night,
 And fetch her such a blessed thing

That at her waking she would weep
For childhood lost anew in sleep.
How hath she sinned ?

SECOND ANGEL.

In bartering love ;
God's love for man's.

FIRST ANGEL.

We may reprove
The world for this, not only her :
Let me approach to breathe away
This dust o' the heart with holy air.

SECOND ANGEL.

Stand off ! She sleeps and did not pray.

FIRST ANGEL.

Did none pray for her ?

SECOND ANGEL.

Ay, a child,—
Who never, praying, wept before :
While, in a mother undefiled,
Prayer goeth on in sleep, as true
And pauseless as the pulses do.

E. B. BROWNING.

March 5

I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of
world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the
evil.—S. JOHN xvii. 15.

They shall bear thee up in their hands.—Ps. xci. 12.

YOU have, doubtless, seen a beloved child, or
some dear friend, pursuing a course which you
knew would result in grievous harm. You see that
he is led away by some evil love, or some false idea,
and you know how earnestly you have sought to
remove the evil, how you have pondered upon it,

have presented motive after motive, have persuaded and reasoned, and sought by all the means in your power to change his purpose. You can understand then, in an imperfect and remote manner, the office of the angels. With what ardour of affection they engage in their heavenly mission, how unselfishly, how wisely, how tenderly, how skilfully and unremittingly they labour to save man from the perdition of his evil loves and false principles; to breathe a new life into his desolate heart; to develop and strengthen every germ of goodness; to add new light to every true principle; and in all ways to bear him up in their hands.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

IN my heart
He put a better mind, and showed me how,
While we discern it not, and least believe,
On stairs invisible betwixt His heaven
And our unholy, sinful, toilsome earth
Celestial messengers of loftiest good
Upward and downward pass continually.

A. H. CLOUGH.

O KIND allurers, wisely sent,
Beguiling with benign intent,
Still move us, through divine unrest,
To seek the loveliest and the best!

J. G. WHITTIER.

Parth 6

And Jesus saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.—S. JOHN i. 51.

THEY saw 'the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man'; that is, they saw constant communications passing between

heaven and earth, through our Blessed Lord's mediation. The confession of sin, which flows from a contrite heart—the Publican's 'God be merciful to me a sinner'—is borne upward by angel ministries, and accepted. United by faith and an holy intercession) with the Intercession of the great High Priest, the feeblest cry for support, strength, and protection, finds its way to the golden altar before the Throne, and is there 'offered with much incense,' and becomes an acceptable sacrifice. DEAN GOTTLIEB.

WITH joy the guardian angel sees
A duteous child upon his knees,
And writes in his approving book
Each upward, earnest, holy look.

Light from his pure ærial dream
He springs to meet morn's orient beam,
And pours towards the kindling skies
His clear adoring melodies.

Some glorious seraph, waiting by,
Receives the prayer to waft on high,
And wonders, as he soars, to read
More than we know, and all we need.

KEBLE.

Know
There is a rose-lipp'd seraph sits on high,
Who ever bends his holy ear to earth
To mark the voice of penitence, to catch
Her solemn sighs, to tune them to his harp,
And echo them in harmonies divine
Up to the throne of grace.

MASON.

March 7

And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Return to thy mistress and submit thyself under her hands.—
GEN. xvi. 9.

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And David spake unto the Lord when he saw the angel that smote the people, and said, Lo, I have sinned, and I have done perversely. — 2 SAMUEL xxiv.

17.

WHEN you speak falsely, and act unjustly and deceitfully, you sometimes hear a still small voice whispering to your soul, 'That is wrong ; that is mean and unjust.' It is the voice of an angel. You may know it as certainly as though he stood before you in the flaming splendours of heaven and audibly addressed you. Whenever you feel inclined to say a kind word, to do an unselfish deed, to act according to the dictates of truth and duty, that inclination comes from heaven. Some angel is trying to bend your will and turn your face towards the Lord. Yield to the loving attraction ; obey the heavenly dictate.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

NOT for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

TENNYSON.

AND quickened by the Almighty's breath
And chastened by His rod,
And taught by angel visitings,
At length he sought his God.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

WHEN Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an angel face to face,
And felt his heart change inwardly,
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

J. R. LOWELL.

March 8

Therefore with angels and archangels and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name: evermore praising Thee and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 SAMUEL xvi. 7.

COULD our eyes but be opened for one moment to see the high company we are in, and the glorious work we are about, when we are praising God in His church, surely it would be harder for us to go back to the miserable, contemptible follies which now too easily prevail against us. We could not then so lightly pass in a moment from holy things to unholy. We should be frightened and ashamed when the temptation came to look out for the praise of men, or to favour ourselves in respect of bodily and sensual comfort. The thought would keep fresh in our heart, 'Am I not a Christian?—a companion of cherubim and seraphim in glorifying God? How then dare I give myself up to be carried away by such childish, unworthy things?' KEBLE.

IN the olden day when Immortals
 Came oftener visibly down,
 There went a youth with an angel
 Through the gate of an Eastern town:
 They passed a dog by the roadside,
 Where dead and rotting it lay,
 And the youth, at the ghastly odour,
 Sickened and turned away.
 He gathered his robes about him
 And hastily hurried thence;
 But nought annoyed the angel's
 Clear, pure, immortal sense.

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By came a lady, lip-luscious,
 On delicate, tinkling feet :
 All the place grew glad with her presence,
 The air about her sweet ;
 For she came in fragrance floating,
 And her voice most silvery rang ;
 The youth to embrace her beauty,
 With all his being sprang,
 A sweet, delightful lady ;
 And yet the legend saith,
 The angel, while he passed her,
 Shuddered and held his breath.

GERALD MASSEY.

Parth 9

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him.

Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place
 whereon thou standest is holy ground.—EXODUS iii.
 2, 5.

GIVEN the consciousness that an angel is leading us, and instantly a series of preparations must be set up corresponding with the quality and title of the leading angel of our pilgrimage. Whom our love expects our love provides for. . . . The invention of love is fertile, the expenditure of love is without a grudge or a murmur. Any appeal that so works upon every kind of faculty, upon imagination, conscience, will, force, must be an appeal that will do the life good. It calls us to perfectness, to preparedness, to a nobility corresponding in some degree with the nobility of the guest whom we entertain.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

THE soul goeth out in the morning,
 Into the world of men :
 Into the loving and scorning,
 Into the gossip and gain.

Home she at night returneth
To prayer and silence and sleep ;
Much she hath seen and spurneth,
Much made her smile and weep.

She beareth the flesh her burden,
And oft it weigheth her down,
But she thinks of her heavenly guerdon,
The harp and the golden crown.

So down the valley she roameth
Under her angel's eyes,
Till to the gates she cometh,
The gate of Paradise. REV. G. S. CAUTLEY.

THEN consecrate us, Lord, anew,
And fire our hearts with love ;
That all we think, and all we do,
Within, without, be pure and true,
Rekindled from above. FROM THE LATIN.

Part 10

Then there came again and touched me one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me, and said, O man greatly beloved, fear not ; peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong. And when he had spoken unto me, I was strengthened, and said, Let my Lord speak, for thou hast strengthened me.—
DAN. x. 18, 19.

THE angels must watch with eager interest the man who is going through hard struggle which tries his spirit—they watch to see that he endures. They do not try to make the struggle less hard, but in the moment of faintness or wavering—if there be such a moment—they whisper cheer and encouragement, that the man may not faint. We have a beautiful illustration of this in our Lord's experience in Gethsemane. Angels came—not to

take the cup away, but to strengthen Him, that He might not sink down in the darkness.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

THE angel in his shining garments stands
 In the dim Garden, and beside the man
 Whose face is marred with sorrow, on whose brow
 The shades of death are gathering, and whose eyes
 Are dim with tears and watchings. And, behold !
 The angel veils his face with his white wings—
 His face which is so bright from Heaven's own sun,
 His eyes which shine with an undying light—
 Before this countenance which is so worn,
 So dim with anguish, and before those eyes
 Which are so near to death. Yea, doth he veil
 His face more closely, in the presence high
 Of this unconquerable love, this power
 To suffer all things, even unto Death,
 Than he had veiled it, standing in the glow
 Of the great Sapphire Throne, and knowing not
 The depths and heights of this strong love of God.

B. M.

BUT angels on Thy face intent
 With love we do not know—
 Glad searchers of Thy will—are sent
 To watch the way we go.

A. L. WARING.

Parth I I

And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him.—GEN. xxxii. 1.

And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—GEN. xxxii. 26.

IT is to be observed, however, that the angels act directly only upon the affections or ends of a man's life ; and they can only be present to man in good affections. They have no affinities for worldly and selfish loves, and so far as man is in those loves,

REPENTANCE AND PRODIGES:

c

he removes himself from their protection and guidance. The angels are then more remote. They do all they can for him. But the amount of influence they can exert upon man depends upon what there is in man to receive it. To be acted upon. They come as near to every one as they can get.

BUT THAT ONE WILL

STILL through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings united
And still their heavenly music flour
O'er all the weary world
Above its sad and lowly mourn
They bend in heaven's wing
And ever over its lowly mourn
The blessed angels sing
Yet with the woe of all the world
The world has suffered long
Beneath the angel-stem have robed
Two thousand years of wrong
And men at war with men and
The love-song which they sing
Oh! hush the noise of men's
And hear the angels sing

A. C. SWANWICK

THY prayer thy praise for life of men surround
In sweet memorial that before the throne
These charms success if our prayer
And force an angel host to sing thy name

THE ANGEL SING

Sparks 11

The kingdom of God is within you.

Whoever would save his soul, let him lose it.

S. MATT. VI. 33

IF the heavens being opened, if the angels being recipients of the form of God, if the angels being passive recipients, they receive of God on instrumentalities for the redemption of man.

derived life to spheres more remote, then the nearness of the spiritual to the natural universe will serve to explain the preservation of the natural universe. . . . Bound together as the creatures of one Creator, the children of one Father, men in the natural world and men in the spiritual world are participators in one common brotherhood ; and the nearness of heaven is at once the hope and solace, the joy and glory of man. 'OUR ETERNAL HOMES.'

HEAVEN was on earth, the earth thou didst despise,

And on the earth Christ is, and on the earth
The love thou hast accounted nothing worth.

None for himself a heaven can win or make,
Since whoso seeks his life his life shall lose.
He who will labour for a sad world's sake,
And free pure life revile not nor refuse,
He is Christ's man ; he hath the better part ;
The angels dwell for ever in his heart. E. NESBIT.

March 13

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and
with all thy mind ; and thy neighbour as thyself.—
S. LUKE x. 27.

(Love) seeketh not her own.—I COR. xiii. 5.

SUPPOSE you had seen an angel from heaven who had discovered to you a glimpse of its own internal brightness, and of that glorious union in which it lived with God, opening more of itself to the inward sight of your mind, than you could either forget or relate. Suppose it had told you with a piercing word, and living impression, that all its own angelic and heavenly brightness was hid in yourself, concealed from you under a bestial (animal) covering of flesh and blood ; that this flesh and

blood was become the master of it, would not suffer it to breathe, or stir, or come to life in you. Suppose it had told you that all your life had been spent in helping this flesh and blood to more and more power over you, to hinder you from knowing and feeling this Divine life within you. Suppose it had told you that to this day you had lived in the grossest self-idolatry, loving, serving, honouring, and adoring yourself instead of loving, serving, and adoring God with all your heart and soul and spirit : that all your intentions, projects, cares, pleasures, and indulgences had been only so much labour to bring you to the grave in a total ignorance of that great work for which alone you were born into the world?

WILLIAM LAW (1749).

BUT chiefly ye should lift your gaze
 Above the world's uncertain haze,
 And look with calm unwavering eye
 On the bright fields beyond the sky,
 Ye, who your Lord's commission bear,
 His way of mercy to prepare :
 Angels He calls ye : be your strife
 To lead on earth an angel's life.

Think not of rest ; though dreams be sweet,
 Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.
 Is not God's oath upon your head,
 Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
 Never again your loins untie,
 Nor let your torches waste or die,
 Till when the shadows thickest fall,
 Ye hear your Master's midnight call?

KEBLE.

March 14

Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day : therefore let us not sleep as do others ; but let us watch and be sober.—1 THESS. v. 5, 6.

Grieve not the holy Spirit of God.—EPH. iv. 30.

SUPPOSE it (the angel) had told you, that all this blindness and insensibility of your state was obstinately and wilfully brought upon yourself, because you had boldly slighted and resisted all the daily inward and outward calls of God to your soul, all the teachings, doings, and sufferings of a son of God to redeem you. Suppose it (the angel) left you with this Farewell, O man awake ; thy work is great, thy time is short, I am thy last trumpet ; the grave calls for thy flesh and blood, thy soul must enter into a new lodging. To be born again is to be an angel, not to be born again is to become a devil.

WILLIAM LAW.

HOPE not the cure of sin till Self is dead ;
 Forget it in love's service, and the debt
 Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget ;
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone ;
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own !

J. G. WHITTIER.

WE pray for childlike hearts,
 For gentle, holy love,
 For strength to do Thy Will below
 As angels do above.

Let me find in Thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy ;
 Out of self to love be led
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Parth 15

Unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins. Whereupon . . . I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—ACTS xxvi. 17-19.

TELL me now . . . what would you expect from a man who had been thus awakened, and pierced by the voice of an angel? Could you think he had any sense left, if he was not cast into the deepest depth of humility, self-dejection, and self-abbhorrence? Casting himself, with a broken heart, at the feet of the Divine mercy, desiring nothing but that, from that time, every moment of his life might be given unto God, in the most perfect denial of every temper, will, and inclination, that nourished the corruption of his nature; wishing and praying from the bottom of his heart that God would lead him into and through everything inwardly and outwardly, that might destroy the evil workings of his nature, and awaken all that was holy and heavenly within him; that the seed of eternity, the spark of life, that he had so long quenched and smothered under earthly rubbish, might breathe, and come to life in him.

Or would you think he was enough affected with this angelic visit, if all that it had awakened in him was only a longing and eager desire to hear the same, or another angel talk again?

WILLIAM LAW.

MICHAEL, the leader of the hosts of God,
 Who warred with Satan for the body of him
 Whom, living, God had loved—If cherubim
 With cherubim contended for one clod
 Of human dust, for forty years that trod
 The gloomy desert of Heaven's chastisement,
 Are there not ministering angels sent
 To battle with the devils that roam abroad,
 Clutching our living souls? 'The living, still
 The living, they shall praise Thee!'—Let some great
 Invisible spirit enter in and fill
 The howling chambers of hearts desolate;
 With looks like thine, O Michael, strong and wise,
 My white archangel with the steadfast eyes.

MRS. CRAIK.

March 16

These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth. Then the angel of the Lord answered and said, O Lord of hosts, how long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem? . . . And the Lord answered the angel that talked with me with good words and comfortable words.—
ZECH. i. 10, 12, 13.

IT would require the tongues of angels themselves to recite all that we owe to these benign and vigilant guardians. They watch by the cradle of the new-born babe, and spread their celestial wings round the tottering steps of infancy. If the path of life be difficult and thorny, and evil spirits work us shame and woe, they sustain us; they bear the voice of our complaining, of our supplication, of our repentance, up to the foot of God's throne, and bring us back in return a pitying benediction, to strengthen and to cheer. When passion and temptation strive for the mastery, they encourage us to resist; when we conquer, they crown us; when we falter and fail, they compassionate and grieve over us; when we are obstinate in polluting our own souls, and perverted not only in act but in will, they leave us—and woe to them that are so left! But the good angel does not quit his charge until his protection is despised, rejected, and utterly repudiated. Wonderful the fervour of their love—wonderful their meekness and patience—to endure from day to day the spectacle of the unveiled human heart, with all its miserable weaknesses and vanities, its inordinate desires and selfish purposes!

MRS. JAMESON.

ANGELS, as ministers of divine grace and mercy,
Of all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in,
Occur much more frequently.

MRS. JAMESON.

DAVID.

THE absolver saw the mighty grief,
 And hasten'd with relief ;—
 'The Lord forgives ; thou shalt not die' :—
 'Twas gently spoke, yet heard on high,
 And all the band of angels used to sing
 In heaven, accordant to his raptured string,
 Who many a mouth had turned away
 With veiled eyes, nor own'd his lay,
 Now spread their wings, and throng around
 To the glad mournful sound,
 And welcome, with bright open face
 The broken heart to love's embrace.

KEBLE.

Parth 17

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven ; for she
 loved much.—S. LUKE vii. 47.

Even so, I say unto you, there is joy in the pre-
 sence of the angels of God over one sinner that
 repenteth.—S. LUKE xv. 10.

SO long as in any depth of degradation repentance
 can rear its ladder, that ladder reaching heaven
 may become a very pleasure-ground of celestial spirits
 jubilant over each penitent, ministering to each im-
 perfect, perfectible soul.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

AND such love lost? No, angels caught each
 unguessed tear that ran,
 And when, all covering pawned, she lay that cold
 December night,
 The last breath fluttering round her lips, methinks
 the starry choir
 Round God's throne broke off their chant to hover
 round her flight,
 To warm her through with still love smiles, whom life's
 long snows did tire,
 Children at rest within, without, in their eternal home,
 The Father's and the Brother's—to bid her welcome
 there.

RODEN NOËL.

PURE angels with her loved commune
 What time the tender virgin moon
 Kissed her young sleep through nights of June.
 Ay! and these hovered over her
 That wild night when the rain did blur
 The lamp, and when chill blast of wind
 Than man, than God, seemed less unkind.
 She scales, she spurns the parapet,
 Though scarce her plunge dull waters fret,
 God's angels hover round her yet.
 Thus many a face and form we praise
 Seem hideous to the angel gaze;
 While some poor face which men despise
 Is the cynosure of angel eyes. RODEN NOEL.

Barth 18

Even so, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence
 of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.
 —S. LUKE xv. 10.

NEITHER are the alternations of joy and such
 sorrow as by us is inconceivable, being only
 as it were a softness and silence in the pulse of an
 infinite felicity, inconsistent with the state even of
 the unfallen; for the angels who rejoice over repent-
 ance cannot but feel an uncomprehended pain as
 they try again and again whether they may not warm
 hard hearts with the brooding of their kind wings.

RUSKIN.

NOT a sound is heard in the Convent;
 The Vesper Chant is sung,
 The sick have all been tended,
 The poor nun's toils are ended
 Till the Matin bell has rung.
 All is still save the clock, that is ticking
 So loud in the frosty air,
 And the soft snow, falling as gently
 As an answer to a prayer.

But an angel whispers, 'Oh, listen,
You must rise from your bed to pray ;
In the silent, deserted chapel,
You must kneel till the dawn of day :

'A soul that Jesus has ransomed
Is in peril of sin to-night.

'The Tempter is close beside him,
And his danger is all forgot,
And the far-off voices of childhood
Call aloud, but he hears them not ;
He sayeth no prayers, and his mother—
He thinks not of her to-day,
And he will not look up to Heaven,
And his angel is turning away.

'Then pray for a soul in peril,
A soul for which Jesus died ;
Ask by the cross that bore Him
And by her who stood beside ;
And the angels of God will thank you,
And bend from their thrones of light,
To tell you that Heaven rejoices
At the deed you have done to-night.'

A. A. PROCTER.

March 19

Even so, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence
of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

—S. LUKE xv. 10.

WHAT a joyous solemnity attaches itself to human life when we remember that it is a matter of concern to the angels ! 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation ?' There is many a Manasseh, many a Rahab, many a blaspheming Saul, to-day, of whom the Lord says to His angels, 'That is a chosen vessel to Me ; go, guard him till the time appointed.' And so, from path of

waywardness to den of infamy ; from sin's pleasure to sin's pain ; from drunken riot to hospital ward, that angel continues its persevering ministrations, until the sinner's eyes weep penitential tears. Then, for a brief space, it leaves the scenes of earth, and flies to heaven to tell its companions in light to rejoice over another soul born of God. Then back it comes to fan the fevered brow, and whisper to the breaking heart. Oh ! mother, whose eyes keep waking at the midnight hour, with sad thought of your prodigal ; oh ! father, with mind distraught between fears for your honoured name and love for your first-born—have faith in God and His angels ! With fervent prayer place your child in God's hands, and then wait for the answer.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

AN aching wish to know the world, I knew,
 Lorded latewhile his spirit. Ambition, love,
 Eldest of all things, that dawn-life of the soul ;
 Youth's passionate pleasures and frivolities, all
 Had thrown cross-lights, and dazed his once so
 clear

Purview of life. Life's simpler aims lacked zest,
 God's love seemed lost upon him. Oh ! he grew
 Heart-deadened ; watching, warning vain, I fled
 Hither, to intercede with God our Lord,
 To bless him with salvation, suddenly.
 Such things have been.

Plead we may
 Always for those we love, by leave divine.

P. J. BAILEY.

March 20

Whereas angels, though greater in power and might, bring not a railing judgment against them before the Lord.—2 PETER ii. 11.

Love covereth a multitude of sins.—1 PETER iv. 8.

THE accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.

LAURENCE STERNE.

BUT, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BUT man, proud man,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

POPE.

WE are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.

THOMAS DEKKER, 1641.

Barth 21

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—S. LUKE xv. 10.

Ye are come . . . to an innumerable company of angels . . . and to the spirits of just men made perfect.—HEB. xii. 22, 23.

ALTHOUGH the years 'that the locust hath eaten' may haunt us, and with a terrible heartache we may realise that the days are past when the tender ministries of love we might have given are no longer possible, and we dare not think of the heart-hunger we passed by on the other side—still, thank God, there is infinite consolation in believing that, one with us in the blessed Communion of Christ, our own look with gentlest compassion, learned of Him, on our bitter repentance, and know, how for His sake and theirs we dedicate our lives in love to all men, and especially to each one who

suffers as they suffered, who works as they worked. So may we see our own in all others, until we can offer to their beloved Lord and ours some sacred service, in which they have been with us, and had a living part. w. s.

MY future will not copy fair my past
 On any leaf but Heaven's . . .
 My wine has run
 Indeed out of my cup, and there is none
 To gather up the bread of my repast
 Scattered and trampled ; yet I find some good
 In earth's green herbs, and streams that bubble up
 Clear from the darkling ground,—content until
 I sit with angels before better food :
 Dear Christ ! when Thy new vintage fills my cup,
 This hand shall shake no more, nor that wine spill.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE mystery which thus renews
 Dead features in a living face,
 May turn into divinest use
 Pure spirits in their dwelling-place.
 From that dear soul in heavenly home
 Unto this maid, her earthly kin,
 What unknown influences may come
 To make her safe and pure from sin ?
 Nay, strong to take up one by one
 The threads those dying hands let fall :
 Working for two—for her that's gone
 And for herself—for God—for all ?
 AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.'

March 22

Evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory : Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high. Amen.—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

THE angels and saints, who take up this song in heaven, are all of them holy, very holy ; they are full of holiness, each according to his measure. He who knoweth whereof we are made, knows that *we* cannot as yet be like them ; yet He expects that we should wish, pray, endeavour to be so ; without so much holiness at least as *that*, 'no man shall see the Lord.' That is the first and principal thing for those who would partake in the song of the angels, and come worthily to the Holy Communion. He allows us to say or sing it after the blessed angels, as children repeat some holy lesson after grown people, with far less understanding than they, but still with a dutiful and obedient mind ; and, by-and-by, the deep meaning of our own sayings will dawn upon us.

KEBLE.

'GOD'S angel unto me the truth hath taught,
Which thou shalt see, if thou wilt but re-
nounce

Idols, and clean be, else thou shalt see nought.
Go with thy brother now and thee baptize,
And make thee clean ; so that thou may'st behold
The angel's face of which thy brother told.'
And after this Tiburce obtained such grace,
Each day he saw, as it were face to face,
Th' angel of God ; and every kind of boon
He asked of God, was granted him full soon.

'CANTERBURY TALES.'

March 23

That ye should walk worthily of God, Who calleth you into His own kingdom and glory.—1 THESS. ii. 12.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

—S. MATT. v. 8.

THEY that converse with the best company, such persons are obliged to more decency of apparel. We live in the light, in the company of angels, of God, and Jesus Christ, and therefore should not admit anything that is low or mean, unbecoming the

rank we keep, and the presence of those we frequent. When the king passes through the country, they who see him seldom will labour to have all things in the best order they can for the time ; but they that live in court and are daily in the king's presence, are constantly court-like in their habit and carriage and all about them. O followers of the Lamb, let Him be your garment, let your robes be always white.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

VALERIAN went home, and found Cecilia
 Within his room, and by her side did stand
 An angel, who of roses and of lily
 Two lovely crowns held, one in either hand.

'With body clean and undefiled thought
 Keep well for ever these two crowns,' quoth he ;
 'From Paradise to you have I them brought,
 And never more shall either rotten be,
 Nor its sweet savour lose, now trust in me ;
 No one shall ever see them with his eye,
 Unless he chaste be and hate villany.'

'CANTERBURY TALES.'

March 24

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.—S. LUKE i. 30.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; . . . I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—S. MATT. vi. 28.

THEN, did she see the angel? Did he break a stalk of one of the white flowers, as he stirred, and so hold it in his hand, smiling to reassure her by the ease and cordiality of the act?

Whence came he? Had he swept from the heights of distant Lebanon, whose white head, turning grey in the twilight, was darkening as if the mountain drew a mantle over it? Had he floated on the departing cloud that rode like a chariot of fire past the sun whose own face was hidden from the marvel? Or

had he formed from the ether, where he stood, against the faint sky, quietly and naturally, as inspiration forms in the soul, and faith in the heart that is fit for it? Whatever of the strange was in the manner of his coming, the angel came.

E. STUART PHELPS.

Shall I not find
The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
In the serene and never-moaning air,
And the clear, starry light of angel eyes,
A thousand-fold more glorious? F. HEMANS.

IN the set noon of time, shall one from heaven,
An angel fresh from looking upon God,
Descend before a woman, blessing her
With perfect benediction of pure love.

E. B. BROWNING.

AND she who bore Him—blessèd beyond all
Of mortal mothers—bore a load besides
Of love and fear, wonder and reverence,
So heavy on her heart that her still lips
Were locked as if an angel held them close.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

March 25—THE ANNUNCIATION

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.
—S. LUKE ii. 18, 19.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word.—S. LUKE i. 38.

IT is also to be suggested that visitors from an invisible life, if such there are, and whoever such there are, may be responsive to the absence or her presence of welcome, like any other superior to sensitive being. Angels, like people, might come where they are wanted, trusted, or expected. In fact, there are laws of spiritual hospitality, breach of which may, for aught we know to the contrary, deprive a

human creature of the mystical privileges. The soul of this Hebrew girl was hostess to all that was pure and perfect, delicate, ethereal, devout. As the flower receives the sun at dawn, as the earth the rain at drouth, she instinctively received the divine.

E. STUART PHELPS.

STRAIGHT from the presence of the Lord of
Heaven

The angel Gabriel speeds upon his way,
To where, beyond the mountains of Judæa,
The dwelling of a Hebrew maiden lay ;
And as a sunbeam that in silence steals,
He seeks the chamber where the maiden kneels.

Silent he stands, his hands a lily holding,
That through the air celestial fragrance flings,
Bright figure, and soft shadow, showing strangely
Against the background of his large white wings ;
His head, in love and reverent wonder bent
Towards her, for whom this embassy is sent.

The morning sunlight lay upon her forehead,
The morning breezes stirred her floating hair :
Her earnest eyes were raised to heaven, as seeking
The Object of her deep adoring prayer—
The unseen, eternal, and immortal King,
Who man's lost heritage again will bring.

Hushed is the prayer, yet the fair lips are parted
In deep amazement at her angel-guest,
Whose gleaming presence gently dawns upon her :—
' Hail, Mary ! thou of women the most blest :
God will redeem the promise that He gave ;
His Son of thee takes flesh, the world to save.'

Humbly she hears the thrilling words of wonder,
And yields herself to the all-perfect Will—
His only, His for ever, a fair temple
Which His Divinity doth form and fill ;
' Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord,
So let it be according to Thy Word.'

CAROLINE M. NOEL.

March 26

And, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.—S. MATT. iv. 11.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—S. JOHN xv. 13.

WHEN He came to Himself, He heard in the dark the movement of dim, strange forms, stately and merciful as His most cherished dreams of the strongest angel in the heavenly world. He heard inarticulate, brooding sounds of tenderness beyond the tenderness of earth. The grasp of unseen fingers touched His wasted hands. Vitality that had never known a pang or weakness flowed through the clasp. So the spent and famished Man was comforted. And day dawned upon the wilderness.

E. STUART PHELPS.

Infinite,
The sorrows that Thy manhood's lot must rue
And dire acquaintance of Thy grief. That clue
The spirits of Thy mournful ministrings
Seek through yon scroll in silence. For these
things
The angels have desired to look into.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

March 27

Searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow . . . which things the angels desire to look into.—1 PETER i. 11, 12.

THE interest of the angels in Christ's suffering as the Redeemer is very beautiful. There is a picture by Domenichino which represents the scene on Calvary on the evening after the Saviour's body had been taken down and laid in the grave. The

cross is empty. An angel stands beside the crown of thorns which lies there, feeling with the tip of his finger one of its sharp points. His face wears a look of wonder. He is trying to find out the meaning of suffering, but he cannot understand it, nor fathom its depth. . . . The same thought is suggested in the words, 'which things the angels desire to look into.' Surely it is worth while to give thought and attention to the wonderful things of Christ's redemption, since even the angels find in them mystery worthy of their deepest study.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

THE SERAPHIM.

WAS it for such,
 It pleased him to overleap
 His glory with his love and sever
 From the God-light and the throne
 And all angels bowing down,
 For whom his every look did touch
 New notes of joy on the unworn string
 Of an eternal worshipping?
 For such he left his heaven?
 There, though never bought by blood
 And tears, we gave him gratitude:
 We loved him there, though unforgiven.
 Love him more, O man,
 Than sinless seraphs can.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE angel of the Lord took of the flowers
 Out of His garden.—Pure and passionate joys
 That no sun blasts, and no base worm destroys,
 He found like sweet red roses in the bowers;
 And patient loves that through the silent hours,
 Fair as white lilies, grow apart from noise;
 Unsullied peace, whose blossoms, wing-like, poise
 Themselves on the still air, drinking the showers
 And sunbeams; hopes that caught the sunny hue
 Of heaven's azure;—but he gathered most

Of that which men call Failure ; where he trod,
 Its thorny strength sprang into life anew.
 'Flowers,' he said, 'shall crown the heavenly host,
 But only thorns are worthy of a God.'

A. MATHESON.

March 28

Wherefore it behoved Him in all things to be
 made like unto His brethren.—HEB. ii. 17.

And there appeared unto Him an angel from
 heaven, strengthening Him.—S. LUKE xxii. 43.

WHAT a view does this present of the unspeak-
 ably watchful and tender care of our Lord
 and Saviour Jesus Christ, over the very humblest
 and meanest of His servants ! that the whole army
 of angels and archangels, all the Hosts of the Lord,
 are set in array for each one of our defence and
 salvation ; ready and glad to refresh us, the members
 of Christ, as they did Him Who is our Head, after
 great and sore temptation ; to prompt those who
 wait on us with thoughts for our good, as the angel
 that spake to Joseph in a dream ; to strengthen us
 in agony, as he who appeared to our Lord in the
 garden ; to remove difficulties, and declare good
 tidings, as he who rolled away the stone, and declared
 'The Lord is risen.' This certainty of angelical aid,
so far as we are on Christ's side, we have by His ex-
 altation into heaven, and the subjection to Him of
 angels, authorities, and powers.

KEBLE.

O MY Lord Jesus, in the lonely garden,
 Thou hadst Thine Angel of the Agony ;
 Lend me some aid, and seal me with Thy pardon,
 Like him Thou call'dst to Paradise with Thee.

Far from the world of sorrow and of sighing,
 Ways full of woe, and passages of pain,
 Through the bright gate of life, which men call dying,
 My angel guardian summons me again.

Yea, but he holds a cup that I must carry,
 Calm and unshrinking to these lips of mine,
 Bitter the potion, yet I may not tarry ;
 A loving hand deals forth that deadly wine.

Master, I take it, for Thine angel beareth !
 Low on my knees Thy chalice will I drain,
 O the immortal beauty that it weareth,
 Steeped in the virtue of Thy healing pain.

Sweet words of peace upon my ears are falling,
 In faintest whispers, and my eyes grow dim ;
 'Angels of Jesus' for my soul are calling,
 My soul that only longeth after Him.

March 29

And there appeared unto Him an angel from
 heaven, strengthening Him.—S. LUKE xxii. 43.

Now I know of a truth, that the Lord hath sent
 forth His angel, and delivered me.—ACTS xii. 11.

AN angel ministered to our Lord when in Gethsemane. He wrestled with His great and bitter sorrow. What a benediction to the mighty Sufferer was in the soft gliding to His side of that gentle presence, in the touch of that soothing, supporting hand laid upon Him, in the comfort of that gentle voice thrilling with sympathy as it spoke its strengthening message of love ! Was it a mere coincidence that just at that time and in that place the radiant messenger came ? No, it is always so. Angels choose such occasions to pay their visits to men.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

FAITH'S ladder pales not, angels yet are found
 All beauteous in calm and holy light ;
 Their silver robes have skirted many a cloud
 Thronging the purple night.

Swift from the golden gates they come and go,
And glad fulfil their Master's high behest,
Bringing celestial balms for human woe,
Blessing and being blessed.

The Tempter hath his legions ; earth is trod
By their hard feet imprinting sin and care ;
And shall not they, the pure, white souls of God,
Lift their high influence where

A soul is wrestling?—see Gethsemane ;
E'en to our Christ the holy angels came ;
They waited on Him in His agony,
Shrouding in wings of flame.

And have not we sore need the faith to hold
Of the surrounding of the angel bands ;
'Mid all earth's dust to trace their steps of gold,
And feel the uplifting hands?—

To feel them near in hours of toil and weeping ;
With reverence hail each soul's celestial guest ;
Till they shall come, the final Harvest reaping,
To fold us into rest.

E. BRINE.

March 30

And He . . . kneeled down and prayed, saying,
Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me :
nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done. And
there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven,
strengthening him.—S. LUKE xxii. 41, 42, 43.

Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made
like unto His brethren.—HEB. ii. 17.

BUT the sword that pierced your heart forced an
entrance for angels, who had been knocking
where there was no door—until then.

M. CHOLMONDELEY.

IS it then so?—Good friends, who sit and sigh
 While I lie smiling, are my life's sands run?
 Will my next matins, hymned beyond the sun,
 Mingle with those of saints and martyrs high?

Shall I with these my grey hairs turned to gold,
 My aged limbs new clad in garments white,
 Stand all transfigured in the angel's sight,
 Singing triumphantly that moan of old,—

Thy will be done? It was done. O my God,
 Thou know'st, when over grief's tempestuous sea
 My broken-wingèd soul fled home to Thee,
 I writhed, but never murmured at Thy rod.

It fell upon me, stern at first, then soft
 As parent's kisses, till the wound was healed;
 And I went forth a labourer in Thy field:—
 They best can bind who have been bruised oft.

I bless Him for my life and for my death;
 But most, that in my death my life is crowned,
 Since I see there, with angels gathering round,
My angel. Ay, love, thou hast kept thy faith,

I mine. The golden portals will not close
 Like those of earth, between us. Reach thy hand!
 No *miserare*, sisters. Chant out grand
Te Deum laudamus. Now,—'tis all repose.

MRS. CRAIK.

March 31

Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and
 let us put on the armour of light.—ROM. xiii. 12.

O LORD God of Hosts, let not those who look for
 Thee to sit in judgment on the doings of men
 be ashamed for our cause, that the power of Thy
 Cross may make us workmen of salvation, acceptable

unto Thee, and not suffer the court of the heavenly
army to sorrow because of our doings, through Thy
mercy.

'COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS,'

J. M. NEALE, D.D.

R. F. LITLEDALE, LL.D.

COULD we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.

EDMUND WALLER.

BRIGHT ministers of God's and grace—of grace
Because of God ! whether ye bow adown
In your own heaven, before the living face
Of Him who died and deathless wears the crown,
Or whether at this hour ye haply are
Anear, around me, hiding in the night
Of this permitted ignorance your light,
This feebleness to spare,—
Forgive me that mine earthly heart should dare
Shape images of unincarnate spirits,
And lay upon their burning lips a thought
Cold with the weeping which mine earth inherits ;
And though ye find in such harsh music, wrought
To copy yours, a cadence all the while
Of sin and sorrow—only pitying smile !

Ye know to pity, well.

E. B. BROWNING.

April

‘ Glory to God in the highest.’

April 1

(Mary) seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?—S. JOHN XX. 12, 13.

SO spake the sweet angel voices to those devoted women whose love made them the last beside the cross of Jesus, and the earliest at His tomb. So spake the sweet angel voices, and their words roll to us with the Divine echoes of joy and hope over the interspace of nineteen hundred years.

DEAN FARRAR.

THE Paschal moonlight almost past,
Yet still the angels hold their post,
The outguards of an army vast ;
The picquets of the spirit-host,
The dawn in softest beauty wakes
O'er regions very far away ;
It glows, it brightens, and it breaks
Into that everlasting day.

Alleluia.

DR. J. M. NEALE.

IT was not dark within ! I deemed, at first,
A lamp burned there, such radiance mild I saw
Lighting the hewn walls, and the linen bands ;
And in one corner, folded by itself,
The face-cloth. Coming closer, I espied
Two men who sate there—very watchfully—
One at the head, the other at the foot
Of that stone table where my Lord had lain.
Oh !—I say 'men'—I should have known no men
Had eyes like theirs, shapes so majestic,

Tongues tuned to such a music as the tone
 Wherewith they questioned me :—‘Why weepst
 thou?’

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

April 2

Behold, two men stood by them in dazzling apparel :
 and as they were affrighted, and bowed down their
 faces to the earth, they said unto them, *Why seek ye
 the living among the dead?*—S. LUKE xxiv. 4, 5.

His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment
 white as snow.—S. MATT. xxviii. 3.

IN other cases where we see two angels specially
 marked out as in attendance on our Lord, we
 may infer that Michael and Gabriel are designated.
 For the names of these two alone are prominent in
 Holy Scripture. And according to a very ancient
 tradition, traced back to Rabbinical belief, perpetuated
 as many such traditions were in the East, and thence
 handed on to Western Christendom, these two arch-
 angels personified respectively the judgment and the
 mercy of God, and were therefore fitly placed—
 Michael, as the angel of Power, on the right hand ;
 Gabriel, nearer to the *heart*, on the left hand.

SMITH'S 'DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.'

Like the shields of light
 Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
 Watch upon heaven's battlements at night.

A. A. PROCTER.

BUT look ! the Saviour blest,
 Calm after solemn rest,
 Stands in the garden 'neath His olive boughs ;
 The earliest smile of day
 Doth on His vesture play,
 And light the majesty of His still brows ;
 While angels hang with wings outspread,
 Holding the new-won crown above His saintly head.

JEAN INGELow.

April 3

Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb? And looking up, they see that the stone is rolled back: for it was exceeding great. And entering into the tomb, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, arrayed in a white robe; and they were amazed.—S. MARK xvi. 3, 4, 5.

THE angels of sacred history are not impalpable impotencies, mere ideals. They are forces; they are thrones, principalities, powers. They touch and move the fountains of nature. They call fire from the rock and dews from the air, as in the case of the angel who appeared to Gideon. They hold in their hands the forces that throb and glow in earthquake and volcano, as in the case of the angel who procured the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. They control the mighty forces of disease and death, which they are commissioned to use, as in the judgment of pestilence sent upon the Israelites in the days of David and the plague which slew the first-born of Egypt, and the destruction of the Assyrian host, so vividly described by Byron. In the New Testament we read of an angel putting forth physical exertion, as when one rolled away the stone from the door of our blessed Lord's sepulchre. Throughout the entire book of Revelation we see the angels move through the vision of the exiled apostle in numberless missions of providence and grace.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

THE women sought the tomb at dawn of day,
And as they went they wept and made their
moan:

'His sepulchre is guarded by a stone,
And who for us shall roll the stone away?'
But lo!—an angel robed in white array

Had rent the rock and sat thereon alone.

'Fear not,' said he; 'the Lord hath overthrown
The power of Death: I show you where He lay.'

H

We echo oftentimes that cry of old :

Huge stumbling-blocks confront us whilst we wait,

And wonder, weeping, who will help afford :

But as we question, sorrowing, behold !

The stone is rolled away, though it is great,

And on it sits the angel of the Lord.

E. THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

April 4

Ye are come to an innumerable company of angels

. . . and to the spirits of just men made perfect.—HEB.

xii. 22, 23.

WHEN a traveller tells us that he saw Padan-Aram, we believe him ; when he tells us that he there saw a 'ladder' reaching to heaven, connecting the worlds, we turn away from him with distrust. Why believe about stones and not about thoughts? Why be less than we need be? Why thrust from us a man who tells us he has news of heaven? Why tarry among the loneliest of our race, when we might come to 'an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect?' . . . 'The time is at hand'—always at hand—the vision is ready, the King's door is ajar, the King's face is outlined on the cloud. 'Repent, think, pray. serve, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.'

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

A THING need not be unreasonable—that is, contrary to reason—because it is above and beyond reason, or, at least, our human reason, which at best (as S. Paul says) sees as in a glass darkly.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HOW did the Lord keep Easter? With His own !

Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone,

With face and mien all tenderly the same,

Unto the very sepulchre He came.

Ah, the dear message that He gave her then—
Said, for the sake of all bruised hearts of men—
'Go, tell those friends who have believed on Me,
I go before them into Galilee !

'Into the life so poor and hard and plain,
That for a while they must take up again,
My presence passes ! Where their feet toil slow,
Mine shining swift with love, still foremost go !

'Say, Mary, I will meet them by the way
To walk a little with them ; where they stay,
To bring My peace. Watch ! for ye do not know
The day, the hour, when I may find you so !'

And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in the way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter Day.

Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly wistful, out
From homes of heaven that only *seem* so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are !

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

April 5

Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light : who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.—COL. i. 12, 13.

HERE, then, is the deeper work Christ undertakes to do—viz., to open the heaven of the soul itself. . . . How He does it we shall hardly be at loss to find. First, He comes into the world Himself, not apparitionally, like an irruption of angels, but He comes up, so to speak, out of humanity, emerging into His visibly Divine glory, through a glorious and perfect manhood. . . . His life unfolds,

silently and imperceptibly, till the magnificent proportions of His Godhood begin to appear in His manhood, and the tremendous fact is revealed, that a Being from above the world is living in it ! Supernatural event and character are built in solidly thus into the world's history, to be an integral part of it. Mere nature is no longer all, and never can be again. The very world has another world interfused and working conjointly with it.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

FOR all grows sweet in Thee,
 Since Thou didst gather us in One, and bring
 This fading flower of our humanity
 To perfect blossoming. . . .

But Heaven and Earth have been ;
 More near, since Earth hath seen
 Its God walk earth as Man ; since Heaven hath
 shown
 A Man upon its throne.

Our dreams are reconciled,
 Since Thou didst come to turn them all to Truth ;
 The World, the Heart, are dreamers in their youth
 Of visions beautiful, and strange, and wild ;
 And Thou, our Life's Interpreter, dost still
 At once make clear these visions and fulfil.

DORA GREENWELL.

April 6

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child : now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.—1 COR. xiii. 11.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.—S. MATT. v. 8 ; HEB. xii. 22, 23.

CHRIST undertakes to open this supernatural sense, and make it the organ or inlet of universal society. We encounter a difficulty here in

attempting to prove the existence of faculties and powers that are shut in, or suppressed in their action. And yet even our natural faculties are very nearly at that condition at the first—no man knowing or conceiving what is in him till it is brought forth. We also know that all finest qualities and highest powers are stifled for the time, or even permanently, by wrongs and vices. What we here suppose to be true is, that in the original and properly normal state, souls were open to God, and a full, free commerce with His upright society. He was, and, with all His glorious company, was eternally to be revealed in them, as in a heaven of present bliss, and immediately conscious communion of life.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

So doth life, our field
 Redeemed for us, but slowly, slowly yield
 The treasure hid within it ! All our less
 Would grow to more, and this our Earth to
 Heaven,
 Might we but pierce unto the blessedness
 That lies so near us, might we but possess
 The things that are our own, as they were given !

DORA GREENWELL.

TWO worlds are ours : 'tis only Sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea or sky.

KEBLE.

April 7

Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat ?
 —S. JOHN xxi. 5.

Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have
 believed.—S. JOHN xx. 29.

HAS it never struck you that when One rose from
 the dead and appeared to His friends by the
 lake side, He did not talk theology to them, nor tell

them how trifling all earthly matters now appeared to Him? His first question was, 'Children, have ye any meat?'—the most ordinary question of daily life. I always recall this when people try to convince me that those beyond the veil no longer take any interest in the commonplace affairs which interest us; and I think what a comfort it is to know that those who have passed through the grave and gate of death are still too human and too natural and too intimate with us to be indifferent to any trifle which concerns our welfare, even in the smallest degree.

E. THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

YOU are gone, dear spirit, where? .
 Are you near me in the air—
 All invisible to me?
 Yet my weeping do you see,
 And lean downward close and low,
 Watching wistful where I go?

When by day I take my stand,
 Working steady, heart and hand,
 Comes a warm thrill to my soul,
 Spreading swiftly through the whole—
 Are you there with touch intense,
 Flashing through the bars of sense?

ALFRED NORRIS.

April 8

The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified with Him.—ROM. viii. 16, 17.

EVERY man ought to know his immortality, even as he knows that he is alive. He is made to have an immediate self-asserting consciousness of immortality, and would never have a doubt of it if he had not shut up and darkened the divine side of

the soul. And for just the same reason, Christ, when He opens the soul, opens immortality also. What was so dimly revealed under the old religion, stands out visible everywhere under the new. There is no room here for a Sadducee to live. The metropolis of the world is here in Christ's person, and the visitants of all unknown spheres crowd about Him, ascending and descending upon Him. And they are all certified to our faith by His supernatural character. We grow familiar thus with spirit, realise it, and know it in ourselves.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

BLESSED that flock safe penned in Paradise ;
 Blessed this flock which tramps in weary ways ;
 All form one flock, God's flock ; all yield Him praise
 By joy or pain, still tending toward the prize.
 Joy speaks in praises there, and sings and flies
 Where no night is, exulting all its days ;
 Here, pain finds solace, for, behold, it prays ;
 In both love lives the life that never dies.
 Here life is the beginning of our death,
 And death the starting-point whence life ensues ;
 Surely our life is death, our death is life :
 Nor need we lay to heart our peace or strife,
 But calm in faith and patience breathe the breath
 God gave, to take again when He shall choose.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

April 9

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.—HEB. xii. 1, 2.

Martyrs and Confessors, Rulers and Doctors of the Church, devoted Ministers and Religious brethren, kings of the earth and all people, princes

and judges of the earth, young men and maidens, old men and children, the first-fruits of all ranks, ages, and callings, gathered each in his own time into the Paradise of God. This is the blessed company which to-day meets the Christian pilgrim in the Services of the Church. We are like Jacob, when, on his journey homewards, he was encouraged by a heavenly vision.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

Enough that once ye dwelt
Where now we dwell, enough that once ye felt
As now we feel, to bid you recognise
Our claim of kindred cherished though unseen ;
And Love that is to you for eye and ear
Hath ways unknown to us to bring you near—
To keep you near for all that comes between ;
As pious souls that move in sleep to prayer,
As distant friends that see not, and yet share
(I speak of what I know) each other's care ;
So may your spirits blend with ours ! above
Ye know not haply of our state, yet Love
Acquaints you with our need, and through a way
More sure than that of knowledge—so ye pray !

And even thus we meet,
And even thus we commune ! spirits freed
And spirits fettered mingle, nor have need
To seek a common atmosphere ; the air
Is meet for either in this olden, sweet
Primeval breathing of man's spirit—Prayer.

DORA GREENWELL.

April 10

Verily, verily, henceforward ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.—S. JOHN i. 50, 51.

Thinkest thou that I cannot beseech my Father, and He shall even now send me twelve legions of angels ? —S. MATT. xxvi. 53.

YET these Heavenly Hosts ever wait upon us. Their ceaseless ministry to our Lord is the pattern of their ministry to us, for 'We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.' How they were ever serving Him unseen, the Gospels show. . . . And that He was conscious of this ministry, and taught His disciples to expect it, His repeated words declare:—'Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?'

ANDREW JUKES.

I CAN at will, doubt not, as soon as thou.
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant
 Array'd in glory on my cup to attend.

MILTON.

AFTERWARDS, peaceful sleep—yet, had men eyes,
 Sleep watched by wondering eyes of wakeful stars,
 And guarded, out of that new-opening heaven
 By glorious angels, golden sentinels,
 Keeping Him safe, whose words shall save the world.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

April 11

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?
 —HEB. i. 14.

And, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.
 —S. MATT. iv. 11.

It behoved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren.—HEB. ii. 17.

THOUGH we put controversy out of the question, we cannot put angels out of the question without discrediting the whole Gospel narrative.

Everything we are told about the Almighty and His operations points to infinite agency in infinite degrees. The argument that we neither see angels, nor are able to conceive what they are like, nor to be sure of their interference with us, can have no weight with those who believe in God at all, or in anything unseen. No person in the whole Bible is so foretold, announced, heralded, assisted, escorted, comforted, ministered to, and served in many ways, as our Lord, and the like services, though in various degrees, are continued to His Apostles.

REV. T. MOZLEY.

‘**M**INISTERING spirits’ sent
 Both to ‘follow’ and ‘prevent,
 Lest the loved ones, Thou dost own
 ‘Dash their foot against a stone.’

But with gentlest, tend’rest love,
 All their other care above,
 They with earnest hearts and eyes
 Watch’d the wondrous sacrifice.

Followed with admiring gaze
 All their Lord’s mysterious ways,
 From the day He stooped to men,
 Till He rose to heaven again.

One to ‘blessed’ Mary came,
 Told the hour and breathed the Name
 One to ‘shepherds in the field,’
 Their incarnate God revealed.

Many, when the fight was o’er,
 To the desert comfort bore ;
 Eager who should first appear
 Their exhausted Lord to cheer.

In the agony and sweat
 Of His prayers on Olivet,
 One to wipe His brow of blood,
 And bring strength, beside Him stood.

Two were near Him when He rose,
Laid aside His burial clothes,
And with ling'ring fond delay
Sat to watch where Jesus lay.

And when He on high ascended,
Wrapt in clouds, by hosts attended,
Hail'd while entering heaven's abode,
Son of man ! and Son of God.

Two in robes of white array'd
Willingly behind Him stay'd
To uplift the hearts, that yearn
O'er His loss, to His return.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

April 12

I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth,
because thou hast hid these things from the wise and
prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.—S. MATT.
xi. 25.

Faith is the . . . evidence of things not seen.—
HEB. xi. 1.

CHRIST did not come to be approved before the tribunal of your mere logic, or lore, or critical acumen ; but before a nobler and more competent ; which, though it be in you, is yet hidden from you. Having a nature boundlessly related to the supernatural, flowering never, save in the knowledge and concourse of supernatural society, you put your critical extinguishers on it and stifle it, and then you can even triumph in the discovery that all you most sublimely want is incredible—scientifically impossible ! . . . And so it is of all supernatural being, God, angels, worlds above the world, universal society ; they are known only as they are cognised, by the supernatural sensing of the spiritual man ; or, what is nowise different, by faith. And when this is done, they are had in as complete evidence as the solids of matter.

HORACE BUSHNEILL.

WE cannot see Love with our mortal sight,
 But lo ! the singing angels come some night
 To bring His tiny image in the Child
 Wherewith from out the darkness He hath smiled ;
 The tender voice whereby the All-loving breaks
 His silence, and in human fashion speaks ;
 The gentle hand put forth to draw us near
 The heart of life whose pulse is beating here.
 Though seldom do we guess, so dim our eyes,
 That God comes down in such a simple guise,
 And yet of such the Kingdom of Heaven is ;
 Through them the next world is revealed in this !

GERALD MASSEY.

April 13

Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these. And He saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.—S. JOHN i. 50, 51.

All things are yours.—I COR. iii. 22.

NATHANAEL was so impressed by the *finding* of Christ, or the privy of Christ's knowledge of him, under the fig-tree, that he at once declared his belief in Him as the Messiah ; . . . Christ immediately proclaims a deeper finding, and a more convincing privy of knowledge, that shall in due time be shown or proved by the opening, within his own bosom, of a supernatural sense, and the discovery to him thus of supernatural beings, the passing and repassing, the flow and reflow of their blessed society. According to the description given, it will be as if that isthmus barrier between the two great oceans of the world were cloven down, for the oscillating tides to begin their coming and returning flow.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

O thou rich world unseen !
 Thou curtain'd realm of spirits !—thus my cry
 Hath troubled air and silence—dost thou lie
 Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen
 Shut from us ever? The resounding woods,
 Do their depths teem with marvels?—and the floods,
 And the pure fountains, leading secret veins
 Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,
 Have they bright dwellers?—are their lone domains
 Peopled with beauty? . . .

. . . . Oh, for gifts more high !
 For a seer's glance to rend mortality !

HEMANS.

THE wise man, says the Bible, walks with God
 Surveys far on the endless line of life ;
 Values his soul, thinks of eternity ;
 Both worlds considers, and provides for both
 . . . looks upward, purifies his soul,
 Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky ;
 Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house,
 And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss.

POLLOK.

April 14

Ye are come . . . unto the city of the living God
 . . . and to an innumerable company of angels, to the
 general assembly and church of the firstborn . . . and
 to the spirits of just men made perfect.—HEB. xii. 22, 23.

Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is
 named.—EPH. iii. 15.

GOD has given us a special help in leading this
 higher life. He has given us a revelation of
 the world unseen. The visible and the invisible
 members of our Father's household—those whom
 we see on earth, and those who are unseen and yet
 so near—all belong to one great Family.

'One family in Christ we dwell,
 One church, above, beneath.'

But those that are invisible are like the elder brothers and sisters of the Family ; they are more in advance. And we are to be 'followers' of them. As the little child watches the sister of fifteen or sixteen years old, and copies every little detail, and grows up imperceptibly into the likeness of that elder sister, so it is with us. Around us, and near to us, are those true brothers and sisters ; a little above us ; older in the spiritual life.

BISHOP G. H. WILKINSON.

YES, one with us in love
 The blessed host above,
 And they who wander on a far-off shore ;
 One in the great Unseen,
 Though worlds may roll between,
 All join the Holy, Holy, Holy to outpour,
 And Christ adore.

O calm and hallow'd hour !
 Nor sin nor death hath power,
 When that sweet anthem riseth to the throne ;
 The angels round us stay,
 And evil flees away
 Before His face, Who came to leave His own
 No more alone.

A. C.

April 15

And He was transfigured before them: and His garments became glistening, exceeding white; so as no fuller on earth can whiten them. And there appeared unto them Elijah with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus.—S. MARK ix. 2, 3, 4.

WHEN in the desert, He was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered to Him ; now in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants come to Him from the grave. But, from the grave conquered. One from that tomb under Abarim,

which His own hand had sealed long ago ; the other, from the rest into which He had entered without seeing corruption.

RUSKIN.

THE sun goes down ; the evening shadows lengthen,
The fever and the struggle of the day
Abate and pass away.

Thine angels ministrant, we come to strengthen
And comfort Thee, and crown Thee with the palm,
The silence and the calm.

LONGFELLOW.

April 16

And His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with Him.—
S. MATT. xvii. 2, 3.

THE Transfiguration seems to have placed Christ's personality upon the borderland of two worlds, and to have made Him accessible to both. On the two sides of the transfigured humanity there were groups of eager disciples, waiting their perfecting by its holy influence and teaching. Moses and Peter, Elias and John, together with the communities they represented, were perfected together by the lesson of blended glory and pain that was brought home to them on the mount. The star of Bethlehem shone on the righteous dead. The light and love and rapture of Jesus went forth to two worlds. The transfiguration scene was a type of the co-perfecting of all the faithful souls of the two dispensations. He belonged just as much to the earliest as the latest, and to the latest as the earliest. If Christ was seen of angels, much more certainly would He be manifested to those into whose flesh and blood He had entered, and brought the promise of incorruption.

THOMAS G. SELBY.

HE is th' eternal mirror bright,
 Where angels view the Father's light,
 And yet in Him the simplest swain
 May read his homely lesson plain.

KEBLE.

'SHALL the dead praise Thee?' was the Psalmist's
 cry :

'Shall all Thy wonders in the grave be shown?
 Or can Thy lovingkindness be made known
 In that forgetful land where shadows lie?'

But he, who saw descending from the sky

The holy city, like a jasper stone,

Told how the elders round the emerald throne
 Chanted in heaven their glorious psalmody.

'To God be blessing, honour, power, and might

For ever!' sang a countless, white-robed
 throng :

And only they, who suffered death's eclipse
 And passed through darkness into dazzling light

Could learn that new and everlasting song,

So spake the Seer of the Apocalypse.

THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

April 17

And after six days Jesus taketh with Him Peter, and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart: and He was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elijah talking with Him. And Peter answered, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here; if Thou wilt, I will make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah: while he was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them; and behold, a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him.—S. MATT. xvii. 1-5.

[T was needful that the disciples should have this manifestation of the glorious majesty of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that amid the humiliations of His human life and approaching death, they should not forget that He was indeed the Son of the Highest. The theme of conversation between those exalted delegates from the spirit-world, Moses the giver of the law, and Elijah the restorer of prophecy, and Jesus Christ Himself, in whom law and prophecy were fulfilled, was, we are told, the decease of Jesus, or as the Greek expresses it, 'the exodus' or departure of Him, which He was about to accomplish at Jerusalem.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

A WAY from mine inward vision swim
 The shining seats of my heavenly birth,
 I see but his, I see but him—
 The Maker's steps on His cruel earth.
 Will the bitter herbs of earth grow sweet
 To me, as trodden by his feet?
 Will the vexed, accurst humanity,
 As worn by him, begin to be
 A blessed, yea, a sacred thing
 For love, and awe, and ministering?
 I am strong, I am strong.
 By our angel kin shall we survey
 His loving smile through his woeful clay?
 I am swift, I am strong,
 The love is bearing me along. E. B. BROWNING.

April 18

And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, . . . saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—REV. v. 11, 12.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. v. 16.

BY contemplating God, the saints in light gain power to work. 'His servants shall serve Him.' Their life is twofold, like that of the angels their 'fellow-servants,' of whom we read that they 'worship Him,' and that they are 'sent forth to minister.' To look at Him is to gain strength for action.

BISHOP G. H. WILKINSON.

WITH that she opened, but for fear she cried,
For lo! two angels—one on either side.

And while she looked, with marvelling measureless
The angels stood conversing face to face,
But neither spoke to her. 'The wilderness'—
One angel said, 'the solitary place—
'Shall yet be glad for Him.' And then full fain
The other angel answered, 'He shall reign.'

And when the woman heard, in wondering wise,
She whispered, 'They are speaking of my
Lord!'

And straightway swept across the open skies
Multitudes like to these. They took the word,
That flock of angels, 'He shall come again,
My Lord, my Lord,' they sang, 'and He shall
reign!'

Then they, drawn up into the blue o'erhead,
Right happy, shining ones, made haste to flee;
And those before her one to other said,
'Behold, He stands aneath yon almond-tree.'

.

Yet did her love and longing overleap
The fear of angels, awful though they be,
And she passed out between the blessed things,
And brushed her mortal weeds against their wings.

.

Across the grass did groups of angels go,
And saints in pairs were walking to and fro.

Then did she pass toward the almond-tree,
And none she saw beneath it : yet each saint
Upon his coming meekly bent the knee.
And all their glory as they gazed waxed faint.
And then a lighting angel neared the place,
And folded his fair wings before his face.

JEAN INGELOW.

April 19

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy,
holy, is the Lord of Hosts.—ISA. vi. 3.

Now the God of peace . . . make you perfect in every
good work to do His will.—JAMES xiii. 20, 21.

THERE is a contemplative element in the service of the Seraphim—their activity is fed from the springs of their devotion. And so it must be with God's human servants. The activity which flows from ambition, the diligence which is purely mechanical and the result of habit, is not angelic diligence and activity. To attempt to lead the spiritual life without devotion is even a greater mistake than to go apart from our duties in order to lead it. Our flying on God's errands will be an unhallowed flight, if we do not first secretly adore Him in our hearts. The ministry of angels, then, is only half their life. The other half, which indeed makes their ministry glow with zeal, is their worship.

DEAN GOULBURN.

WHEN one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings :
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,

Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled
 In some safe haven of our western world,
 'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went :
 The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

COWPER.

April 20

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And
 who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.—Ps.

xxiv. 3, 4.

X THE bridge thrown across from the visible to the
 invisible world was ever firm and sure to him.
 The unwavering hold upon an unseen world, such
 as in other ways poetry and even science assure us
 of, and whose revelation is the meaning underlying
 all religions,—this habitual hold is surely an authentic
 attainment, *not* an hallucination; whether the par-
 ticular form in which the faith clothes itself . . . be
 adequate or not. In such intensity as Blake's, it was
 truly a blissful possession; it proved enchanted
 armour against the world, the flesh, and the devil,
 and all their sordid influences.

'LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE.'

AND ever since it grew more clean and white,
 Slow to world greetings, quick with its, 'Oh
 list !'

When the angels speak.

E. B. BROWNING.

I KNOW the face of him who with the sphere
 Of unseen presences communion keeps :
 His eyes retain its wonders in their clear
 Unfathomable deeps.

He brings the thought that gives to earthly things
 Eternal meaning ; brings the living faith
 That, even now, puts on the immortal wings,
 And clears the shadow, Death.

This in his face I see ; and, when we meet,
 My earthliness is shamed by him ; but yet
 Takes hope, to think that in the unholy street,
 Such men are to be met.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

April 21

Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in
 the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have
 prepared.—EX. xxiii. 20.

AND we know not how far the ministry of angels
 may be employed in higher transactions. We
 know not what part they may bear, under the pre-
 siding agency of God the Holy Ghost, in the convey-
 ance of spiritual blessings to the soul. The grace
 which rouses and strengthens the will, the mercy
 which lifts us up after our falls, and is felt as an
 additional incentive to prayer and holy effort, the
 peace which simple faith in Christ brings into the
 soul, and which results also from bearing lovingly
 His light yoke and easy burden—we are unable to
 say, because we are so ignorant of the nature of
 spiritual transactions, what part angels may bear in
 these and the like communications from Heaven.
 This part at least they *must* bear ; they must watch
 them with adoring interest, and follow them, as far
 as their creature intelligence will allow, in anticipa-
 tion and hope of a glorious result.

DEAN GOULBURN.

WHEN Heaven in mercy gives thy prayers return,
 And angels bring thee treasures from on high,
 Shut fast the door, nor let the world discern,
 And offer thee fond praise when God is nigh.

KEBLE.

SUNDAYS observe. Think, when the bells do
 chime,
 'Tis angels' music : therefore come not late.

GEORGE HERBERT.

O GREAT, befriending natures
 Whom God hath set about
 Our human habitations—
 How blank were life, without
 Your presences inspiring,
 Your silent, upward call !
 Above us, and yet of us,
 One heaven enfolds us all !

April 22

Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love Him. But unto us God revealed them through the Spirit : for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God.

—1 COR. ix. 10.

WE must not allow our new studies and new knowledge to rob us of the vision of the world as it lies in the imagination, and is present to faith, or to turn our attention away from those powers of spiritual perception which to-day, as yesterday, are the Divinest possession of our humanity and require the largest care and the severest culture. The ideal may be, after all, the most real, and insight the highest, as it is the rarest, form of sight. . . . It is one of the supreme offices of religion to idealise the world and life ; and a lovelier, more illuminating, more inspiring, more consoling vision and interpretation of their ministries than this of angels, or one more satisfying to the poetic and religious feelings, it is impossible to find.

DR. JOHN HUNTER.

AND still the skies are opened as of old
 To the entrancèd gaze, ay, nearer far
 And brighter than of yore.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

I write so
 Of the only truth-tellers now left to God,
 The only speakers of essential truth,

The only teachers who instruct mankind
 From just a shadow on the charnel wall
 To find man's veritable stature out
 Erect, sublime—the measure of a man,
 And that's the measure of an angel, says
 The Apostle. . . .

While for him
 The poet, speaker, he expands with joy ;
 The palpitating angel in his flesh
 Thrills inly with consenting fellowship
 To those innumerable spirits who sun themselves
 Outside of time.

E. B. BROWNING.

April 23

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and
 evening to rejoice, Thou visitest the earth and
 waterest it, Thou greatly enrichest it.—Ps. lxxv. 8, 9.

Bless the Lord, ye angels of His: ye mighty in
 strength that fulfil His Word.—Ps. ciii. 20.

BUT the holy angels, for whose companionship
 and society we yearn in this most toilsome
 pilgrimage, as they have eternity of continuance, so
 they have ease of knowledge and joy of repose.
 Without labour indeed do they help us, since they
 toil not in their spiritual movements pure and free.

S. AUGUSTINE.

THROUGH all the hours of night and darkness,
 angel hosts have kept
 Their sacred watch, encamping tenderly
 Round God's beloved. When the curtains rise
 At break of day, and show the dewy earth
 Sparkling with heavenly smiles, and wearing crowns
 Of peace and beauty, undefiled by man,
 We marvel at the radiance of her look.
 We need not marvel ; she hath entertained,
 Whilst we were sleeping, angel-guests as fair

As stars of morning. When her children sleep—
 Their sad eyes closed, their weary feet that are
 So restless all the day and vex her with
 Their ceaseless wanderings, lying very still
 Upon her bosom—lo ! the far-off gates
 Of glory lift their heads, the Hosts of God
 Descend to visit her.

B. M.

April 24

And all the angels were standing round about the throne . . . and they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.—REV. vii. 11, 12.

THE rapturous angels answer Amen to the triumph shout of the enraptured redeemed. Amen they say first and last, beginning and finishing in sympathy with a joy which primarily befalls others. They exult when those who were beneath, being exalted to an equality, enter and stand within where they themselves form the outer circle.

CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

AND now the prayer is turned to praise, and with the angel-throng,
 Who even now are pouring forth a new and joyful song,
 Our hearts ascend, our whispers blend, in deepest thrill of praise,
 The happiest Alleluia hymn that human heart can raise.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

IT flooded the crimson twilight
 Like the close of an angel's psalm,
 And it lay on my fevered spirit
 With a touch of infinite calm.

It may be that Death's bright Angel
Will speak in that chord again—
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

April 25

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His
benefits.—Ps. ciii. 2.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace,
goodwill towards men.—S. LUKE ii. 14.

In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet
believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable.—1 PETER
i. 8.

IF God and the angels delight in the happiness of
all created things, they delight in our particular
happiness as well, and if we make ourselves unhappy
without reason, we fail to contribute as we ought to
do to the sum-total of positive good in the world.
The chronic unhappiness that comes of a man's own
self, from fretting over fancied slights and wrongs,
or over little blunders that cannot be rectified, or
from morbid sensitiveness or discontent—this they
deplore as so much waste of the well-being of the
world. A man who ought to be happy and is not so,
in their eyes robs the universe of its due.

REV. H. LATHAM.

. ANGELS bright—
They muse, be sure, and wonder, day and night,
How th' all-holy Hand should give,
The sinner's hand in thanklessness receive.
We see it and we hear,
But wonder not : for why? we feel it all too near.

.

Never weary, never dim,
 From Thrones Seraphic mounts th' eternal hymn,
 Babes and angels grudge no praise :—
 But elder souls, to whom His saving ways
 Are open, fearless take
 Their portion, hear the Grace, and no meek answer
 make.

Save our blessings, Master, save,
 From the blight of thankless eye :
 Teach us for all joys to crave
 Benediction pure and high,
 Own them given, endure them gone,
 Shrink from their hardening touch, yet prize them
 won :
 Prize them as rich odours, meet
 For Love to lavish on His Sacred Feet ;—
 Prize them as sparkles bright
 Of heavenly dew, from yon o'erflowing well of light.

KEBLE.

April 26

When the morning stars sang together, and all
 the sons of God shouted for joy.—JOB xxxviii. 7.

There was with the angel a multitude of the
 heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to
 God in the highest.—S. LUKE ii. 13, 14.

THE text announces a fact, which Revelation alone
 could have made known to us, viz., that the
 highest created Intelligences in heaven rejoice at the
 repentance of a sinner. We only read of them in
 Scripture rejoicing at creation, the Saviour's birth,
 and at the conversion of a sinner. Judge for your-
 selves if such an event must not be a great and
 glorious one. O poor sinner, think not, I beseech
 thee, that thou art unthought of and uncared for :
 think not that thou art too lowly or too vile to be
 loved.

REV. R. TWIGG.

THERE was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When this goodly world to frame
 The Lord of might and mercy came :
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky—
 ‘Glory to God in heaven !’

There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang, ‘On earth goodwill,
 And glory in the heaven !’

There is joy in heaven !
 There is joy in heaven !
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue’s way ;
 When the soul by grace subdued
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in heaven !

BISHOP HEBER.

April 27

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—S. LUKE xv. 10.

For ye are our glory and joy.—1 THESS. ii. 20.

FOREMOST of all came the delightful sense of having got hold of something real, of a good in which I could rest. . . . This good is ‘Joy in heaven,’ ‘Joy in the presence of the angels of God,’ the making angels glad ; and—what was the head of the matter—this joy might be greater or less owing to *me*, owing to my helping or not helping to make peace and spread love and, generally, to my doing or not doing what I ought, and to my becoming or not

becoming what I should. We have an instance here of the trite old truth, that there is nothing so much a man's own as what comes of his own doings, and nothing so dear to him as what he makes his own in this way. So we shall care more for the joy of angels when we understand that we contribute to it ourselves.

REV. H. LATHAM.

. . . . SMILING on,
 The angel in the angel shone,
 Revealing glory in benison ;
 Till, ripened in the light which shut
 The poet in, his spirit mute
 Dropped sudden, as a perfect fruit :
 He fell before the angel's feet,
 Saying, ' If what is true is sweet,
 In something I may compass it :
 ' For, where my worthiness is poor,
 My will stands richly at the door
 To pay shortcomings evermore.
 ' I ask no wages, seek no fame :
 Sew me, for shroud round face and name,
 God's banner of the oriflamme.
 ' I only would have leave to loose
 (In tears and blood if so He choose)
 Mine inward music out to use ;
 ' I only would be spent—in pain
 And loss, perchance, but not in vain—
 Upon the sweetness of that strain ;
 ' Only project beyond the bound
 Of mine own life, so lost and found,
 My voice, and live on in its sound ;
 ' Only embrace and be embraced
 By fiery ends, whereby to waste,
 And light God's future with my past.'

The angel's smile grew more divine,
 The mortal speaking ; ay, its shine
 Swelled fuller, like a choir-note fine,
 Till the broad glory round his brow
 Did vibrate with the light below ;
 But what he said, I do not know.

E. B. BROWNING.

April 28

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Ps. cxviii. 26.

FOR compassion a human heart suffices ; but for
 full and adequate sympathy with joy, an angel's
 only. And ever remember that the more exquisite
 and delicate a flower of joy, the tenderer must be the
 hand that plucks it.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

O PERFECT love that 'dureth long !
 Dear growth that shaded by the palms,
 And breathed on by the angel's song,
 Blooms on in heaven's eternal calms.

JEAN INGELow.

WHO is the angel that cometh ?
 Joy !
 Look at his glittering rainbow wings—
 No alloy
 Lies in the radiant gifts he brings ;
 Tender and sweet
 He is come to-day,
 Tender and sweet ;
 While chains of love on his silver feet
 Will hold him in lingering fond delay.

' Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord !'

A. A. PROCTER.

April 29

Praise ye Him, all His angels.
Both young men and maidens, old men and children ;
let them praise the name of the Lord.—Ps. cxlviii.
2, 12, 13.

GOD would have His servants, from angels down-
wards, *sing* at their work.

E. RUNDLE CHARLES.

AND the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings are a
lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all
God's creatures.

THE KORAN.

MAY I reach

That purest heaven. . . .
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

AQUIRE of seraphs, chanting row on row,
With lute and viol and high trumpet notes ;
And, above all, their soft young eyes aglow—
Child angels, making laud from full clear throats.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

HE who winter days hath given,
With the snows gives snowdrops birth ;
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears robins sing on earth.

Only keep thee on the wing,
Music dieth in the dust ;
Nothing that but creeps can sing,
All hearts that soar heavenward must.

E. RUNDLE CHARLES.

April 30

Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.

Praise Him in the heights.

Praise ye Him, all His angels.

Praise ye Him, all His host.—Ps. cxlviii. 1, 2.

THOUGH the angels and saints have different degrees of glory, yet every one is perfectly happy and pleased. As the strings of an instrument differ in the size and sound : some are sharp and high, some grave and deep ; others, a mean, so that if every string had judgment and election, it would choose to be what it is : so from the different degrees of glory in heaven, the most amiable and equal order appears that satisfies every one.

DR. BATES.

A MIGHTY song of blessing
 Archangels too uplift,
 For their own bright existence
 A grand and glorious gift.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

THAT undisturbèd song of pure consent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
 And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps, of golden wires,
 With those just spirits, that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly.

MILTON.

May

‘On earth peace, goodwill towards men.’

Day I

Love suffereth long, and is kind ; . . . love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, . . . seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil ; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—I COR. xiii. 4, 5, 6, 7.

AN angel's is a fine, tender, kind heart. As if we could find a man who had a heart sweet all through, and a gentle will ; without subtlety, yet of sound reason ; at once wise and simple. He who has seen such a heart, has colours wherewith he may picture to himself what an angel is.

THEY are without pride ; they despise not us human creatures for our misery. Our dying, sinning, and suffering is to them a sorrow of heart.

LUTHER.

LORD, whomsoever Thou shalt send to me,
Let that same be
Mine angel predilect ;
Veiled or unveiled, benignant or austere,
Aloof or near ;
Thine, therefore mine, elect.

So may my soul nurse patience day by day,
Watch on and pray
Obedient and at peace ;
Living a lonely life in hope, in faith ;
Loving till death,
When life, not love shall cease.

So, thou mine angel with transfigured face
 Brimful of grace,
 Brimful of love for me !
 Did I misdoubt thee all that weary while,
 Thee with a smile
 For me as I for thee ?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Day 2

Are they not all ministering spirits?—HEB. i. 14.

Whosoever will be great among you, let him be
 your minister ; even as the Son of man came not to be
 ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life
 a ransom for many.—S. MATT. XX. 26, 28.

THE life of the angels is the love of uses.
 Selfishness and death are with them synonymous.
 Their offices, employments, and duties, all
 for the good of others, are of infinite variety. Many
 of them are engaged in secret and constant services
 to the human race. There are angels of birth and
 death ; angels who comfort in sickness and sorrow ;
 angels who instruct and enlighten ; angels who
 defend from evil spirits ; angels who lead the sweet
 thoughts of innocent children ; angels who inspire
 conjugal love ; and a thousand other genera and
 species of heavenly ministers.

SWEDENBORG.

IN heaven and earth, by will or nature,
 Nought lives for self—all, all—from crown to foot-
 stool—

The Lamb before the world's foundations slain—
 The angels minister to God's elect

All spend themselves for others.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Day 3

And He shall send forth His angels with a great
 sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together

His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.—S. MATT. xxiv. 31.

He will gather His wheat into the garner.—S. MATT. iii. 12.

THERE are two passages in the Gospels which give us glimpses of angels engaged in their work. We see them rejoicing over a repentant sinner, and we contemplate them in the end as 'gathering out of the kingdoms of the Son of man all things that cause stumbling,' and as 'gathering together his elect from the four winds.' To fulfil these duties, there is need of watchfulness, and need of that scrutinising observation and insight into character, which can only come of love. It is love that reveals—you cannot know all that a man is *unless you love him*.

REV. H. LATHAM.

THAT when the angel-reapers shall up-sheave
The harvest, angel-gleaners will not leave
One least small grain of good—and there are none
So evil but some precious germ lives on.

GERALD MASSEY.

'NEATH tangled thorns and briars,
(The task is fit for thee),
Seek for the hidden flowers,
We are too blind to see;
Then will I thy great gift
A crown and blessing call;
Angels look thus on men,
And God sees good in all! A. A. PROCTER.

Day 4

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath punishment; and he that feareth is not made perfect in love.—1 JOHN iv. 18.

THOUGH we might conjecture that beings possessed of such vast stores of knowledge, the accumulated wealth of ages; and of such high and glorious intellects, would necessarily repel our

approaches by the awe they would inspire in a child of earth when with all his ignorance he enters heaven, yet let our confidence be restored by remembering the fact, that in them, as in the great Jehovah, all majesty and wisdom become attractive when combined with and directed by love. The love which enables us to cling to the Almighty and love Him as a Father, will enable us to meet the angels in peace and love them as brethren. And thus I am persuaded that a saint on earth, compassed about as he is with his many infirmities, would even now feel more 'at home,' so to speak, with angels, because of their perfect sympathising love, than with most of his fellow-men, because of their remaining pride and selfishness.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

THEY are evermore around us,
 Though unseen to mortal sight,
 In the golden hour of sunshine,
 And in sorrow's starless night.
 Deepening earth's most sacred pleasures
 With the peace of sin forgiven,
 Whispering to the lonely mourner
 Of the painless joys of heaven.

Lovingly they come to help us
 When our faith is cold and weak,
 Guiding us along the pathway
 To the blessed home we seek.
 In our hearts we hear their voices,
 Breathing sympathy and love :
 Echoes of the spirit language
 In the sinless world above.

They are with us in the conflict,
 With their words of hope and cheer,
 When the foe of our salvation
 And his armed hosts draw near.
 And a greater One is with us,
 And we shrink not from the strife
 While the Lord of angels leads us
 On the battlefield of life !

Day 5

At the beginning of thy supplication the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee ; for thou art greatly beloved ; therefore understand the matter, and consider the vision. — DAN. ix. 23.

I DISCOURSED with myself, as to what the disposition and the capacities of these spiritual beholders must be, in order that the good and happiness in the world, which seemed to go undiscovered, might be gathered up and restored to whence it came ; perhaps to be redistributed again. First I saw that these beholders must have insight, then that they must find delight in their work ; and so it finally broke upon me that these beings must be full of 'Love, the capacity Divine.' A light shone down upon me, as soon as I got to this.

REV. H. LATHAM.

HAND in hand with angels
Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know,
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own ;
Never walking heavenwards
Can we walk alone. LUCY LARCOM.

I LEAVE to men their song of Ichabod :
I have an angel-tongue—I know but praise.
E. B. BROWNING.

Day 6

The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men . . . to the end He may stablish your hearts unblameable in

holiness before our God and Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus with all His saints.—1 THESS. iii. 12, 13.

BUT where this spirit of Love is, it doth prevail :
attaining somewhat further in that conformity
with heaven, where shall be no will striving but His
alone, where those glorious bright spirits stand ready
for all commands, that excel in strength and employ
it all to do his commandments ; and the more like
them we be here, the more lively hope have we to
be shortly with them, and to be wholly as they are.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

YES, love indeed is light from heaven ;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love ;
A feeling from the Godhead caught
To wean from self each sordid thought ;
A ray of Him Who formed the whole ;
A glory circling round the soul. BYRON.

REKINDLE us, O Love, and make
Our hearts aglow for thy dear sake,
To all who need thee most ;
That through the year's brief winding way,
We too, each day a Christmas Day,
May help the heavenly host ;
Find here on earth, with many a friend,
Pearl-doors, through which the angels wend,
And, patient, toil with them ;
Here learn the common clay to mix
In likeness of the heavenly bricks
That sparkle, gem by gem,
And fired with love, love's own reward,
Build up the city of the Lord,
The New Jerusalem. A. MATHESON.

Day 7

I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you . . . that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth, and length, and height, and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.—EPH. iii.

14-19.

THE joy or the grief you cause us does not pass away. Something that is lasting, therefore, you, short as your lives may be, are able to bring about. . . . Men forget and men die; and you may suppose, though wrongly, that the good or the ill that you have done to others passes away with their memories or their lives. We are immortal, and our memories do not fade. We watch you ever, and we love you all; and it would bind you each to the rest in closer ties than any you know of, if you could only feel what heavenly affection wraps you round, how dear you all are to us and to the Lord.

REV. H. LATHAM.

And who saith, 'I loved ONCE'?
Not angels,—whose clear eyes, love, love, foresee,
Love, through eternity,
And by To Love do apprehend To Be,
Not God, called Love, His noble crown-name
casting
A light too broad for blasting :
The great God changing not from everlasting,
Saith never, 'I loved ONCE.'

G. BROWNING.

SOUL of my watching, not in all things thou
Hast pleased God, nor responded to my care
But lone and comfortless nor I, nor heaven
Would have thee.

P. J. BAILEY.

May 8

We love, because He first loved us.

And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.—I JOHN iv. 19-21.

ANGELS see us though we see them not, they hear us though we hear them not ; let it not be that they love us though we love them not. Whether we love them or not, and even whether we love God or not, they love us so long as God loves us ; because they are lovely, that is, lovelike ; and we know Who it is Whose name is Love. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IT is love which opens the mind to see Divine revelations, and opens the heart to receive Divine messages.

E. RUNDLE CHARLES.

E. RUNDLE CHARLES.

I VIEW the glory till I partly long,
Yet lack the fire of love which quickens these,
O passing angel, speed me with a song,
A melody of heaven to reach my heart
And rouse me to the race and make me strong:
Till in such music I take up my part
Swelling those Hallelujahs full of rest.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

YET most He loved to teach of Love.
 leading us to learn
That God's love runneth faster than our feet
To meet us stealing back to Him and peace,
And kisses dumb our shame, nay, and puts on
The best robe, bidding angels bring it forth,
While heaven makes festival ; for angels' meat
Is happiness of Man.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

AND nowise ever to ask pay for Love,
Since Love is paid in loving.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Day 9

The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people ; for ye were the fewest of all people ; but because the Lord loved you.—DEUT. vii. 7-8.

Ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.—Ps. ciii. 21.

NOW there are angels about us all, and they love us as the mother loved her boy. ‘I cannot tell you,’ I would say, ‘why they think you worth loving, but love you they do. I am sure of that. God has dropt into them something of His own capacity for loving, and it comes as naturally to them to love you as it did to the mother to love her son.’ The more the boy declared that he was not worth loving, the more his mother loved him, and perhaps the angels may deal in a similar manner with us.

REV. H. LATHAM.

’TIS meet and right, and mine own bounden duty.

Good angels guide me with pure heart to fall
Before His altar-step, and see His beauty,
And taste of Him, my first, my last, mine all.

KEBLE.

BUT deeper lurk all breasts within
The secrets both of grace and sin.
Each has his world of thought alone,
To one dread Watcher only known.

Glad may they be and calm of heart,
Who, when their child so walks apart,
Seek him and find where angels come
On Jesus’ work, in Jesus’ home. KEBLE.

Day 10

He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—Ps. xci. 11.

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

WITH perfect skill they touch the most secret springs of life, and open fountains in the soul for the soft inflowing harmonies of heaven, that the first motions of its life may be in accord with the Divine life, and receive its tone and colouring from the sphere and light of heaven. And they act upon it not only from within, but from without, through all who approach it. Does the mother think her love for her child originates in her heart? No ; that, too, is the gift of the angels, or of the Lord, through them. Thus do they surround the child on all sides, and use all means as the instruments of their loving care.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

O H mother, mother, loose thy prayer,
Christ's name hath made it strong.
It bindeth me, it holdeth me
With its most loving cruelty,
From floating my new soul along
The happy heavenly air.

It bindeth me, it holdeth me !
Mine angel looketh sorrowful
Upon the face of God.

Oh the dream within the dream !
I saw celestial places even

Oh, the shining holinesses
Of the thousand, thousand faces
God-sunned by the thronèd One,
And made intense with such a love
That though I saw them turned above,
Each loving seemed for also me !

Mother,
 Loose thy prayer and let me go
 Where that bright chief angel stands
 Apart from all his brother bands,
 Too glad for smiling, having bent
 In angelic wilderment
 O'er the depths of God, and brought
 Reeling thence one only thought
 To fill his own eternity.
 He the teacher is for me—
 He can teach what I would know.
 Mother, mother, let me go !

• E. B. BROWNING.

Day II

As an eagle that stirreth up her nest, that fluttereth over her young, He spread abroad His wings, He took them, He bare them on His pinions.—DEUT. xxxii. 11.

They shall bear thee up in their hands.—PS. xci. 12.

THEIR power over us depends upon our affections. As they dwell in man's good affections and seek to lead him by them, it follows as a natural consequence that they never seek to rule over him. They leave every one in perfect freedom, for all freedom springs from love. They know that what a man does from compulsion is not his own act. Their influence is attraction, not force. They try to lead man to act of himself, and hold out all possible inducements to him to do it. As the mother encourages her little child to stand alone and to take a step of itself, so the angels are ever inviting us to walk spiritually. And as the mother holds her hands around her child to catch it if it falls, so the angels bear us up in their hands lest we fall.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

ALL dipt
 In angel instincts, breathing Paradise.

TENNYSON,

SIR GALAHAD.

I YEARN to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

TENNYSON.

Day 12

The darkness is passing away, and the true light
 already shineth.—1 JOHN ii. 8.

Love . . . seeketh not its own, is not provoked
 . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all
 things, endureth all things.—1 COR. xiii. 5, 7.

We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.—
 1 JOHN iii. 16.

THIS is the secret of the power which some men
 have over others. They *understand* men, as
 they say. They know how to take them. This
 power is much greater in the angels. They have a
 most exquisite perception of the character of our
 affections, and through them of our thoughts, and
 they know how to soften, to elevate, to control, and
 guide them inconceivably better than we do. They
 try to restrain man's evil loves and bend them to
 good ones. They strengthen every good purpose in
 him ; they call up every good intention, and *pour*
their own life and power into it. They bear man up
 in their hands—with all the strength they can bring
 to operate upon him—to elevate his purposes, and
 through them to elevate the whole man.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

SUCH sacred love does heaven's bright spirits fill,
Where love is but to understand and will
With swift and unseen motions ; such as we
Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

AND lo ! the unearthly song
Thrills some fine inner chord, and the swift soul,
Eager and fluttering like a prisoned bird,
Breaks from its cage, and soars aloft to join
The enfranchised sound, and for a moment seems
To touch on some dim border-land of being,
Full of high thought and glorious enterprise.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Day 13

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen,
cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this
commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth
God, love his brother also.—1 JOHN iv. 20, 21.

ONE who looks to helping angels in their work
should make this world a school for lovingness.
Let him begin by loving 'what he has seen'—every
living thing that comes in his way—and he will go
on to love the angels too ; for they also love God's
creatures, and treasure up the good and happiness that
is brought to light. Thus he may be brought, by
easy steps, to love Christ and God, and, loving God,
to come to know Him, which our Lord tells us is
eternal Life.

REV. H. LATHAM.

GOLDEN harp and starry crown
Willingly a while laid down,
If Thy voice but bid them go
To relieve some human woe :

Living in the happy air
Which surrounds Thy presence there ;
They inhale with breathing heart
That pure Love, which Lord thou art :

And the lowest share they can
Have, in saving sinful man,
Is the highest blessing given,
Even in the courts of heaven.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

May 14

If ye fulfil the royal law, according to the Scripture, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well.—JAMES ii. 8.

Forget not to show love unto strangers ; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—HEB. xiii. 2.

THE angels see nothing more gladly than when men delight in the Word of God. There they delight to dwell. Therefore seek them not yonder in heaven, but here below on earth, with thy neighbour, thy father and mother, thy child and thy friend. If thou dost to these as God commands thee, the angels will not be far from thee.

LUTHER.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of
peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the
Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly said ; and said, 'I pray thee
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

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The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT, 1784-1859.

THE 'vision and the faculty divine'
Come not by dreaming; he whose eye is clear,
To read the present, reads the future sign—
The truest seer.

May 15

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.—GAL. v. 22.

So man did eat angels' food.—Ps. lxxviii. 26.

Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of
my pilgrimage.—Ps. cxix. 54.

WHEN you find light, strength, and peace in
reading the Word, that light and strength and
peace come from the Lord through the angels. It is
their delight in the Word flowing into us. When in
private meditation, or public worship of the Lord,
your heart is filled with a sweet peace, or flooded
with a heavenly joy, the angels are breathing into
your soul the sweetness and innocence of their own
lives, and giving you a foretaste of their joys. You
can almost hear their heavenly harmonies dying
away upon the shores of our natural life, and feel
their hearts beating with heavenly love responsive to
your own.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

FULFILLED with thoughts, more fair and dear,
Than all the lighter joys of yore,
Immeasurable hopes brought near,
And heaven laid open more and more.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

FOR love, thou say'st,
 Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide ;
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask.
 ' Love not the heavenly Spirits, and how their love
 Express they? by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual, or immediate touch?'

To whom the angel, with a smile, that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answered : ' Let it suffice thee, that thou know'st
 Us happy ; and without love, no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou, in the body, enjoy'st,
 And pure thou wert created, we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none,
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars ;
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total, they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring ; nor restrained conveyance need,
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.'

MILTON.

Day 16

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.—S. JOHN i. 51.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.—1 JOHN iii. 14.

WITH some it will be otherwise ; they will respond, they will believe, and their faith will be the opening of heaven. In that faith the Son of man will be revealed, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon Him. But this faith, in still another view, is *love* ; and here we have the grand finality. Christ and His cross are a movement on the world's love, and love itself is the higher sense, or apprehending power of the soul. He that loveth knoweth God, and in that manner he that loveth universal society knoweth universal society. Worlds above the world are present to the sense of

love. . . . And this is the opening of the soul, this is the state and character which are its heaven—the kingdom of God within.

HORACE BUSHNEILL.

OH, Love, that doth o'ersweep
The gulfs of Time and Space, and o'er our sleep
And o'er our waking brood, if *dear* and *near*
Are one in thy blest language even here,
How may it fare with them that on a shore
Where none are parted, none are troubled more,
A little farther from us dwell, set free
From bonds that fetter us?—And may there be
In heavenly harps a chord that vibrates still
In swift yet painless unison with ill
That mars not perfect music? Yet I cast
My plummet down a mystery too vast
For mortal line to fathom. Deep to deep
Doth call, yet wake no answer. Love will keep
This sweetest of its secrets till the last!

DORA GREENWELL.

Day 17

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.—1 JOHN iii. 2, 14.

IT is no extravagance, or overstraining the matter, when we say, that our goodness must be angelic; for no goodness less than that can be Divine and heavenly, or help us to a life in heaven. . . . For our call to angelic goodness does not suppose or require any high stretch, or refined elevation, of our intellectual faculties and powers. A shepherd watching over his flock, a poor slave digging in the mines, may each of them, though so employed to the end of their lives, stand before God in a degree of good-

ness truly angelic. . . . Would you know the true nature of angelic goodness, see how the Spirit of Christ speaks, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself.' And he that in this Spirit thus lives is an angel, whether he be in heaven, or enclosed in flesh and blood. And all of us are in the way of attaining to this angelic goodness, as soon as we hate the selfish tempers of our own earthly life, and earnestly long, in the spirit of prayer, to have the life of God brought forth in us.

WILLIAM LAW.

ALSO who enters, if I gather well—
 Into this kingdom, in thy Master's train,
 Hath for its secret, not to love himself;
 Nor seek to save himself; nor—lonely—wend
 Over dead duties and affections slain,
 Towards such Nirvana; but to cherish still
 His neighbour as himself, and save his soul
 By losing heed of it, in heedful care
 That all his doings profit men, and help
 The sorrowful to hope, the weak to stand:
 With heart, soul, mind, and strength loving this God.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

LOVE thyself last! Drink deep
 The nectared anodyne of selflessness!
 Feast full upon the diet angels eat—
 Pity and help and vast compassion! Seek
 The pathway of the Kingdom;—finding that,
 Other things shall be added! Grievings shall come,
 Pain, hardships, death, it may be—on the path—
 Yet turn not back! hand once upon the plough,
 Drive the brave furrow forward, eyes intent
 On the share's point! trust Heaven for recompense,
 Forgetting recompense; trust God for due
 Of bodily things, and for soul's due of peace
 Foregoing both.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Day 18

Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.—S. MARK
xii. 32, 33, 34.

**Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the
kingdom of their Father.**—S. MATT. xiii. 43.

WOULD we realise heaven, let us begin now.
As we love here, we shall love in a degree
hereafter; as we feel and think now, so must we in
some wise think and feel for ever. The unseen world,
with all its momentous transactions, let us be assured,
is simple and natural as that in which we dwell.
Ascetic horrors and ascetic gloom, travestying and
deforming with frightful, yet vain imaginings, the
beautiful city of God, are sorry preparations for
heaven. How indeed should sourness and formality,
convictions on which no ray of imagination or feeling
seems to shine, consort with the angel amenities,
the transporting assurances of the life to come?

DR. M'CORMACK.

HOW sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

TEACH me to live! with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom—
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home!

Day 19

That so labouring ye ought to help the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He Himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

—ACTS xx. 35.

I am a fellow-servant with thee and with thy brethren that hold the testimony of Jesus.—REV. xix. 10.

AND every disclosure of heavenly existence that is made to us shows us life without one trace of selfishness earnestly devoted to the service of others. Angel life is very, pure, holy, and blessed, and yet these celestial beings, the angels, find their employments in serving. It is their joy to minister, not to be ministered unto. If we would be as the angels, we must have the same spirit.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

WHEN no low thoughts of self intrude,
Angels adjust our rights ;
And love that seeks its selfish good
Dies in its own delights.

How much we take, how little give !
Yet every life is meant
To help all lives ; each man shall live
For all men's betterment.

A. CAREY.

Day 20

Beloved, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God ; for God is love.

—1 JOHN iv. 7, 8.

LOVE is the holy, heavenly, magic power of the Deity, the first Fiat of God ; and all angels and eternal beings are the first births of it. The Deity delights in beholding the ideal images, which rise up and appear in the mirror of His own eternal wisdom. This delight becomes a loving desire to

have living creatures in the form of these ideas ; and this loving desire is the generating heavenly parent, out of which angels and all eternal beings are born. . . . It brought forth all the Creation ; it kindles all the life of heaven ; it is the song of all the angels of God. . . . Nothing exalts, nothing purifies, but the fire of love ; nothing changes death into life, earth into heaven, men into angels, but love alone.

WILLIAM LAW.

SO in the universe's
 Consummated undoing,
 Our seraphs of white mercies
 Shall hover round the ruin.

And calm their faces shall burn out
 With a pale and mastering thought,
 And a steadfast looking of desire
 From out between the clefts of fire,—
 While they cry, in the Holy's name
 To the final Restitution.
 Listen to our loving !

E. B. BROWNING.

LOVE Divine in men that love us,
 Strength of angels that defend,
 Thou wilt bring the heaven above us
 Round our footsteps to the end,
 With thy watchers true and tender,
 Sings my heart in concert whole ;
 Love, whatever it surrender,
 Is the safeguard of the soul.

A. L. WARING.

Day 21

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God : therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not.—I JOHN iii. 1.

To Thee, Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy.—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

WHEN we once apprehend . . . the *all* of God, and the *nothingness* of ourselves, we have got a truth, whose usefulness and benefit no words can express. . . . It is the knowledge of the *all* of God that makes cherubims and seraphims to be flames of Divine love. For where this *all* of God is truly known, and felt in any creature, there its whole breath and spirit is a fire of love; nothing but a pure disinterested love can arise up in it, or come from it, a love that begins and ends in God. And where this love is born in any creature, there a seraphic life is born along with it. WILLIAM LAW.

OH how great a triumph is there in the soul, when he arises in it! then a man knows, as he never knew before, that he is a stranger in a foreign land.

WILLIAM LAW.

THROUGH heaven and earth
God's will moves freely, and I follow it,
As colour follows light. He overflows
The firmamental walls with Deity,
Therefore with love; His lightnings go abroad,
His pity may do so, His angels must,
Whene'er He gives them charges.

So without love is beauty undiscerned
In man or angel.

E. B. BROWNING.

May 22

So I was left alone and saw this great vision. . . . Then said he unto me, Fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to humble thyself before thy God, thy words were heard: and I am come for thy word's sake.—DAN. x. 7, 12.

THEY never leave us, but we leave them. They never grow weary of watching over us, or impatient at our perversity and blindness. If we

repel their offers of heavenly aid ten thousand times, yet when we come into some state of despair, and show some willingness to receive their aid, they come quicker than light at the call; and with the utmost gentleness and love do all they can to soothe, to heal, and to restore.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

DEAR and great angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!

—And suddenly my head is covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who
prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there; with thy garments spread?

If this was even granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy, and suppressed.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?

ROBERT BROWNING.

May 23

Behold, I and the children which God hath given me.—HEB. ii. 13.

He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.—PS. xci. 11.

THUS does the Lord provide us with heavenly guides who watch over us in infancy, and go with us '*in all our ways*,' to keep us from danger ; to protect us from evil ; to guide us in the path of truth ; to help us in bearing our burdens ; to strengthen our weakness ; to comfort us in sorrow ; to aid us in our conflicts with evil ; to give us new hopes, new joys, and new life. Step by step, with untiring assiduity and patience ; to and fro, halting where we halt, waiting while we wait, turning as we turn, yet ever striving to withdraw us from evil by the whole strength of our affection, they take us by the hand tenderly, and lead us lovingly in all our ways from the cradle to the grave.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

THE blessing fell upon her soul ;
Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come ;
Her soul was purified. A. A. PROCTER.

THE child doth question nought, but takes
this wealth
Lavished upon him in the dawn of life
With quiet opening heart, glad to be glad.
So doth he grow and learn, yet shall not learn
Ever a higher wisdom than to cling
Close to the loving bosom kept for him,
Content to trust, careless to understand.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

May 24

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY

Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee, to set thee on His throne, to be king for the Lord thy God: because thy God loved Israel, to establish them for ever.—2 CHRON. ix. 8.

LYK hooly angelis, hevenly of corage,
Stable as a stoon grounded on vertu,
Perpetually to your gret avauntage,
Knet to your spouse called Crist Jhesu.

LYDGATE, 1375-1461.

June 1897.

GOD bless thee, and to-day
Give thee a joy for which the lowliest pray—
The presence of those dearest who are gone,
His presence, who, before Death took him away
And led him higher, ever up and on,
Was thy first love, and is thy last love too,
Who crowned thy womanhood with passionate bliss
And held thee to thine own brave purpose true!
He is not far, perhaps; perchance he knows
And, through the triumph, feels the simple things
That touch the loving souls of queens and kings
As well as subjects—sympathies that come,
As sunlight from the sun's heart comes and goes,
Out of the heart of God who is our Home.

A. MATHESON.

January 1901.

SO by the gate where is no first nor last,
And lords of earth must lay their splendour down,
Thither where Love is sovereign she has passed
To win his queenlier crown.

Thence by her Guardian Spirit, heavenly wise,
Still shall her realm of old be girded round,
And common loss yet closer knit the ties
That common love has bound. 'PUNCH.'

Day 25

For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven.—S. MARK xii. 25.

THAT Adam, when he first entered into the world, had the nature and perfection of an angel, is further plain from Moses, who tells us that he was made at first both male and female in one person; and that Eve, or the female part of him, was afterwards taken out of him. Now this union of the male and female in him was the purity or virgin perfection of his life, and is the very perfection of the angelic nature. This we are assured of from our Lord himself; . . . every one who shall have a part in this Resurrection shall then have this angelic perfection again; to be no more male and female, or a part of the Humanity, but such perfect, complete, undivided creatures, as the angels of God are. But now this perfection could not belong to the Humanity after the Resurrection, but because it belonged to the first Man before his fall; for nothing will be restored but that which was first lost; nothing rise again but that which should not have died; nor anything united but that which should not have been parted.

WILLIAM LAW.

YOU have heard
Your bond death-sentenced by His word.
What if, in heaven, the name be o'er,
Because the thing is so much more?
All are, 'tis writ, as angels there,
Nor male nor female. Each a stair
In the hierarchical ascent
Of active and recipient
Affections, what if all are both
By turn, as they themselves betroth
To adoring what is next above,
Or serving what's below their love?

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BUT Jesus shamed them . . .
 . . . bade them know

Better His power, and plan, and mystery ;
 And multitudinous mansions of Love's House ;
 And this World little, and high Heaven so large,
 Where neither marriage is, nor mortal wish,
 Nor selfish, lying tongues, speaking false speech
 Of love ; nor eyes that lose their lustrous light
 With tears and vigils ; nor the dread to part
 Which, under warm gold of Love's folded wing,
 Makes lovers shudder ; nor true love mistook,
 Nor ill love entertained ; nor ever doubt,
 Where destined spirits meet ; nor ever death
 Of love new-born, heart-holds abandoning,
 But love undying, undivided, pure,
 Perfect ; in finer bonds, and higher, bound,
 Dearer delights and deeper joys ; free souls
 Linked as the angels are, whose breath is Love,
 And for their sex, another wonder.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Day 26

In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep
 falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed ; then
 He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruc-
 tion.—JOB xxxiii. 15, 16.

THERE are some who guard us from the assaults
 of evil spirits while we sleep, and sometimes
 fill the soul with beautiful dreams. During sleep the
 intellectual powers become quiescent ; we lie pas-
 sively subject to influences from the spiritual world ;
 we do not resist and oppose them. Thus the hard-
 ness of our nature can be softened ; the influences
 which flow into us from the spiritual world refresh
 and renovate and give us new vigour. A celestial
 dew falls upon the spirit, and gives it a fresher life,
 as the natural dew distils upon the grass and flowers.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

AND yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 themes,
 And into glory peep.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

O SLEEP, we are beholden to thee, sleep,
 Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
 Saints out of heaven with palms.

JEAN INGLELOW.

MAY Thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumbers sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us
 The livelong night.

BISHOP HEBER.

Day 27

He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest in
 His love, He will joy over thee with singing.—ZEPH.
 iii. 17.

Fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord.—ROM. xii. 11.

PROBABLY you do not venture to think you can
 make *God* happier—though some do think it,
 and are none the worse for it—but to the angels you
 can venture to think that you may bring joy ; and
 you may delight in the discovery that you can best
 do this by making all creatures glad about you, men
 and women and every living thing—supposing always
 that this gladness is pure and sound, and not borrowed
 of the future at high rates. You will perhaps be
 surprised that your duties to God and your neighbour
 should run on roads so nearly parallel. If men
 could only see that they could make angels in
 heaven happier, many, I am sure, who now pass
 for being idle or indifferent, would spring at once to
 their feet. ‘We were only waiting,’ they would say,
 ‘to find something that we could care for, and help
 to bring about. *See whether we will be idlers now?*’

REV. H. LATHAM.

THAT with the glory of so goodly sight
 The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
 Fair seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,
 Transported with celestial desire
 Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
 And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
 Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty.

SPENSER.

NOR doubt that golden cords
 Of good works, mingling with the Visions, raise
 The soul to purer worlds.

WORDSWORTH.

Day 28

I am the Vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth
 in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for
 apart from me ye can do nothing.—S. JOHN xv. 5.

And the reapers are the angels.—S. MATT. xiii. 39.

AT the gate of this garden He is waiting always—
 waiting to take your hand—ready to go down
 to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine
 has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There
 you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines
 that His hand is guiding; . . . more: you shall see
 the troops of the angel keepers that, with their
 wings, wave away the hungry birds from the path-
 sides where He has sown, and call to each other
 between the vineyard rows, 'Take us the foxes, the
 little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have
 tender grapes.'

RUSKIN.

AND then He us His beauteous garden shows,
 Where bountiful the Rose of Sharon grows:
 Where in the breezes opening spice-buds swell,
 And the pomegranates yield a pleasant smell:
 While to and fro peace-sandalled angels move
 In the pure air that they—not we—call Love.

MRS. CRAIK.

May 29

And the King shall answer and say unto them,
Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it
unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have
done it unto me.—S. MATT. xxv. 40.

We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities
of the weak, and not to please ourselves.—ROM. xv. 1.

NO doubt even angels have errands and tasks
given to them which in themselves would be
hard, but which became easy, a delight, because they
are accepted as parts of the will of God for them.
This is the great secret of joy in service. . . . The
angels fly swiftly on the errands on which they are
sent, doing with equal alacrity the most stupendous
thing and the smallest ministries. It is told in the
Koran that Gabriel was once sent earthward to save
King Solomon from the sin of pride, and at the same
time to help a toiling, weary yellow ant to get home
to her people with her load of food. So it is ever in
heaven—the will of God is done always with joy.
It consists in happy activities, in joyous services. It
is this heavenly standard that is set for our earthly
living.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

TO comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

THUS far adown the holy stairway's steps
Have I descended but to give thee welcome
With words, and with the light that mantles me;
Nor did more love cause me to be more ready,
For love as much and more up there is burning
As doth the flaming manifest to thee,
But the high charity, that makes us servants
Prompt to the counsel which controls the world,
Allotteth here, even as thou dost observe.

DANTE.

Day 30

For the Lord hath comforted Zion: he hath comforted all her waste places, and hath made her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.—ISA. li. 3.

WORK—work—work! It is the iron ploughshare that goes over the field of the heart, rooting up all the pretty grasses and the beautiful, hurtful weeds that we have taken such pleasure in growing, laying them all under, fair and foul together, making plain, dull-looking arable land for our neighbours to peer at; until at night-time, down in the deep furrows, the angels come and sow. MRS. CRAIK.

LORD make my heart a place where Angels sing!
 For surely thoughts low-breathed by Thee
 Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing:
 And where a house they see
 Swept clean, and garnish'd with adoring joy,
 They enter in and dwell, and teach the heart to
 swell
 With heavenly melody, their own untired employ.
 KEBLE.

Day 31

And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand.—REV. viii. 3, 4.

INTERCESSIONS for others, for the whole Church, yea, for the whole world—fainter, at all seasons, than they should be—are now presented by angels before the mercy-seat, in union with the

strong crying and tears, which the Son of man offered up in the days of His flesh, and find, if not an immediate answer, yet an immediate and gracious consideration ; while praise and thanksgiving, indigenous in heaven, from the time when angels were created, are continually borne thither from the earth.

DEAN GOULBURN.

THERE is no lack of angel carriers
When mortals post to God their fervent
prayers !

And these are happy in their work, for still
They find their heaven in doing the Father's will.
I have a meat, said Christ, ye know not of,
So these—they carry heaven in their love.

GERALD MASSEY.

GO with me like good angels to my end ;
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to Heaven !

SHAKESPEARE.

June

**'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father
which is in heaven.'**

June 1

For I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

SPEAKING of infants, our Lord says, 'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father.' It is not then as a beautiful fancy, but as a naked fact; as a glorious reality communicated to us by the Lord Himself, that He does send His angels to protect, and guide, and lead us to Himself.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

'**S**LEEP on, thou pretty, pretty lamb,'
He hears the fond nurse say;
'And if angels stand at thy right hand,
As now belike they may,
And if angels meet at thy bed's feet,
I fear them not this day.'

JEAN INGELow.

CHRISt'S little ones are we;
And unto us are given
Angelic guards who ever see
Our Father's face in heaven.
To walk in folly now
We may not, must not, dare,
Mindful whose seal is on our brow,
Whose Holy Name we bear.

Lo! from the stars His Face will turn
On us with glances mild;
The angels of His Presence yearn
To bless the little child.

REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.
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June 2

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

THE care of these little ones, one by one, is given to angels who behold, not the outskirts of God's glory only, nor are at times only illumined by it, but at all times behold the very Face of God, while ministering to them. Each of these unconscious little ones has such a guardian assigned to it, and from the great dignity of these their appointed guardians, we are to learn their great value in our Father's eyes.

DR. E. B. PUSEY.

MAY thy small dreams no ill things see,
Kind Heaven keep watch, my babe, o'er thee;
Kind angels bright thy guardians be,
And give thee smiling to day and to me,
Lullaby!

W. C. BENNETT.

CHERUBIM, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things,
There's love for you and me!

GERALD MASSEY.

OR it may be thoughts deeper than we deem
Visit an infant's slumbers—God is near,
Angels are talking to them in their dream,
Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear;
And round them lies that region's holy gleam
But newly left, and light which is not here;
And thus has come that smile upon thy face,
As tidings brought thee from thy native place.

R. C. TRENCH.

June 3

I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

IT would be no news to an Israelite to be told that angels watch over children ; but it would waken a perfectly new respect for these little ones to hear that their angels were in the closest communion with God.

REV. H. LATHAM.

THUS Jesus warned you that His Little Ones—
Nestled like smallest planets next their suns—
Are nearest God's great angels, whose high place
Permits them to behold the Father's face,
With whom there is no distance known to sense.
Heaven is most near to utmost innocence.

GERALD MASSEY.

AT Derby Haven in the sweet Manx land
A little girl had written in the sand
This legend : 'God is love.' But, when I said :
'What means this writing?' Thus she answered :
'It's father that's at say,
And I come here to pray,
And—God is love.' My eyes grew dim—
Blest child ! in heaven above
Your angel sees the face of Him
Whose name is Love.

T. E. BROWN.

June 4

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

S. MATT. xix. 14.

CHILDREN take so readily to the idea of angels that it almost seems as if it fell in with some old recollection that they had brought with them into the world. Why the angels should care about

him—a question which a man sometimes asks—is no puzzle to a child at all, for he instinctively claims kindness and help from people about him ; and this gives the teacher a hold, for the child will see he must not distress the angels who love him of their own free choice. The angel, he might be told, might remain quite happy in himself if he liked, but he goes out of himself to care for little boys like him ; and so he is made unhappy by observing their evil tempers, their little jealousies, and their failing to tell the truth. It must be better for children to be swayed in heavenly matters by feelings of love than to bow to a command which is backed by fear. . . . It is always love, recollect, to which Christ makes His *first* appeal.

REV. H. LATHAM.

‘WHAT boots one feeble infant tone
To the full choir denied or given
Where millions round the Throne
Are chanting, morn and even?’

Nay the kind Watchers hearkening there
Distinguish in the deep of song
Each little wave, each air
Upon the faltering tongue.

Each half-note in the great Amen
Even by the utterer’s self unheard,
They store : O fail not then
To bring the lowly word.

KEBLE.

June 5

Come, ye children, hearken unto me ; I will teach you
the fear of the Lord.—PS. xxxiv. 11.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little
ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels
do always behold the face of my Father which is in
heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

ANGELS, I would tell the children, care for you all alike, rich or poor, clever and stupid, dirty and clean. Master and miss in their trim nursery, and the urchins playing in the murky court at the back of the mews, are to the angels only so many infant souls started in the world to run by different routes to the same goal. . . . This schooling is of different kinds, and some of the kinds may be rough enough ; but possibly where the schooling is somewhat hard, the lessons which the angels care most about may be learned the best, and differences may be more brought out.

REV. H. LATHAM.

H EARKEN, children of the May,
Now in your glad hour and gay,
Ye whom all good angels greet
With their treasures blithe and sweet.

KEBLE.

T HE angel who presided at my birth
Said : ' Little creature formed of joy and mirth,
Go, love without the help of anything on earth.'

WILLIAM BLAKE.

K NOW, dear little one ! our Father
Will no gentle deed disdain ;
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine in heaven again
While the angel hearts that beat there
Still all tender thoughts retain.

A. A. PROCTER.

June 6

The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits. —JAMES iii. 17.

L ET us follow the virtues of the holy angels, and their works of love, and be very friendly, loving, and helpful to each other. No man is so kind, and

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so ready and disposed to all kinds of services and good works, as the angels are.

They guard us from evil. This they do earnestly and with joy.

LUTHER.

YOU hear that boy laughing? you think he's all fun ;

But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CHILDREN, keep up that harmless play,
Your kindred angels plainly say
By God's authority, ye may.

W. SAVAGE LANDOR.

June 7

I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

I COME now upon the ministering functions of angels. For the exercise of these, as I have said more than once, I conceive that angels require to receive a special charge ; and the only kind of intervention to which I commit myself—though by no means denying that it may take effect in hundreds of other ways—is that of putting thoughts into the minds of men. I regard this passage as declaring that the children's angels are in the closest relation with God—so that when any notion enters their minds, they are instantaneously aware whether God approves it or not ; and if He does, they feel themselves at once equipped with His authority, and can put their desires into action at once. They witness some emergency, for instance, and, at once, they catch from the Father's face their warrant for sending the saving thought into the mind of the child or those who are about it.

REV. H. LATHAM.

VISION unto vision calleth,
 While the young child dreameth on :
 Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth
 With the glory thou hast won !
 Darker wast thou in the garden yestermorn by
 summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
 Round thee, were the clouds away :
 'Tis the child heart draws them, singing
 In the silent-seeming clay—
 Singing ! stars that seem the mutest go in music all
 the way.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee,
 Flash their diadems of youth
 On the ringlets which half screen thee,
 While thou smilest . . . not in sooth
 Thy smile, but the over-fair one, dropt from some
 ethereal mouth.

Haply it is angels' duty,
 During slumber, shade by shade
 To fine down this childish beauty,
 To the thing it must be made,
 Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb shall
 see it fade.

Softly, softly ! make no noises !
 Now he lieth dead and dumb ;
 Now he hears the angels' voices
 Folding silence in the room :
 Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-
 words as they come.

Speak not ! he is consecrated ;
 Breathe no breath across his eyes :
 Lifted up and separated
 On the hand of God he lies
 In a sweetness beyond touching, held in cloistral
 sanctities. •

E. B. BROWNING.

June 8

He took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven : and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it.—GEN. xxviii. 11-13.

THE moon and stars, as they rise night after night upon this vast city, look down upon several homeless outcasts, driven by stress of poverty, or sometimes by the cruelty of their natural guardians, to take up their lodging in one of the recesses of a bridge, or even on the door-step of a house. Supposing such an one to be living in the faith and fear of God, we cannot doubt that angels, who have it in charge to 'minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation,' are really, though invisibly, watching over his stony couch, and bearing upwards to the Throne of Grace the prayer which he breathed thitherwards as, wrapping his tatters closely round him, he laid himself down to sleep.

DEAN GOULBURN.

RAGGED children with bare feet,
Whom the angels in white raiment
Know the names of, to repeat
When they come on you for payment.

E. B. BROWNING.

MAY good angels with evangels
Glad our slumbers by one gleam
Of their covering white wings, hovering
Down the ladder of our dream—
Hardest pillow soft will seem !

GERALD MASSEY.

SUCH the plaint that late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.

AGED OF THE POOR AND WEAK 189

Every heart, as God's bright angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease ;
God has glory when His children
Bring His poor ones joy and peace !
Listen, nearer while she sings
Sounds the fluttering of wings !

A. A. PROCTER.

June 9

The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.—NUM. vi. 25.

Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

THERE are urchins in London by scores, hungry and sorely tempted to steal, but struggling against their temptations with a courage and endurance that God and the angels only know. Great is the angels' delight when the child turns victorious away from the treasure exposed on the stall ; great is their sympathy with the hardships that fall to his lot ; they whisper to those who can help him ; they suggest ways in which help may be given, and their suggestions fall on good ground now and then. Surely we might venture to tell a child, 'Angels were looking on as you stood with hungry eyes before that open stall, and they brightened with gladness as you turned away.'

REV. H. LATHAM.

HIM name in Faith, and softly make
The sign to angels known.
So never need thy young heart ache
In silence and alone.

KEBLE.

MY child, the counsels high attend
Of thine Eternal Friend,
When longings pure, when holy prayers,
When self-denying thoughts and cares

Room in thine heart would win,
 Stay not too long to count them o'er ;
 Rise in His Name ; throw wide the door,
 Let the good angels in. KEBLE.

June 10

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. xviii. 10.

THIS picture gives us a hint of the special, watchful care of God for His weak children. Their very helplessness is their strongest plea to the divine heart. The God of the Bible is the God of the weak, the unsheltered. He sends His strongest angels to guard them. The children's angels, the keepers of the little ones, the simple, appear always as heaven's privileged ones before God.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

THEY look up with their pale and sunken faces
 And that look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in high places,
 With eyes turned on Deity. E. B. BROWNING.

I THINK, boy well-beloved,
 Thine angel, who did grieve to see how far
 Thy childhood is removed
 From sports that dear to other children are,
 On this pale cheek has thrown
 The brightness of his countenance, and made
 A beauty like his own—
 That while we see it, we are half afraid,
 And marvel, will it stay ?
 Or, long ere manhood, will that angel fair,
 Departing some sad day,
 Steal the child-smile and leave the shadow
 care?

Nay, fear not. As is given
 Unto this child the father watching o'er,
 His angel up in heaven
 Beholds our Father's face for evermore.

And He will help him bear
 His burthen, as his father helps him now ;
 So may he come to wear
 That happy child-smile on an old man's brow.

MRS. CRAIK.

June 11

The God before whom my fathers . . . did walk, the
 God which hath fed me all my life long unto this day,
 the Angel which hath redeemed me from all evil, bless
 the lads.—GEN. xlviii. 15, 16.

THERE may be whispers too of the angels which
 find their way to the hearts of little ones, in
 dreams, or in impressions with which they awake
 —or in strange thoughts whose coming is unac-
 countable. In this way it is possible that the God-
 light, 'the light that lighteth every man,' may make
 its way into their souls. After a little while, no doubt

'Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,'

but there are more boys than we should think of,
 who have, floating in their minds, a notion that
 'heaven was about them once,' and is not yet so
 far off but that they are objects of care to beings
 whom they cannot see. This feeling comes on
 many a lad now and then. It seems as though he
 were called by name and made answer, 'Here am
 I.' About these impressions he will say nothing,
 not even to the companion of his dearest exploits.
 He supposes that it is with other people the same as
 it is with him, but, whether it be so or not, these
 are secrets between God and himself, and he will
 keep God's counsel.

REV. H. LATHAM.

H EAVEN lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close,
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended.

WORDSWORTH.

B E thou through life a little child ;
 By manhood undefiled ;
 So shall no angel grudge thy dreams,
 Of fragrance pure and ever-brightening beams.

KEBLE.

June 12

Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children ; and walk in love, even as Christ also loved you.

—EPH. v. 1, 2.

Because of the angels.—1 COR. xi. 10.

I T must surely be more wholesome for a man to resolve 'This I will not do because it would distress the angels who love me,' than to say in his heart, 'I would grasp this indulgence if I only dared, but I dread the consequences in a future state.' If a man says to himself, 'I, by my wickedness, am making immortal beings unhappy and all because they care for me,' this will find a soft place in his heart, if there is one in it at all. In dealing with children especially, it may be sufficient if we insist on the point—that our well-doing gives pleasure, and our ill-doing gives pain, to myriads of spiritual beings, who love us greatly, without our having any claim upon their love.

REV. H. LATHAM.

So wilt thou aye be young,
 In lovelier childhood than thy shining brow
 And pretty winning accents make thee now :

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Yea, sweeter than this scarce articulate sound
(How sweet !) of 'father,' 'mother,' shall be found
The ABBA on thy tongue.

And so, as years shall chase
Each other's shadows, thou wilt less resemble
Thy fellows of the earth who toil and tremble,
Than him thou seest not, thine angel bold
Yet meek, whose ever-lifted eyes behold
The Ever-loving's face. E. B. BROWNING.

June 13

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren,
even these least, ye did it unto me.—S. MATT. xxv. 40.

Apart from me ye can do nothing.—S. JOHN xv. 5.

THERE is angelic work prepared for each of us
on earth. Like theirs our office is to whisper
consolation, to support the weak, to raise the fallen,
to confirm the strong. Like them too, we must keep
watch over innocence, seeking to fill young hearts
with images of purity and peace and joy—in a word,
to suggest such thoughts of holiness as shall be the
best barriers against the entrance of sin. But to
fulfil this mission our own life and conversation must
be heavenly. We must be members of Christ's Holy
Church Invisible, not merely of the outer fold to
which we were admitted in our Baptism.

SO come to me, my little one—
My years with thee I share,
And mingle with a sister's love
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,
The trust upon thy brow ;
Since for the dear one God hath called
We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven
 Shall still her ear incline ;
 Nor need we fear her human love
 Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath
 The trees of life so fair,
 But sweetest of the songs of heaven
 Shall be her children's prayer.

J. G. WHITTIER.

June 14

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts
 unto your children, how much more shall your Father
 which is in heaven give good things to them that ask
 Him?—S. MATT. vii. 11.

Dividing to each one severally even as He will.—
 I COR. xii. 11.

BUT at every moment, in every state, at every
 turn, in every change and variation of character,
 the Lord sends those angels who are best adapted to
 the individual in every exigency of life, who have the
 most power to control, the most wisdom to guide, the
 most skill in touching the secret springs of influence
 to restrain from evil, and to lead the young soul in
 freedom to good.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

AND always, always, with each soul that comes
 And goes, comes that fair form which was my
 guide,

Hovering, with golden wings and eyes divine,
 Above the bed of birth, the bed of death,
 Still breathing heavenly airs of deathless love.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

But do thou know,
 O woman pale for want, if thou art here,
 That on thy lot much thought is spent in
 heaven.

JEAN INGELOW.

O LOVING Father, Thee we pray
 Look on this babe new-born to-day,
 Thine own adopted child ;
 An angel guard do thou bestow
 To lead him in Thy paths below,
 And guide him through the wild.

K. D. CORNISH.

June 15

Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—S. MATT. xix. 14.

‘EARTH is the seminary of heaven.’ They were once helpless infants, and playful, perhaps wayward children. But they overcame by Divine assistance, and now they stand on the other shore of life’s ocean, and it is the joy of their hearts to help us, to stand where they do, and to share with us their mission and their joys. REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

THEN all things look strange in the pure golden ether ;
 We walk through the gardens with hands linked together,

And the lilies look large as the trees :
 And as loud as the birds sing the bloom-loving bees,
 And the birds sing like angels, so mystical fine,
 And the cedars are brushing the archangels’ feet,
 And time is eternity, love is divine,
 And the world is complete. E. B. BROWNING.

WITH what unknown delight the mother smiled,
 When this frail treasure in her arms she
 press’d !
 Her prayer was heard—she clasped a living child,
 But how the gift transcends the poor request !
 A child was all she asked with many a vow :
 Mother—behold the child an angel now !

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Now in her Father's house she finds a place ;

Or if to earth she take a transient flight,

'Tis to fulfil the purpose of His grace,

To guide thy footsteps to the world of light :—

A ministering spirit sent to thee,

That where she is, there thou may'st also be.

J. TAYLOR.

ANOTHER voice is hushed,
And a little angel born. BENNETT.

June 16

His angels He charged with folly.—JOB iv. 18.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which
is in heaven is perfect.—S. MATT. v. 48.

THERE is no finality of attainment for us either here or hereafter. The angels have not reached it. Let the angel be arrested at the line of his present life and achievement, and he becomes a transgressor. All holiness consists in endless, un-resting movement towards God. Stagnation in the high and holy things of the present is a crime against the eternal law of heaven. If God charges the angels with folly, how deep the self-humiliation we are called to cultivate ! God's own image, and that alone, is the ideal by which we must be content to measure ourselves. He would have us copy nothing else, not even the angel. . . . He Himself will never cease to help our effort and to inspire our ardour.

T. G. SELBY.

THERE is no Death ! What seems so is
transition ;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,

Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face. LONGFELLOW.

June 17

Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them
not, to come unto me.—S. MATT. xix. 14.

(Lazarus) died, and was carried by the angels into
Abraham's bosom.—S. LUKE xvi. 22.

I BELIEVE no soul is left to wing its viewless flight
to Paradise in solitude. I believe the 'Gloria
in Excelsis' of the shining host of God welcomes
the disembodied spirit upon the confines of the new

world. I remember hearing once of a little dying child shrinking timidly from the idea of going alone ; but just before the end there came a spirit of sublime confidence, a supernatural opening of vision, a recognition of some companionship, and the little one cried out, 'I am not afraid ; they are all here.' Perhaps they were the angels. Lazarus was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. I believe the chamber of the dying is filled with the holy angels ; I believe the rustle of their wings is around you as you kneel to offer the commendatory prayer.

ARCHDEACON BASIL WILBERFORCE.

MOTHER, I am tired ; I long to sleep so ;
 Let thy bosom be my sleeping-place,
 Only promise me thou wilt not weep so,—
 For thy tears fall burning on my face.
 For thy tears fall burning on my face.
 Here 'tis cold, and there the clouds are fleeting,
 But in dreamland there are sunny skies ;
 And the angel-children give me greeting,
 Soon as I have closed my wearied eyes.

Dost thou see that angel coming, mother ?
 Dost thou hear the music of his wings ?
 White they are ; they shine on one another ;
 Beautiful from God the light he brings !
 Rosy wings are coming, too, from heaven ?
 Angel-children wave them as they fly ;—
 Mother, shall I live till *mine* are given ?
 Or before I get them, must I die ?

Mother, wherefore dost thou look so earnest ?
 Wherefore dost thou press thy cheek to mine ?
 Wet it feels, and yet like fire thou burnest ;—
 Surely, mother, I shall still be thine !
 Thou promised me thou wouldst not weep so ;
 If thou sobbest, I shall sob with thee !
 Oh ! I am so tired, I long to sleep so !—
 Mother, look !—the angel kisses me.

Translated from the Danish of

HANS C. ANDERSEN by H. WARD.

June 18

Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.—I THESS. V. 10.

I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily.—HOSEA xiv. 5.

CHILDREN are the love-blossoms on the tree of human life. It is easy to conceive what loving labour it must be to the angels to train and develop the infant souls intrusted to their care. It is evidently a mistake to suppose that immediately on entrance into heaven the child shall comprehend all things. It is contrary to all we know of the laws of mind. As the child-angel becomes wiser he becomes brighter; as he grows more loving he grows more beautiful; he is the more glorious as he receives more fully of the holiness which is the glory of God, and he appears more manlike as he becomes more Godlike; for Jesus is the true pattern of a man.

'OUR ETERNAL HOMES.'

AND then she fell asleep; but God
Knew that His heaven was better far,
Where little children angels are.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

GROW Lily in thy garden new,
Beside the Rose of Sharon!
Grow fast in heaven sweet Lily clipped
In love more calm than this is,
And may the angels dewy-lipped
Remind thee of our kisses.

And when, our dying couch about,
The natural mists shall gather,
Some smiling angel close shall stand
In old Correggio's fashion,
And bear a Lily in his hand

For death's annunciation. E. B. BROWNING.

WHERE all is supernatural
The guileless heart doth feed on it, no more
Afraid than angels are of heaven.

Who saith
Another life, the next one, shall not have
Another childhood growing gently thus,
Able to bear the poignant sweetness, take
The rich, long, awful measure of its peace,
Endure the presences sublime?

JEAN INGELOW.

June 19

Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is
well.—2 KINGS iv. 26.

PHYLLIS saw 'white peoples with wings' on
Thursday, December 13th, and joined them
Wednesday, December 19th.

E. J. TARVER.

Epitaph on a little child, aged 4.

HAVE they kissed her—
The angels that bend down to pull
Our buds of the Beautiful,
And whispered their own little sister?

And the churchyard nestled another wee grave;
The angels another wee sister.

GERALD MASSEY.

SHE was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
And took her frae us a'.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I SEE her with the Shining Ones
Upon the shining heights,
And a wee angel-face will peep
Down starlike through the veil of sleep.

GERALD MASSEY.

June 20

And they said, It is his angel.—ACTS xii. 15.

Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone : Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth, and all things that are therein, and Thou preservest them all ; and the host of heaven worshippeth Thee.—NEH. ix. 6.

THEREFORE, for Spirits, I am so far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons, have their tutelary and guardian angels. It is not a new opinion of the Church of Rome, but an old one of Pythagoras and Plato ; there is no heresy in it . . . for there is in this universe a stair, or manifest scale of creatures, rising not disorderly or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1642.

I N Volhynia the peasant mothers,
When spring-time brings back the leaves,
And the first swallows dart and twitter
Under the cottage eaves,—

Sit mute at their windows and listen,
With eyes brimming over with tears,
To the broken sounds which are wafted
To their eager watching ears,

And throw out bread and honey
To the birds as they scintillate by ;
And hearts full of yearning and longing,
Borne out on the wings of a sigh.

For they think that their dear, lost children,
The little ones who are gone,
Come back thus to the heart-sick mothers,
Who are toiling and sorrowing on.

And those sunlit wings and flashing
 White breasts, to their tear-dimmed eyes,
 Bring visions of white child-angels
 Floating in Paradise. SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

FROM thrones and powers, to—fresh from death's
 alarms—
 Child spirits entering in an angel's arms.
JEAN INGELow.

June 21

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive
 the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no
 wise enter therein.—S. MARK x. 5.

Above him stood the seraphims; each one had six
 wings; with twain he covered his face, and with
 twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.
 And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy,
 holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full
 of His glory.—ISA. vi. 2, 3.

THUS the Spirit of God creates in us the sim-
 plicity and warmth of heart which children
 have, nay, rather the perfections of His heavenly
 hosts, high and low being joined together in His
 mysterious work; for what are implicit trust, ardent
 love, abiding purity, but the mind both of little
 children and of the adoring seraphim!

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

RABBI Jehosha used to say
 That God made angels every day,
 Perfect as Michael and the rest
 First brooded in creation's nest,
 Whose only office was to cry
 Hosanna! once, and then to die;
 Or rather, with life's essence blent,
 To be led home from banishment.
 'Twere glorious, no doubt, to be
 One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,
 To burn with seraphs, or to shine
 With cherubs, deathlessly divine;

Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
 Could I forget myself in God,
 Could I but find my nature's clue
 Simply as birds and blossoms do,
 And but for one rapt moment know
 'Tis heaven must come, not we must go,
 Should win my place as near the throne
 As the pearl-angel of its zone,
 And God would listen 'mid the throng
 For my one breath of perfect song,
 That in its simple human way
 Said all the Host of Heaven could say.

J. R. LOWELL.

June 22

The Lord shall rejoice in His works.—Ps. civ. 31.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young
 ravens which cry.—Ps. cxlvii. 9.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts ; ye ministers
 of His, that do His pleasure. Bless the Lord, all His
 works, in all places of His dominion.—Ps. ciii. 21, 22.

'**B**ESIDES caring for all you small people, and
 other grown-up ones as well,' I can conceive a
 teacher to go on : 'Angels love all dumb creatures,
 and they like you to love them and show kindness to
 them ; and when you stop and look at them and
 wonder at their being so mightily busy, you may
 fancy that angels are looking on along with you.
 You know what care you take of the canary at home
 because it was the pet of your sister, who is far
 away. Look on all living creatures as the angels'
 pets.'

REV. H. LATHAM.

THE moon, like a flower
 In heaven's high bower,
 With silent delight,
 Sits and smiles on the night.

Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
 The feet of angels bright ;
 Unseen they pour blessing,
 And joy without ceasing,
 On each bud and blossom,
 And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
 Where birds are covered warm ;
 They visit caves of every beast,
 To keep them all from harm.
 If they see any weeping
 That should have been sleeping,
 They pour sleep on their head,
 And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
 They pitying stand and weep,
 Seeking to drive their thirst away,
 And keep them from the sheep.
 But if they rush dreadful,
 The angels, most heedful,
 Receive each mild spirit
 New worlds to inherit.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

June 23

And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And Jacob said when he saw them, This is God's host.—GEN. xxxii. 1, 2.

And they said, It is His angel.—ACTS xii. 15.

IN the poetry of all nations we find some traces of this heavenly vision, some gleams of white wings amid the clouds and darkness round about man and his life. The universe in which the Hebrew patriarchs and prophets and the first Christian disciples lived and moved was full of angels. We can as easily think of summer without flowers as of the Bible without angels. They are bound up with that

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poetic and religious interpretation of life which we find everywhere in the pages of the Old and New Testaments.

DR. JOHN HUNTER.

AS grave Augustine pleading in his day,
Have pity, Lord, upon the unfledged bird,
Lest such as pass do trample it in the way,
Not marking, or not minding ; give the word,
O bid an angel in the nest again
To place it, lest the mother's love be vain.

JEAN INGELow.

IN the first Age, the early prime
And dawn of all historic time
The Father reigned ; and face to face
He spake with the primeval race,
Bright angels, on His errands sent,
Sat with the patriarch in his tent.

LONGFELLOW.

June 24

Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.—
S. MATT. vi. 10.

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren,
even these least, ye did it unto me.—S. MATT. xxv.
40.

EACH duty, office, vocation is God's gift, whether to man or to angels. Man indulges ardours and reluctances, choices, recoils, preferences ; some gifts he styles trials, some burdens ; angels seem to see and feel no difference between calling and calling, opportunity and opportunity. Angels doubtless estimate the gift by the Giver ; men too often the Giver by the gift ; not, that is, by the intrinsic value of the gift, but rather by their own taste or distaste for it.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BLUE against the bluer heavens
Stood the mountain, calm and still ;
Two white angels, bending earthward,
Leant upon the hill.

Listening leant those silent angels,
And I also longed to hear
What sweet strain of earthly music
Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets
In a warlike march draw nigh ;
Solemnly a mighty army
Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased ; the echoes
Soon had faded from the hill ;
While the angels, calm and earnest,
Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamour,
Forge and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory
And the toil of day was o'er,
Still the angels leant in silence,
Listening as before.

Then as daylight slowly vanished,
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly from distant voices
Rose a vesper hymn.

When the chant was done, and lingering
Died upon the evening air,
From the hill the radiant angels
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
Bringing with it sleep and rest ;
Save a little bird was singing
Near her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labour
She had warbled all day long,
While the angels leant and listened
Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming ;
 When she ceased her little lay,
 From the mountain-tops the angels
 Slowly passed away. A. A. PROCTER.

June 25

The Lord, before whom I walk, will send His angel
 with thee, and prosper thy way.—GEN. xxiv. 40.

THERE is a third function ascribed to these angelic natures, which brings them even nearer to our sympathies ; they are the deputed guardians of the just and innocent. St. Raphael is the prince of guardian angels. The Jews held that the angels deputed to Lot were his guardian angels. The Fathers of the Christian Church taught that every human being, from the hour of his birth to that of his death, is accompanied by an angel appointed to watch over him. The Mohammedans give to each of us a good and an evil angel ; but the early Christians supposed us to be attended each by a good angel only, who undertakes that office, not merely from duty to God, and out of obedience and great humility, but as inspired by exceeding charity and love towards his human charge.

MRS. JAMESON.

POWERS celestial ! whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care ;

Let her form sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own,
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest.

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Guardian angels ! O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home. BURNS.

ANGELS ever bright and fair,
Take, oh ! take me to your care ;
Speed to your own courts my flight
Clad in robes of virgin white.
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh ! take me to your care. POPE.

June 26

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to Him.—
ACTS x. 34-35.

My God hath sent His angel.—DAN. vi. 22.

S. ISIDORE is not numbered among the saints of our Anglican calendar; his story and legend are full of deep pathos, however. By life a ploughman, he spent the early matin hours in prayer each day, and so came later to his work than the rest of his master's servants, who determined to upbraid him. The master proceeded—so the legend runs—to the field where Isidore was ploughing, when lo ! he sees two at work : one, Isidore, but the other a bright, fair angel driving a plough near him, who by this angelic service makes up to the earthly master the holy prayer hours of Isidore to his heavenly Master.

ALL day long he prayeth softly
From the dawn-flush in the sky,
Till the shadowy angels hover
Down the Hesper moon on high.
And the toil is made a glory,
And the thought is made a prayer,
From the heart of lowly wisdom,
From a life of holy care.

All day long an angel toileth
 In the sun-flush by his side,
 Making good the wanting hours
 Till the shadowy eventide.
 All day long a loving angel
 Through the upland wends his team,
 Whence the flashes of his raiment
 In the yellow sun-motes gleam.

So thy toil be blest of heaven,
 Fear thee not, O Christian heart !
 For the angel of His mercy
 Shall with thee thy travail part ;
 And unseen amid thy labours
 Shall an angel bend his way,
 Quickening, brightening as with sun-drift
 All the service of each day.

June 27

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.—NUM. vi. 24.

On earth peace, goodwill toward men.—S. LUKE ii. 14.

A POOR man's life will become quite another thing when he brings the angels into it. Suppose that on his way to work he passes a child in trouble, and setting it right as well as he can, he brightens it up by a smile and a reassuring tone ; or that as he comes home in the evening he goes a little out of his way to help an old woman, laden with a heavy fagot, over a stile. Even little things like this, he may be told, go to swell the joy in heaven—joy that lasts for ever. Through his doing something pleasant to recall, which will never pass away, will be stored for ever in angels' minds in heaven. Here is a new thought and a great one for him to carry home.

REV. H. LATHAM.

AND dear to angels, is his prayer
 For the sweet fragrance' sake
 Of loving deeds.

KERLE.

IT may be only a handshake,
 It may be only a smile,
 But if it makes life sweeter,
 'Tis surely worth the while ;
 And Christ looks down upon it
 With approving smile of love,
 And the angels weave the story
 Into their songs above. H. BIDDELL.

June 28

Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?—JAMES ii. 5.

He shall give His angels charge over thee.—
 Ps. xci. 11.

THOSE who most know the poor will understand best what a comfort this sense of 'company' will be to them. They will welcome the angels, with whom, indeed, they have never quite lost touch ; they will rejoice in the notion of their being about them when they are all alone. Hand-workers suffer more from loneliness than head-workers do. The wife watching in her cottage for her husband's coming home ; the handicraftsman all by himself, doing some work which does not engage his mind ; the labourer who has a lonely job in an outlying field and a long, solitary walk home—all these will find it a blessing to have their minds peopled with heavenly beings who love them, who are not above taking interest in what interests them, and, what is most of all, who are grieved about them when they suffer or when they go wrong. This sympathy in suffering is the keystone of the whole.

REV. H. LATHAM.

THE lowly spirit God hath consecrated
 As His abiding rest ;
 And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited,
 When kings had no such guest.

J. D. BURNS.

MEET souls there are, who little dream
Their daily cross an angel's theme.

KEBLE.

HIS inexpressive eye
Peered round round him vacantly,
As if whate'er he did he would be chidden ;
He seemed a mere growth of earth ;
Yet even he had mirth,
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.
Thus did he live his life,
A kind of passive strife,
Upon the God within his heart relying ;
Men left him all alone,
Because he was unknown,
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

F. W. FABER.

June 29

And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying,
This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the
right hand, and when ye turn to the left.—ISA. xxx. 21.

BUT angels are more than passive beholders, and
it is as active agents that they will be most
recognised by the poor. They may be employed in
endless ways of which we can form no idea, but we
have Scripture warrant for supposing that they call
things to remembrance, and it is not going much
further to suppose that they put thoughts into people's
minds. We cannot be wrong in telling a man that
an inward prompting to right may be the whisper of
an angel of God. 'I was terribly tempted just now,'
a poor man may tell you, 'to do something which
might have been my ruin, but something said
"Don't," and I didn't.' 'Give a thought,' we may
say, 'to what that something was. Be sure you are
worth saving or that something would not have said
"Don't."'

REV. H. LATHAM.

July 1

To make known to the sons of men His mighty
acts, and the glory of the majesty of His kingdom.—

Ps. cxlv. 12.

IT will greatly help to carry us forward and keep our energies alive to the end, if we conceive it possible that we may not be merely silent and inactive spectators, but may sometimes be charged to whisper to men guiding or illuminating thoughts, that they may retain if they please. Such overseeing, on the part of those who shall become equal unto the angels, need not be confined to what is moral and spiritual ; we shall not hereafter, I think, draw lines, marking off things secular from things religious ; still less shall we fancy that God's particular domain comprises only the last. I would conceive that even in science such whispers may possibly come.

REV. H. LATHAM.

IN what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' embody'd
mind?

A wingèd virtue, through the ethereal sky,
From world to world, unwearied does he fly ?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell ;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill-essay'd below ?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind ?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius lend !

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When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before.
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

THOMAS TICKELL, 1686-1740.

Many, the greatest, truths
Man hath acquired in visions, or in dreams.

P. J. BAILEY.

July 2

Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens,
with all their host, the earth and all things that are
therein, the seas and all that is in them, and Thou
preservest them all ; and the host of heaven wor-
shippeth Thee.—NEH. ix. 6, 7.

And the number of them was ten thousand times ten
thousand, and thousands of thousands.—REV. v. II.

THE sense of the infinity of the physical universe which grows upon people with the discoveries of science, is, by some persons, found to be overwhelming ; it crushes out of them much of their spirit and more of their faith. They are disheartened and lost in immensity : . . . 'Sure the Almighty,' said a Scotch artisan after a lecture on Astronomy, 'wi' a' these warlds to see after, winna fash Himself wi' the likes o' me.' Now upon this trouble, arising from the discovery of myriads of worlds, my angel theory can be brought effectively to bear. For if there are countless worlds, there may be countless angels as well ; God's instruments may be multiplied indefinitely as well as the objects of His care, so that there need be no fear of Providence having no attention to spare 'for the likes of us.' REV. H. LATHAM.

NOT that the Blessed leave their happy seat
When they draw near ye upon silent feet.
They do not need to thread their starry way
Through worlds of night, or wilderness of day,

Spirit to spirit hath not far to run,
Because in God all souls are verily one
Throughout all worlds ; there are no walls of space
Where all eternity is dwelling-place.
Distance is nothing in the world of Thought ;
And in the world of Spirit it is nought.

GERALD MASSEY.

July 3

Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory
of the Lord is risen upon thee.—ISA. lx. 1.

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul,
both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into
that within the veil.—HEB. vi. 19.

IN all moments of supreme passion and impulse
we feel how thin is that veil which shuts us from
eternity. . . . These moments of exaltation are the
true index of the greatness of man, and therefore are
to be sought and cherished above all other gain.
What are progress, science, knowledge, love, art, in
the light of these higher thoughts ? They are simply
so many golden roads which lead to God ; so many
shining stairs on which the half-visible shapes of
spiritual presences go up and down.

REV. W. J. DAWSON.

Not mean, nor base,
But of Heaven's best upbuilding is this House
Fashioned for man ; the city of nine gates,
Wonderful, subtle, sacred,—to be kept
Fair and well-garnished ; graced with ornament
Outside and in ; and wardened worthily
That, in its ordered precincts, angels' wings
May float and fold ; and body help the soul
As soul helps body.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

WHY shall no inner, under splendours burst
Once—twice—the veil ? Why put a marvel
by
Because too rich with hope ?

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

AND now to me the smallest bird that flies
 Twitters a song which seraphim might sing ;
 While roadside flowers a sacred message bring,
 And teach those truths that make the angels wise.

E. THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

July 4 .

Then he (the angel) answered and spake unto me, saying, This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of *Hosts*.—ZECH. iv. 6.

I LIKE to believe that God's revelation of Himself is going on as effectually now as ever it did. It may take fresh forms in order to meet fresh needs of men ; it would be likely to come, I think as revelations have come before, in such a shape that those might reject it who would ; we should expect also to find it always given with reserve, never leading men to think that the whole of a matter was laid before them at once. These characteristics of revelation are met with in science as well. May not the discoveries of science, physical and natural, be among God's ways of unveiling Himself to these times of ours ? May not the thoughts, coming of a sudden, which have seemed to win into order a chaos of observed measurements and facts, have been due to the permitted whisper of an angel of God ?

REV. H. LATHAM.

AND woven with them there were words which
 seemed

A key to a new world, the muttering
 Of angels, of something unguessed by man.

R. BROWNING.

BRIGHT thoughts are roaming
 Unseen in the air ;
 Like comets, their coming
 Is sudden and rare.

They strike and they enter,
And light up the brain,
Which thrills to its centre
With rapturous pain ;
Where the chance-seed
Is piously nursed,
Brighter succeed
In the path of the first.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

July 5

This also cometh forth from the Lord of *Hosts*,
which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in
wisdom.—ISA. xxviii. 29.

According to the wisdom of an angel of God, to
know all things that are in the earth.—2 SAM. xiv. 20.

IN accounts of discovery we hear of 'intuitions' ;
where did they drop from? I picture an earnest
student of Nature with a heap of facts lying before
him, like the pieces of a child's puzzle tumbled out
on the floor, putting, tentatively, a patch together
here and there. Very vividly, too, do I imagine the
satisfaction of being myself permitted to whisper
some such words as these : 'Look at what lies before
you from the point of view I will show, and all will
come into order, and the fragments will make up a
whole.' A still more 'sacred and home-felt delight'
it would be, if, the whisper having come to the right
man, we should see him, by persevering exertion,
bring all into range ; so that undiscovered ways of
God's action might be laid bare, and a new domain
of Nature be made over to the use and government
of man.

REV. H. LATHAM.

I AM strong in the spirit—deep-thoughted, clear-
eyed—
I could walk step for step, with an angel beside,
On the heaven-heights of truth.

E. B. BROWNING.

TWICE the moon filled her silver urn with light,
Then from the Throne an Angel winged his
flight ;

He, who unfixed the compass, and assigned
O'er the wild waves a pathway to the wind,
Who, while approached by none but Spirits pure,
Wrought in his progress through the dread obscure
Signs like the ethereal bow—that shall endure !
As he descended through the upper air
Day broke on day as God Himself were there !
Before the great Discoverer . . .
He stood, and thus his secret soul addressed :
'The wind recalls thee ; its still voice obey :
Millions await thy coming ; hence away !
To thee, blest tidings of great joy consigned,
Another Nature, and a new Mankind !'

Long on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods :
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous man ;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ears seraphic harmonies ;
'Glory to God !' unnumbered voices sing,
'Glory to God !' the vales and mountains ring,
Voices that hailed Creation's primal morn
And to the Shepherds sung a Saviour born.
Slowly, bareheaded through the surf we bore
The sacred Cross, and kneeling, kissed the shore.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

July 6

Which things angels desire to look into.—I PETER
i. 12.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of
all them that have pleasure therein.—PS. cxi. 2.

WE must not think of heaven as a stationary community ; I think of it as a world of stupendous plans and efforts for its own improvement. In that world, as in this, there are diversities of intellect, and the highest minds find their happiness in elevating the less improved. There the work of education which began here, goes on without end.

And not only will they who are born into heaven enter a society full of life and action for its own development. Heaven has connection with other worlds. Its inhabitants are God's messengers through the creation. They have great trusts. In the progress of their endless being, they may have the care of other worlds.

W. E. CHANNING.

NOW know we the whole world
The land of heavenly commerce, where both
kinds

Of men and angels mix with mutual gain ;
With knowledge, and with wisdom, and with joy
Flowing ; the final festival of time. P. J. BAILEY.

ANGELS, intelligences, the sons of God ;
Ye who know nought but truth, nought feel but
love ;

. . . Ye who move
Restless amidst the peace profound of heaven,
And watchful round the throne ; ye all who rule
Regions, states, kingdoms, races, families, tribes,
Times, ages, epochs, cycles ; ye who souls
From heaven bear earthwards, and from earth,
enriched

With aspiration and good deeds, towards heaven,
Traverse the starry circlets of all skies ;

. . . and you, ye spirits
Freed once on earth into heaven's privileges,
Yours, power for ever, all instructive peace ;
Yours, permanent and progressive joy, who work
And live with God. P. J. BAILEY.

July 7

Where wast thou . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?—JOB xxxviii. 4, 7.

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.—REV. xiv. 2, 3.

BESIDES being the winged messengers of God to man, the deputed regents of the stars, the rulers of the elements, and the dispensers of the fate of nations, angels have another function in which we love to contemplate them. They are the choristers of heaven. Theirs is the privilege to sound that hymn of praise which goes up from their boundless and harmonious universe of suns and stars and worlds and rejoicing creatures, towards the God who created them: theirs is the music of the spheres—

‘They sing and singing in their glory move.’

MRS. JAMESON.

THOUGH the sounds ye make are all foreign,
How native, how household they are;
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven
The dead and the angels speak there.

Dear voices that long have been silenced,
Come clear from their peaceable land,
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness
From the Presence in which they stand.

Or is music the inarticulate
Speech of the angels on earth?
Or the voice of the undiscovered
Bringing great truths to the birth?

Thou art fugitive splendours made vocal,
As they glanced from that shining sea,
Where the vision is visible music,
Making music of spirits who see.

Thou, Lord ! art the Father of music ;
 Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee ;
 Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,
 Though it singeth them silently.

F. W. FABER.

THE earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted,
 fresh an' gay,
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made
 them sae ;
 But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be
 to me
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

July 8

And I saw, and behold, the Lamb standing on the mount Zion, and with him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having His name, and the name of His Father, written on their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder : and the voice which I heard was the voice of harpers harping with their harps : and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.—REV. xiv. 1, 2, 3.

MUSIC is thus, in her health, the teacher of perfect order, and is the voice of the obedience of angels, and the companion of the course of the spheres of heaven.

RUSKIN.

TO-DAY I want you, for once, to think of this—that it was a hymn ; that these angels were singing, even as human beings sing. . . . Music has been called the speech of angels ; I will go further and call it the speech of God Himself. Music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God, which perfect spirits live in heaven ; a life of melody and order in themselves ; a life of harmony with each other, and with God. Some of us may not be able to make music with our voices,

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but we can make it with our hearts, and join in the angels' song this day, if not with our lips, yet in our lives. On this day began that perfect melody of the Son's life on earth ; one song and poem, as it were, of wise words, good deeds, spotless purity, and untiring love, which He perfected when He died and rose again, and ascended on high for ever to make intercession for us with music sweeter than the song of angels and archangels, and all the heavenly host.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands ;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born !

With glad jubilations

Bring hope to the nations !

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one !

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace ;

East, west, north and south let the long quarrel
cease ;

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,

Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man !

Hark ! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us !

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one !

J. G. WHITTIER.

July 9

Thou gavest also Thy good spirit to instruct them.

NEH. ix. 20.

‘**N**OTHING unconnected is ever given.’ Our thoughts and affections seem to originate in ourselves, but they do not. They are the effects of causes that lie in the spiritual world. They come

from the Lord through angels and spirits. If we were entirely disconnected from the spiritual world, we could no more think or feel than we could see if we were shut out from the light, or breathe if we were excluded from the air. Not that our thoughts always come from the angels as thoughts; but influences flow from them which come to our consciousness as thoughts and affections. This may be illustrated by the sounds of an organ. Whether the sound will be high or low, loud or soft, depends upon the pipe, and not upon the inflowing air. Thus the effect of a picture, or statue, or sermon, varies with the character and culture of those who see and hear it.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

FOR in its loftiest moods the soul obeys
A higher power that shapes our thoughts, and
sways

Their motions when by love and strong desire
We are uplifted. From a source unknown
The power descends—with its ethereal fire
Inflames us—not possessing, but possessed,
We do its bidding; but we do not own
The grace that in those happy hours is given,
More than its strings the music of the lyre—
More than the shower the rainbow lent by heaven.
Nature and man are only organ keys—
Mere soundless pipes—despite our vaunted skill—
Till with its breath the power above us fill
The stops, and touch us with its harmonies.

July 10

The man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet psalmist of Israel, said, The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue.—2 SAM. xxiii. 1, 2.

And the voice which I heard was as the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.—REV. xiv. 2, 3.

THE poet Cædmon is said to have been by occupation a cow-herd. After receiving the gift of song, he entered the monastery of Whitby, by the advice of S. Hilda, its abbess. The following is a translation from King Alfred's account of him :— Cædmon was established in secular life until he had attained a considerable age, and had never learned any song. Moreover, at the banquets it was deemed the height of bliss that all those present should sing in turn to a harp which was passed round. When he saw the harp approaching him he would rise, filled with shame, from the assembly and return to his house. On one occasion he had thus left the feast and gone to the shed of the cattle which were committed to his care. At the usual time he lay down to rest and fell asleep. Then, in his sleep, a man stood before him, greeting him, and calling him by his name : 'Cædmon, sing me something.' Then he answered, 'I can sing nothing, and because of this I have left the feast.' But he that spoke with him said, 'Nevertheless you can sing to me.' He said, 'What shall I sing?' The vision answered, 'Sing to me of the Creation.' Then he soon began to sing in the praise of God the Creator verses and words which he had never heard.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

TILL when the chambers of the soul
 Are filled with inarticulate airs,
 A spirit comes which doth control
 The music, and its end prepares ;
 And, with a power serene and strong,
 Shapes these wild melodies to song.

Or haply, thoughts which glow and burn
 Await long time the fitting strain,
 Which, swiftly swelling, seems to turn
 The silence to a load of pain ;
 And somewhat in him seems to cry,
 'I will have utterance, or I die !'

Then of a sudden, full, complete,
 The strong strain bursting into sound,
 Words come with rhythmic rush of feet,
 Fit music girds the language round,
 And with a comeliness unsought,
 Appears the winged, embodied thought.

But howsoever they may rise,
 Fit words and music come to birth ;
 There soars an angel to the skies,
 There walks a Presence on the earth—
 A something which shall yet inspire
 Myriads of souls unborn with fire.

And when his voice is hushed and dumb,
 The flame burnt out, the glory dead,
 He feels a thrill of wonder come
 At that which his poor tongue has said ;
 And thinks of each diviner line—
 'Only the hand that wrote was mine.'

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

July 11

For we are made a spectacle to the world, and to
 angels, and to men.—1 COR. iv. 9.

For the Lord seeth not as man seeth.—1 SAM. xvi. 7.

WE are sent down to be a spectacle to men
 and to angels, and the eyes of the Heavenly
 Hosts are upon us. They are saying over us, as
 they watch, 'What will this man do? What will he
 prove himself? What excellences of character will
 come from him as he meets the shock of circum-
 stance?'

CANON SCOTT HOLLAND.

THE angel spoke—his voice was low and sweet
 As the sea's murmur on low-lying shore—
 Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat :
 'Brother,' he said, 'the God we both adore
 Has sent me down to ask, Is all not right?
 Why was Magnificat not sung to-night?'

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Tranced in the joy the angel's presence brought,
 The Abbot answered : ' All these weary years
 We have sung our best—but always have we thought
 Our voices were unworthy heavenly ears ;
 And so to-night we found a clearer tongue,
 And by it the Magnificat was sung.'

The angel answered : ' All these happy years
 In heaven has your Magnificat been heard ;
 This night alone, the angels' listening ears
 Of all its music caught no single word.
 Say who is he whose goodness is not strong
 Enough to bear the burden of his song?'

The Abbot named his name. Ah ! why,' he cried,
 ' Have angels heard not what we found so dear?'
 ' Only pure hearts,' the angel's voice replied,
 ' Can carry human songs up to God's ear ;
 To-night in heaven was missed the sweetest praise
 That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze.

From purest hearts most perfect music springs,
 And while you mourned your voices were not
 sweet,
 Marred by the accident of earthly things,
 In heaven, God, listening, judged your songs
 complete ;
 The sweetest of earth's music came from you,
 The music of a noble life and true !' E. NESBIT.

July 12

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come
 to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their
 heads.—ISA. xxxv. 10.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see
 God.—S. MATT. v. 8.

THERE is music in heaven, because in music there
 is no self-will ; music goes on certain laws and
 rules. Man did not make those laws of music, he

has only found them out, and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly ; all he brings out is discord and ugly sounds. Music is fit for heaven. Music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God which perfect spirits live in heaven ; a life of melody and order in themselves ; a life of harmony with each other and with God.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IN days of old the happy shepherds heard
The angels herald the Eternal Word :
Our ears are dull—such songs avail not now :
Only the wise beside the manger bow,
To fools in vain the whole creation's voice
May sing of God and bid the world rejoice.

The shepherds listened, and one lowly maid
Had seen the archangel and was not afraid :
O happy Mary ! secret bliss was hers—
Flowers breathed of God, birds were His choristers ;—
Still to the pure in heart each earthly place
May shadow forth some vision of His grace.

Have we no carols ?—Are we deaf and dumb
Save to the great world's money -murmuring
hum !—
Does God seem absent ?—Are the angels gone ?—
The Unseen is here ; His choirs, unheard, sing
on :
And when we tremble in some lonely spot,
He longs to bless us though we know Him not.

If but the voice of self be hushed a while,
If love can banish vanity and guile,
We, too, may see the visions Mary saw
And welcome Love with sweet untroubled awe,
We, too, may hear in every hedge and brake
The music that the heavenly singers make.

A. MATHESON.

July 13

Which things angels desire to look into.—I PETER
i. 12.

And he hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; and to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones for setting, and in carving of wood, to work in all manner of cunning workmanship . . . of the engraver . . . and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen.—EX.
xxxv. 31, 32, 33, 35.

IS it not possible, if He giveth His angels charge, in *all* our ways, His ministering spirits of beauty and skill and knowledge may be waiting for our willing hearts and obedient energies, to show us the patterns of things in the heavens, and to give us the skill to copy them? So may the master craftsman of Divinest beauty, or the humbler artificer that rejoices in the work of his hands, the woman with her needle and fair colours, or the child with his lump of clay, look for the inspiration that will surely come to all who reverently ask and seek and believe, and they shall know the Creator has sent His angel to show unto His servants how to make their work 'very good.'

S. J. C.

BRING hither trowel, carving tool, and knife :
Finish the stonework, plane the seasoned
wood !

Let all the work be perfect ; sound and good ;
These two will build a house up—man and wife—
Its rooms made musical with joyous strife
Of children's voices, and sweet hardihood
Of laughter where each faith-friend has stood
The brunt of time. While on their future life,

Wistful, she gazes, he is fain to prove
 Her dream's foundations, marking the commands
 Of the great Architect, that when all's done,
 Dug in the Rock and built of purest love,
 They may possess a house not made with hands,
 Eternal in the heavens, for ever one.

A. MATHESON.

AND Angelico
 The artist-saint kept smiling in his cell
 The smile with which he welcomed the sweet, slow
 Inbreak of angels (whitening through the dim
 That he might paint them).

E. B. BROWNING.

July 14

Who serve that which is a copy and shadow of the
 heavenly things, even as Moses is warned of God
 when he is about to make the tabernacle: for, See,
 saith He, that thou make all things according to the
 pattern that was showed thee in the mount.—HEB.
 viii. 5.

NO vision that ever haunted forest, or gleamed
 over hillside, but calls you to understand how
 it came into men's hearts, and may still touch them ;
 and all Paradise is open to you—yes, and the work
 of Paradise ; for in bringing all this, in perpetual
 and attractive truth, before the eyes of your fellow-
 men, you have to join in the employment of the
 angels, as well as to imagine their companies.

RUSKIN.

OPENS a door in heaven ;
 From skies of glass
 A Jacob's ladder falls
 On greening grass,
 And o'er the mountain-walls
 Young angels pass.

TENNYSON.

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STRENGTH drink the angels from Thy glory,
 Though none may search Thy wondrous way;
 Thy works repeat their radiant story,
 As bright as on Creation's day. GOETHE.

AND the things of Earth
 Are copies of the things in Heaven, more close,
 More clear, more near, more intricately linked,
 More subtly, than men guess. Mysterious—
 Finger on lip—whispering to wistful ears—
 Nature doth shadow Spirit. SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

July 15

As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall
 also bear the image of the heavenly.—1 COR. xv. 49.

WALKING somewhere with friends one day (it
 is, I fancy, one of old Vasari's stories), Michael
 Angelo noticed a rough block, worthy, so experience
 taught him, of his hand. Something of this sort he
 said: 'In that block, my friends, there is an angel,
 and I mean to set him free.' His friends smiled, but
 the words he said were true, and Angelo meant
 business. Out of the rough stone he hewed an
 angel, as he alone knew how—speaking this day the
 artist's genius, adorning still, I suppose, some church
 or palace in his native Florence. How many an
 angel lies enthralled in their rough human souls,
 needing only an Angelo to set him free!

CANON KNOX LITTLE.

AND in this twofold sphere, the twofold man
 (For still the artist is intensely a man)
 Holds firmly by the natural, to reach
 The spiritual beyond it,—fixes still
 The type with mortal vision, to pierce through,
 With eyes immortal, to the anti-type
 Some call the ideal,—better called the real,
 And certain to be called so presently
 When things shall have their names.

E. B. BROWNING.

July 16

And he hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship.—EX. xxxv. 31.

SHOW men a life in which what there is in them can find full play, and they will be keen enough after that. Tell them that there is reason to believe that there may be as great a diversity both among the angels of God and those who have become like unto them, as there is among men upon earth, and that all the blessed are not to be occupied, for all eternity, in the same way. It is diversity that infuses life and movement among mankind; and there is nothing more prized by our Lord than what is individual and original in men. This diversity, which Nature seems contrived to promote, may serve purposes in the spiritual order as well as upon earth.

REV. H. LATHAM.

AND as he marvelled if he saw aright,
It seemed as if before his startled sight
An angel hand had drawn that Form Divine,
While o'er the Face a radiant light did shine;
Yea, o'er each feature shed its glorious ray
The everlasting light of heavenly day.

At length there fell upon his wondering ear
A sound of far-off words distinct and clear.

'To those who call on Him the Lord is nigh,
His ear is ever open to their cry,
His angels ever watch around and wait,
To minister to fallen man's estate,
Swift messengers from heaven they wing their way
And round the sons of men as guardians stay,
The Lord has sent an answer to thy prayer,
Look on thy Picture and behold it there!
Not as man sees, He saw thy great desire,
Thy ceaseless labour and thy zealous fire.

'LEGEND OF S. CENACOLO.' C. M. P.

July 17

Having the eyes of your heart enlightened ; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe.—*EPH. i. 18, 19.*

THERE ought to be just this upper world of supernatural insight in souls. As they are related to God, there ought to be a power of immediate knowledge, in which He is revealed—they require, in fact, to be as truly conscious of God as of themselves ; for God is the complement of their being, and without Him they only half exist. Again, as they are related to eternal society with all good beings, they ought also to have powers of discerning that may apprehend them. In this manner, as they are not made to be mere plodders, however intelligent, or scientific in distinguishing the laws and causes of things, but to have their summits and supreme destinies of life in their commerce with God and the supernatural society of His realm, their fit equipment requires, obviously enough, a higher sense opening towards the supernatural.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

FRA ANGELICO.

WHAT glimpse of heaven hadst thou, O artist-saint ?

What harmonies sublime fell on thy soul,
What secret raptures o'er thy spirit stole
And purified thee from all earthly taint ?
Did not the heavens ope, the world grow faint,
And all the spheres before thy vision roll,
Till thou beheldst the ransomed, pure and whole,
And with their songs celestial were acquaint ?

Surely thou trodest where the angels tread,
And heard the echoes of God's sacred aisle,
Ere thou couldst paint the radiance round each head,

The faces breathing with celestial smile,
The angel-forms, by which our hearts are led
To that far home they have but left erewhile.

NORLEY CHESTER.

July 18

And he took of the stones of that place, and put them
for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.
And he dreamed and behold a ladder set up on the
earth, and the top of it reached to heaven : and behold
the angels of God ascending and descending on it.—
GEN. xxviii. 11, 12.

FRA ANGELICO.

IN every cell of that monastery of San Marco is
painted a crucifixion by this holy painter . . .
Never would he alter a line when once painted, for
he painted the faces of his visions, and looked on
them as such by inspiration. . . . Look at the tender
rose and gold and violet—the delicate springtide
colourings of his pictures ; look at the angelic and
saintly faces, so untroubled, so unlike those around
us—pure and bright as the blue of heaven when there
is not one cloud to stain it ;—look at the rapt,
exquisite devotion, radiating outward as from an
inward flame, which pervades the whole canvas as
with a subtle lambency like the atmosphere of
Paradise. It came from what Milton called the
unresistible might of weakness which shakes the
world ; ‘it came from the indefinite fruitfulness of
self-sacrifice ; it came from that spiritual force of
chastity, of self-denial,’ which knows how to weep, to
pray, to love.

DEAN FARRAR.

If eyes

That look for visions and surprise
From influent angels, must shut down
Their eyelids first to sun and moon,
The head asleep upon a stone—

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. . . O ye gifted givers ! ye
 Who give your liberal hearts to me
 To make the world this harmony,
 Are ye resigned that they be spent
 To such world's help ?
 The Spirits bent
 Their awful brows and said 'Content.'

E. B. BROWNING.

AND in their stead
 A wonder-world of fancy spread,
 A golden city, with domes and spires,
 Lit by a strange sun's mystic fires.
 Portals of dazzling chrysolite,
 Long colonnades of purest white ;
 Streets paved with gold and jewels rare ;
 And higher, in the ambient air,
 A shining Presence undefined :
 Swift seraphs stooping swift as wind
 From pole to pole, and that vast throng
 Which peopled Dante's world of song.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

July 19

The angel of the Lord descended from heaven . . .
 his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment
 white as snow.—S. MATT. xxviii. 2, 3.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of
 the firmament.—DANIEL xii. 3.

IN Raphael's 'Madonna di San Sisto,' the whole
 background is formed of cherubim and seraphim
 of a uniform delicate bluish tinge, as if composed of
 air, and melting away into an abyss of golden glory,
 the principal figures standing relieved against this
 flood of living love and light—beautiful !

MRS. JAMESON.

IN fashion then as of a snow-white rose
 Displayed itself to me the saintly host,
 Whom Christ in His own blood had made His bride,
 But the other host, that flying sees and sings
 The glory of Him who doth enamour it,
 And the goodness that created it so noble,
 Even as a swarm of bees, that sinks in flowers
 One moment, and the next returns again
 To where its labour is to sweetness turned,
 Sank into the great flower, that is adorned
 With leaves so many, and thence reascended
 To where its love abideth evermore.
 Their faces had they all of living flame,
 And wings of gold, and all the rest so white,
 No snow unto that limit doth attain. DANTE.

AND from my soul, which fronts the future so,
 With unabashed and unabated gaze,
 Teach me to hope for, what the angels know
 When they smile clear as thou dost.

Such cheer I gather from thy smiling, sweet !
 The self-same Cherub faces which emboss
 The veil, lean inward to thy Mercy-Seat.

• E. B. BROWNING.

July 20

Who maketh His angels spirits; His ministers a
 flaming fire.—Ps. civ. 4.

Behold, in the firmament that was above the head of
 the cherubims there appeared over them as it were a
 sapphire stone, as the appearance of the likeness of a
 throne.—EZEK. x. 1.

IN painting, where a glory of angels is placed
 round the Divine Being . . . those forming the
 innermost circles are, or ought to be, of a glowing
 red, the colour of fire, that is, of love; the next
 circle is painted blue, the colour of the firmament,
 or light, that is, of knowledge. Now as the word

seraph is derived from a Hebrew root signifying love, and the word cherub from a Hebrew root signifying to know, should not this distinction fix the proper place and name of the two orders? It is admitted the spirits which *love* are nearer to God than those which *know*, since we cannot know that which we do not first love; that love and knowledge, 'the two halves of a divided world,' constitute in their union the perfection of the angelic nature, but the Seraphim, according to the derivation of their name, should *love* most; their whole being is fused, as it were, in a glow of adoration; therefore they should take the precedence, and their proper colour is red. The Cherubim, 'the lords of those that know,' come next, and are to be painted blue.

MRS. JAMESON.

FORM and colour are but the vehicle for the spirit-meaning. In the 'spiritual body' I fancy they will both be united *with* the meaning—all and every part and property of man and woman instinct with spirit.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ANOTHER world, where Love shall be all,
And Love will answer when Love doth call:—

Where the Soul and the thought make the Form and
the Face,
And no Hope is too great to find Hour of Grace:—

And all in our lives which is best and most bright
Shall claim us, and be us, and rise into sight,
And burst into blossom in God's great Light!

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

July 21

When the morning stars sang together, and all the
sons of God shouted for joy.—JOB xxxviii. 7.

Behold, a watcher and an holy one came down from
heaven.—DAN. iv. 13.

SO, as I went along, I got a more and more distinct idea of this possible function of Heavenly Be-holders, who should gather up the fragments of this reflected happiness and of human goodness, so that nothing should be lost. . . . Beauty must have some one to perceive it who knows what beauty is, or else its very existence is null ; and goodness and happiness, over and above being blessings to their pos-sessors, exhale moral beauty, which only intelligent beings—beings that are ‘finely touched’—can ade-quately perceive. To my mind then, for all that is good in the material world to reach its goal, there must be in the universe spiritual existences looking on all things and into all hearts, discerning goodness and happiness in living beings with most penetrating eye, and sympathising with them in the liveliest way.

REV. H. LATHAM.

A LUMINIFEROUS ether of the soul
Pervades the universe, and makes the whole
Vast realm of Being one :—all breathing breath
Of the same life that is fulfilled in death.
And human spirits, from their earthly bound,
Can thrill the Immortals, in their crystal round,
Like flames that rise and answer a sweet sound :
And set the farthest heavens vibrating,
As air will dance close to a live harp string.

GERALD MASSEY.

WHY deck the high cathedral roof
With foliage rich and rare,
With crowns and flowerets far aloof,
To none but angels fair?

KEBLE.

July 22

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.—S. JOHN x. 10.

THE angels are so ; Jesus is so. Active without a struggle ; active without exhaustion. Have you not known rare and transient hours of work,

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when your mind moved freely amidst its own creations? As fast as the thought arose, it was shaped fittingly, and clothed, sometimes in a garment with graceful folds, sometimes in one of austere simplicity, but always the idea was ennobled by its expression. That was done without difficulty. The angel, at Eden's gate, had lowered his flaming sword. You wandered—brow all light, heart all gladness—in a world where all activity was delight.

COMTESSE DE GASPARIIN.

WHERE life, in spiritual conception free,
Sees all is beauty, and feels all is love,
And ministering thoughts ye come more bright
Than wings of angels glistening in their flight.

BLACKWOOD.

July 23

Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us ; and
establish Thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea,
the work of our hands establish Thou it.—PS. xc. 17.

For He shall give His angels charge over thee.
—PS. xci. 11.

THERE is an old picture which represents a woman who has fallen asleep at her wheel, in very weariness, as she toils to fulfil her household duties, and the angels have come and are softly finishing her task while she sleeps. Let parents be faithful ; let them do their best. What they cannot do, the angels will come and finish while they sleep. Night by night they will come and correct the day's mistakes, and, if need be, do all the poor faulty work over again. Then at last, when the parents sleep in death, dropping out of their hands the sacred work they have been doing for their children, again God's angels will come, take up the unfinished work, and carry it on to completeness.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

AND there it lay upon the stand,
 Open ! he had not left it so.
 He grasped it with a cry ; for, lo !
 He saw that some angelic hand,
 While he was gone, had finished it !
 There 'twas complete as he had planned,
 There, at the end, stood FINIS, writ
 And gilded as no man could do.—

And Friar Jerome nor spoke nor stirred,
 But with his eyes fixed on that word,
 He passed from sin and want and scorn ;
 And suddenly the chapel bells
 Rang in the holy Christmas morn !

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

July 24

For the invisible things of Him since the creation of
 the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the
 things that are made.—ROM. i. 20.

Who maketh His ministers a flaming fire.—Ps. civ. 4.

‘WHAT !’ it will be questioned, ‘when the sun
 rises, do you not see a round disc of fire,
 somewhat like a guinea?’ Oh ! no, no ! I see an
 innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying :
 ‘Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty?’ I
 question not my corporeal eye, any more than I
 would question a window concerning a sight. I look
 through it, and not with it.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

O MIGHT there come as sweet a Dawn
 After my night of death !—
 As fair a Dayspring, stealing on
 With soft and even breath !—

Might I but lie in my low bed
 And dream of the day to be
 Whilst one sweet angel at my head
 Would sit and sing to me ;

One angel singing, where I lie
 Betwixt the dawn and day,
 A song of the Sun that draweth nigh
 Upon the mountains grey.

Then would I see the curtains drawn,
 The shadows driven away
 Whilst God's great angels of the Dawn
 Lead up the golden Day !

B. M.

July 25

Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who sent His angel, and delivered His servants who trusted in Him.—DAN. iii. 28.

And of the angels He saith, Who maketh His angels winds, and His ministers a flame of fire.—HEB. i. 7.

• O ye angels of the Lord.

• O ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord ; praise Him and magnify Him for ever.—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

WELL then, on this day's Festival, may we sing the hymn of those Three Holy Children whom Nebuchadnezzar cast into the fiery furnace. The angels were bid to change the nature of the flame and make it harmless to them ; and they in turn called on all the creatures of God, on the angels especially, to glorify Him. Though many hundreds of years have passed since that time, and the world now vainly thinks it knows more than it did, and that it has found the real causes of the things it sees, still may we say, with grateful and simple hearts, 'O all ye works of the Lord, O ye angels of the Lord, O ye sun and moon, stars of heaven, showers and dew, winds of God, light and darkness, mountains and hills, green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever.' Thus, whenever we look abroad, we are reminded of those most gracious and holy Beings,

the servants of the Holiest, who deign to minister to the heirs of salvation. Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

THERE are who, gazing on the stars,
Love-tokens read from worlds of light,
Not as dim seen through prison-bars,
But as with angels' welcome bright.

KEBLE.

AND in the sweeping of the wind, your ear
The passage of the angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crushèd leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THERE I have seen a sunset's crimson glory
Burn as if earth were one great altar's blaze ;

Or parted clouds, as if asunder riven
By some great angel—and beyond a space
Of far-off tranquil light ; the gates of heaven
Will lead us grandly to as calm a place.

A. A. PROCTER.

FOR was I not,
At that last sunset seen in Paradise,
When all the westering clouds flashed out in throngs
Of sudden angel-faces, face by face
All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God
Held them suspended ?

E. B. BROWNING.

July 26

My Father worketh even until now, and I work.
—S. JOHN v. 17.

And they serve Him day and night in His temple.
—REV. vii. 15.

IT is, however, to the work in heaven, more than to the joy, that I want to draw attention now. If the Father and Christ are ever engaged in *doing*, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' surely we may suppose that the angels are so as well. It must make a prodigious difference in all that concerns our moral being, whether we look forward to a heaven of tranquillity and bliss, or to a sphere in which the faculties developed upon earth shall find full play. If it forms part of our idea of everlasting life, that our faculties, mental and moral, should continue incessantly in play, and that we, as free agents, should direct these faculties to doing God's will; then we shall be careful to keep energy alive in ourselves, and we shall foster nascent energies in those who grow up by our side. REV. H. LATHAM.

THE angels from their thrones on high
 Look down on us with wondering eye,
 And see that where we shall not rest
 We firmly build a solid nest,
 But where we hope to live for aye
 We do not think one stone to lay.

Inscription from an old German house.

KEEP clean, bear fruit, earn life and watch
 Till the white-winged reapers come.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1621-1695.

July 27

Behold, I send an Angel before thee . . . take ye heed of him.—Ex. xxiii. 20, 21.

Only be strong and very courageous, to observe to do according to all the law; . . . turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest have good success whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night. . . . Have not I commanded thee? . . . Be not affrighted, neither be

thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee
whithersoever thou goest.—JOSHUA i. 7, 8, 9.

THE three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and
Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the
posts of our doors, to lead us, with their winged power,
and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path
which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye
hath not seen !

RUSKIN.

BE ye to man as angels are to God,
Servants in pleasure, singers of delight,
Suggesters to his soul of higher things
Than any of your highest ! So at last
He shall look round on you with lids too straight
To hold the grateful tears, and thank you well,
And bless you when he prays his secret prayers,
And praise you when he sings his open songs
For the clear song-note he has learnt in you
Of purifying sweetness, and extend
Across your head his golden fantasies
Which glorify you into soul from sense.

E. B. BROWNING.

July 28

And I saw, and heard a voice of many angels round
about the throne, and the living creatures and the
elders ; and the number of them was ten thousand times
ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.—REV. v. 11.

THOUGHT fails before the number of them ; no
simile, no symbol, conveys it to me. I suppose
if every single thing I have ever looked upon were an
angel, yet all together they might not sum up 'the
number of the fourth part' of that celestial holy
nation. Around the throne, and the living creatures
and the elders, they form a ring more glorious than
of fiery opals, they form a garland more lovely than
of roses. 'Round about'—in heavenly assemblies to
encircle is, as it were, to embrace ; to embrace is to
love.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

YET fairer than they both, and much more bright,
 Be th' angels and archangels which attend
 On God's owne person without rest or end.
 These thus in faire each other far excelling
 As to the Highest they approach more neare,
 Yet is that Highest farre above all telling,
 Fairer than all the rest which there appear.

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without numbers, sweet
 As from blest voices uttering joy. Heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannahs filled
 The eternal regions : lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the
 ground,
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold.

MILTON.

July 29

This is God's hill in the which it pleaseth Him to dwell ; yea, the Lord will abide in it for ever.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels : and the Lord is among them, as in the holy place of Sinai.—Ps. lxxviii. 16, 17.

BUT the point which I desire the reader to note is, that the character of the scene which, if any, appears to have been impressive to the inhabitant, is not that which we ourselves feel when we enter the district. It was not from their lakes, nor their cliffs, nor their glaciers, that the three venerable cantons received their name. And the one of the three which contains the most touching record of the spiritual power of Swiss religion, in the name of the convent of the 'Hill of Angels,' has for its own, none but the sweet, childish name of 'Under the Woods.'

RUSKIN.

WHEN first mine eyes beheld that famous hill,
 The sacred Engelberg, celestial bands,
 With intermingling motions soft and still,
 Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues
 at will.

Clouds do not name those visitants ; they were
 The very angels whose authentic lays,
 Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
 Made known the spot where piety should raise
 A holy structure to the Almighty's praise.
 Resplendent apparition ! if in vain
 My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze ;
 And watch the slow departure of the train,
 Whose skirts the glowing mountain thirsted to
 detain !

WORDSWORTH.

July 30

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to
 minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?—
 HEB. i. 14.

IT may be interesting to many to know the history
 of the beautiful autotype which forms the fronti-
 spiece of this book—for in a dream, 'in a vision of
 the night,' the trooping angels flew swiftly to bring a
 message of consolation and hope to a sorrowing
 home. The father and mother of the artist lay
 dangerously ill, one was dying, and to their devoted
 daughter was given this glimpse of the heavenly
 company, 'earthward bound,' as the vision said, and
 hastening so eagerly that the clasping hands are
 severed in their earnest desire to do His will who
 pities our sorrows. One of those who 'excel in
 strength' leads the band, and one lingers behind in
 adoring love. After more than two years' labour,
 the heavenly inspiration was wrought into earthly
 form ; and it now gives its message to hundreds who
 pass through one of our largest hospitals. S. J. C.

WHAT a fall
 And eddy of wings innumerable, crossed
 By trailing curls that have not lost
 The glitter of the God-smile shed
 On every prostrate angel's head !

What gleaming up of hands that fling
 Their homage in retorted rays,
 From high instincts of worshipping,
 And habitude of praise !

Rapidly they drop below us :
 Pointed palm and wing and hair
 Indistinguishable show us
 Only pulses in the air. E. B. BROWNING.

I THINK thine angel's patience first was done,
 And that he spake out with celestial tears,
 'Is it enough, dear God, then lighten so,
 This soul that smiles in darkness.'

E. B. BROWNING.

July 31

Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love Him. But unto us God revealed them through the Spirit ; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.—I COR. ii. 9, 10.

FURTHER, as the soul is thus curious about arts and sciences, and about every excellent thing of this life, so it is capable of having to do with invisibles, with angels, yea, with the highest and supreme Being, even with the holy God of heaven.

BUNYAN.

THUS, O my soul, hast thou received thy will :
 The glory of the world of ghosts is dim
 Before the One, who is, and was, and still

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Shall ever be, all hearts are fixed on Him,
And spirit-worlds, since He is there, become
Hallow'd and safe to thee, thy proper home.

ALBERTINI.

SEE in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THY finer sense perceives
Celestial and perpetual harmonies !
Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,
Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,
And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,
Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,
And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.

LONGFELLOW.

August

**'Who maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers
a flaming fire.'**

1

August 1

And while they were looking steadfastly into heaven as He went, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel.—ACTS i. 10.

They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy.—REV. iii. 4.

THE angels of God, as ministers of the Most High, are clad with power which they exercise among men and over Nature; but that quality which appears to have been taken as especially characteristic of them is holiness. Hence they are known as 'the holy angels,' 'the holy ones,' and therefore they are always represented in the Scripture as clothed in white. The angel of the Lord who rolled away the stone from the grave of Jesus on the morning of the Resurrection was clad in raiment white as snow. The angels who visited the disciples as they stood looking steadfastly into heaven after the ascended Lord, were clad in white apparel. DR. H. C. M'COOK.

WITH this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight
Of chastity and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beauty bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the angels wear before God's tribunall.

SPENSER.

WHO are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

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These the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command :
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face. F. E. COX.

August 2

To obey is better than sacrifice.—I SAM. xv. 22.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
goodwill toward men.—S. LUKE ii. 14.

LET us consider these two things of them :—that their wills are so entirely agreeing with the will of God, that they can will nothing but as He willeth. Their dial goeth exactly with His sun, and their will set only by His ; 'They do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His words.' And they cannot go a hairbreadth from it to the right hand or left. This is the fair copy we have before us in that petition when we pray, 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' So that what God mindeth towards the good of men, they do the like. Doth He look and wait for any man's repentance ? They do so also. Doth He rejoice for a sinner's conversion ? They rejoice also. And that not only out of their entire agreement with the will of God, but also out of their entire love for men. DR. JOHN LIGHTFOOT, 1658.

FAR better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong.

JEAN INGELow.

I LIKE to fancy God, in Paradise,
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes
Turned earthward, listening—

The Anthem stilled—the angels leaning there
Above the golden walls—the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
‘God bless us Every One!’

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

August 3

Bless the Lord, ye angels of His: ye mighty in strength that fulfil His word, hearkening unto the voice of His word.—Ps. ciii. 20.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. vii. 21.

THE eternal moral law which held good for the sinless Christ, Who, though He were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered, must hold good of you and me, and all moral and rational beings—yea, for the very angels in heaven. . . . They have obeyed, and have given up their own wills to be ministers of God’s will. In them is neither self-will nor selfishness; and therefore, by faith, that is, by trust and loyalty, they stand. And so, by consenting to lose their individual life of selfishness, they have saved their eternal life in God, the life of blessedness and holiness, just as all evil spirits have lost their eternal life by trying to save their selfish life and be something in themselves without respect to God.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SOUL, rule thyself. On passion, deed, desire,
Lay thou the laws of thy deliberate will.
Stand at thy chosen post, faith’s sentinel;
Though hell’s lost legions ring thee round with fire.
Learn to endure . . .
Yet is thy guerdon great; thine the reward
Of those elect who, scorning Circe’s lure,

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Grown early wise, make living right their Lord.
Clothed with celestial steel, these walk secure ;
Masters, not slaves. Over their heads the pure
Heavens bow, and guardian seraphs wave God's
sword.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

August 4

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.—
DAN. xii. 3.

Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. v. 16.

BUT of all that Christ tells us about angels who must have the weightiest practical effect is that we may look to becoming 'like unto the angels' ourselves. Our work hereafter may be like angels' work and our joys like angels' joy. Angels' work and angels' joy go together ; for their joy, or a great deal of it, arises out of their work. God operates through the angels, and the sense of His working in them fills them with a pure delight. There is no happiness known to man like that which comes—rarely, alas, to most of us—from feeling that God is working in us 'both to will and to work for His good pleasure.' This, which with even the best of us is only a passing gleam, yields to the angels the steady light in which they dwell.

REV. H. LATHAM.

GOD'S saints are shining lights ; who stays
Here long must passe
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse ;
But these all night
Like candles, shed
Theire beames, and light
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,
 Seen as we go ;
 They are that Citie's shining spires
 We travel to.
 A sword-like gleame
 Kept man from sin
 First out ; this beame
 Will guide him in.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

August 5

I say unto you, that even so there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, which need no repentance.—S. LUKE xv. 7.

THE angels are given another characteristic, and one that is singularly human. They rejoice more over the penitent, for whose restoration they did not look, than over the ninety and nine just men who needed no repentance. Now this is just what we do ourselves ; we exult over the windfall infinitely more than what comes in regular course ; and when we learn that this is so with angels as well, we hail it as though we had caught the sound of our native speech in a strange land ; and we can, all the better for this word of Christ's, take angels into our sympathy, and make them at home in our hearts.

REV. H. LATHAM.

O, IF the Powers and Thrones above
 Hover with crowns of joy and love,
 Ungrudged, unsparing, over brows
 That mourn in dust their broken vows,
 Rather than where the Saints are seen
 Each reigning in his place serene :—

Brighter the joy, be sure,
 Before Him, where one sinner weeps,
 Than where, in heaven's unchanging deeps,
 A thousand orbs endure.

KEBLE.

August 6

There is one body, and one Spirit ; . . . one Lord,
 one faith . . . one God and Father of all, who is
 over all, and through all, and in all.—EPH. iv. 4, 5, 6.

Thy will be done.—S. MATT. vi. 10.

THE nature and character of the good angels is a humble, loving, friendly nature, which does not deem itself too high to serve poor sinful creatures, both men and women. For they are full of light, of the knowledge of God, and of the wisdom of the Divine goodness. Therefore all that God commands they understand to be perfect, and very good, because it pleases God.

Angels are creatures who shine and burn with thoughts and desires how God can be praised, peace be on earth, and all men be of good heart and mind.

LUTHER.

HE was the Wisdom and the Word,
 And sent His angels ministrant,
 Unterrified and undeterred,
 To rescue souls forlorn and lost,
 The troubled, tempted, tempest-tost
 To heal, to comfort, and to teach.

LONGFELLOW.

August 7

And the man that stood among the myrtle-trees
 answered and said, These are they whom the Lord
 hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth.—
 ZECH. i. 10.

THERE is no ground for supposing that angels have any independent power, and there are strong objections to any such view, but I suppose that they may let drop into men's minds thoughts and impressions which may be noticed or dismissed

as the hearers please. What the angels of God are allowed to whisper we may suppose to come from God. He, we find, works in general, not immediately, but through *means*, and one form of His communications with men may be that of an angel's whisper. God has never, we are told, left men 'without a witness,' and through angels, possibly, this witness may have come.

REV. H. LATHAM.

IN the song, I think, and by it,
Mystic Presences of power
Had up-snatched me to the Timeless, then returned
me to the Hour.

E. B. BROWNING.

IN joy and gladness
In mirth and sadness
Come signs and tokens ;
Life's Angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep.

ROBERT NICOL.

August 8

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.—Ps. lxxviii. 17.

WHAT their works are we do not know, save as we catch brief glimpses here and there: sometimes sent forth as for guard and watch, also as couriers, also as convoys home of spirits departed, also to be escort trains for the Almighty—chariots of God counting twenty thousand, even thousands of angels. One of them, great Michael, is set forth to lead a war against the dragon power of persecution, though really what that means we may not know. Perhaps they go forth on excursions among

distant worlds and peoples, reporting, for new study, what of God may be discovered among them. Doubtless they have all enough to do for ever, and that which is good enough and high enough for their powers.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

THEE 'mid angel hosts we sing,
Thee their Maker and their King.

All who circling round adore Thee,
All who bow before Thy Throne,
Burn with flaming zeal before Thee
Thy behests to carry down ;
To and fro, 'twixt earth and heaven,
Speed they each on errands given.

First of all those legions glorious
Michael waves his sword of flame,
Who of old in war victorious
Did the Dragon's fierceness tame ;
Who with might invincible
Thrust the rebel down to hell.

Strong to aid the sick and dying,
Call'd from heaven they swiftly fly,
Grace Divine and strength supplying
In their mortal agony :
Souls released from bondage here
Safe to Paradise they bear.

REV. W. PALMER.

August 9

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them who shall be heirs of salvation?—HEB. i. 14.

HERE the ministration is merely the doing of some service to man : whether domestic or philanthropic. The same word is used where Martha is said to have been cumbered with much *serving* ; where the widows of the Hellenists are said to have

been neglected in the daily *ministration*, and again where the disciples of Antioch are said to have 'determined to send relief' unto the brethren which dwelt in Judæa. So that in the life of the holy angels there is an element of worship and devotion, directed towards God as its object, and an element of active service on behalf of God's children directed towards man.

DEAN GOULBURN.

THEN, when thou sinkest, mayst thou know at
last
An arm invisible around thee cast ;
Another voice in a serener air
Unfaltering hold the pauses of thy prayer ;
And on thy fainting forehead, like the breath
Of rainy winds to prisoners parched to death,
The sudden rapture of an angel's kiss ;
And thy faith be renewed to thee by this,
Invincible, undying ; and thy heart
Will tell thee, Giuseppe, it is I ;
And not in vain shall I so soon depart,
If God but grant me ministry so high,
To be thy angel in the future years,
And reach a hand to thee from other spheres.

August 10

And I saw another strong angel coming down out of heaven, arrayed with a cloud : and the rainbow was upon his head. — REV. x. 1.

UNDOUBTEDLY we must regard this head-dress as the coronet or crown of the angel. The rainbow is his diadem, and the lesson which the symbol teaches is manifestly that the angelic ministries are crowned with mercy to men. These characteristics belong to all who are appointed by God, angels, or messengers of goodwill towards men. We may give to this figure the widest interpretation. We see here something more than the ministry of

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holy angels continually exercised for God among saints. . . . We see here a type of all agents and instruments whatsoever that stand forth in the eye of Heaven as messengers of truth ; a type of everything that is or shall be a lawful carrier to men of messages of light and help from any quarter of Heaven or any point of God's universe.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

ON wingèd speed, an host
Innumerable, as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf, and every flower :
Regions they passed, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
In their triple degrees ; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth
And all the sea.

MILTON.

August 11

Now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as
also I have been known.—1 COR. xiii. 12.

IF they have that intuitive knowledge, whereby as
in reflection they behold the thoughts of one
another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know
a great part of ours. They that, to refute the
Invocation of Saints, have denied that they have any
knowledge of our affairs below, have proceeded too
far, and must pardon my opinion, till I can thor-
oughly answer that piece of Scripture, 'At the
conversion of a sinner the angels in heaven rejoice.'

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1642.

MAKE not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—

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Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast.
. . . I caught the moral, and cried, 'Hail !
Spirit, let us onward sail,
Envyng, fearing, hating none—
Guardian spirit, steer me on !' UNKNOWN.

No gladder song the morning stars
Upon their birthday morning sang
Than angels sing when one repents.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

August 12

I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ,
and the elect angels, that thou observe these things.
—1 TIM. v. 21.

SURELY we, as well as our Divine Lord, are 'seen of angels'; nay, and ministered unto by them, much as they excel us in strength! S. Paul plainly tells us that it is God's purpose that 'His manifold wisdom should be known to the heavenly principalities and powers through the Church.' When we are made Christians, we are baptized 'into that within the veil,' we are brought near to an innumerable company of angels; and resembling them in their hidden condition, share their sympathy and their services. Therefore the same apostle exhorts Timothy to persevere in obedience, not only by the thought of God, but by that of the angels; and surely we ought to cultivate the habitual feeling, that they see us in our most private deeds, and most carefully guarded solitudes. It is more than enough for a sinful mortal to be made a fellow-worker and fellow-worshipper with the Blessed Spirits, and the servants and the Son of God most high. Rather let us try to realise our privilege, and withal humble ourselves at our want of faith.

DR. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

NOR is the dream untrue ; for all around
The heavens are watching with their thousand
eyes,

We cannot pass our guardian angel's bound,
Resign'd or sullen he will hear our sighs.

He in the mazes of the budding wood
Is near, and mourns to see our thankless glance
Dwell coldly, where the fresh green earth is strewed
With the first flowers that lead the vernal dance.

In wasteful bounty shower'd, they smile unseen,
Unseen by man—but what if purer sprights
By moonlight o'er their dewy bosoms lean
To adore the Father of all gentle lights ?

If such there be, O grief and shame to think
That sight of thee should overcloud their joy,
A new-born soul, just waiting on the brink
Of endless life, yet wrapt in earth's annoy !

O turn, and be thou turn'd ! the selfish tear,
In bitter thoughts of low-born care begun,
Let it flow on, but flow refined and clear,
The turbid waters brightening as they run.

O lost and found ! all gentle souls below
Their dearest welcome shall prepare, and prove
Such joy o'er thee, as raptured seraphs know
Who learn their lesson at the Throne of Love.

KEBLE.

August 13

And another book was opened, which is the book of
life.—REV. XX. 12.

MEN are spiritual beings, free, and with wills of
their own, and actual evil or good is evolved
in almost every motion they make. This is registered
at every moment by hosts of angels who love them ;
their record forms a continuous picture of men's

lives. The joy and the sorrow we cause in the spiritual world do not pass out of existence as though they had never been. Time, with heavenly beings, is not what it is to us ; their memories do not fade owing to waste of brain ; so that the good we do to them is a good for ever, while the evil that we cause is so much good taken away.

REV. H. LATHAM.

THERE was a mournfulness in angel eyes,
That saw thee, woman ! bright in this world's
train,

Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,

Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.

But from thy beauty's garland, brief and vain,

When one by one the rose-leaves had been torn,

When thy heart's core had quivered to the pain

Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy scorn ;

When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odours forth

On the Redeemer's feet ; with many a sigh,

And showering tear-drop, of yet richer worth

Than all these costly balms of Araby ;

Then was there joy, a song of joy in heaven,

For thee, the child won back, the penitent forgiven !

F. HEMANS.

PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice

Returning from his ways ;

While angels in their songs rejoice

And say—' Behold, he prays.'

J. MONTGOMERY.

August 14

Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.—

S. MATT. xviii. 14.

Ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.—Ps. ciii. 21.

EVERY good man and sincere believer is under the constant care and inspection of these spiritual guardians. The very meanest, meekest,

‘Should I be liker Christ, were I
 To love no more
 The loved, who in their anguish lie
 Outside the door?’

The Lord Himself stood by the gate,
 And heard her speak
 Those tender words compassionate,
 Gentle and meek.

And He said, ‘I will go with you,
 Dear child of love ;
 I am weary of all this glory too
 In heaven above.

‘We will go seek and save the lost,
 If they will hear ;
 They who are worst but need the most,
 And all are dear?’

WALTER SMITH.

August 16

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the
 course, I have kept the faith.—2 TIM. iv. 7.

Turn us again, O Lord God of *Hosts*: cause Thy face
 to shine ; and we shall be saved.—PS. lxxx. 19.

THE battlefield is your own soul, and according
 to your consciousness is your own battle. And
 when you grow faint and weary with it, when you
 cease to rely upon your own natural strength, and
 give up in despair, when you cry, ‘Lord, save me ; I
 perish,’ then you know how the cloud gradually lifts,
 and the tempest ceases, and there is a great calm.
 A sweet peace gradually steals over the heart. This
 is the result and reward of a heavenly victory. Your
 despair was the despair of the infernal host that was
 assaulting you, and your peace is the glad triumph
 of your heavenly champions.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

BUT all God's angels come to us disguised ;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.

J. R. LOWELL.

August 17

Thou madest him a little lower than the angels.—
HEB. ii. 7.

And great multitudes came together to hear, and to
be healed by Him of their infirmities. And He with-
drew himself into the wilderness, and prayed.—
S. LUKE v. 15, 16.

IN Jacob's vision were well symbolised the two
functions of angels. On the grand staircase
which the patriarch saw mounting up with broad
steps to heaven, there were angels of God ascending
and descending ; some with faces turned to God as
in worship ; some with their shining countenances
bent downward and their swift feet hastening to the
earth, as if intent on the relief of man, 'ministrant
spirits, sent forth on service in behalf of the heirs of
salvation.' I have only to add that in the single
perfect exemplar of the angelic life upon earth—the
life of our sinless Lord and Master—constant exer-
cises of devotion went hand in hand with constant
relief of man's necessities.

DEAN GOULBURN.

THE seer that in the desert slept
Beheld the angels fair
Ascending and descending still
Upon the golden stair.

The lines descending to the Stone—
To us the Beth-el true !—
Became in turn ascending lines
To meet Descent anew.

Behold the mystic symbol here,
 Graved on the opal stone ;
 The two Triangles Interlaced—
 The Seal of Solomon.

And one descends and one ascends ;
 They cross in every line :
 And as a star shall shine the Soul
 Whose Life has wrought the Sign.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

August 18

As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire. . . . And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, as the noise of an host.—EZEK.

i. 13, 24.

THE very names assigned to angels by their Creator convey to us ideas pre-eminently pleasing, fitted to captivate the heart, and exalt the imagination ; ideas which dispel gloom, banish despondency, enliven hope, and awaken sincere and unmingled joy. They are Living Ones ; beings in whom life is inherent and instinctive ; who sprang up under the quickening influence of the Sun of Righteousness, beneath the morning of everlasting day ; who rose, expanded, and blossomed in the uncreated beam, on the banks of the river of life, and were nourished by the waters of immortality.

DR. DWIGHT.

THEY boast ethereal vigour, and are form'd
 From seeds of heavenly birth. VIRGIL.

NOW let us cleave the sky with wings of gold ;
 The world be Paradise,
 Since to its fruitful breast
 Now the great Sovereign of our quire descends ;

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Now let us cleave the sky with wings of gold ;
Strew yourselves flowers beneath the step divine,
 Ye rivals of the stars !
 Summoned from every sphere,
Ye gems of heaven, heaven's radiant wealth
 appear ;
Now let us cleave the sky with wings of gold !

COWPER.

August 19

Ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.—Ps. ciii. 21.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to
minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?—
HEB. i. 14.

VERY wonderful indeed are the ministrations of angels. The Church has lost much by her failure to teach and enforce the doctrine, than which there is none more clearly affirmed in Scripture. There we see them directing the operations of nature, guiding the thunder and lightning, and loosing the winds appointed to blow, ruling the earthquake and the storm, the plague and the pestilence. They fill the Church with their blessed presence, and bear upward the prayers and praises of the faithful, until they blend with heaven's unceasing harmonies. They shield our tender infancy, and guide the uncertain steps of manhood, they cover the hoary head of age with the shelter of their wings, and bear the departing souls to Abraham's bosom.

BISHOP SULLIVAN.

FOR the great eye that sees us never sleeps ;
It has its ministering angels wheresoe'er
Existence is—beneath us, and above,
Around us, and within us, He has there
His delegates.

BYRON.

August 20

For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

—Ps. xci. 11, 12.

THE charge is, 'To keep thee in all thy ways'; here is a limitation of the promise; that is, as long as thou keepest in the way of thy duty. They that go out of that way put themselves out of God's protection. This word the devil left out when he quoted it to enforce a temptation, knowing how much it made against him. But observe the extent of the promise: it is 'to keep thee in all thy ways.' Even when there is no apparent danger, yet we need it; and when there is the most imminent danger, we shall have it wherever the saints go; the angels are charged with them, as the servants are with the children.

MATTHEW HENRY.

CHILD of my throes, where'er I set thee stand,
No self-sought danger earns my angel's hand.

MORGAN.

THE fall thou darest to despise—
Maybe the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

A. A. PROCTER.

August 21

To the intent that now unto the principalities and the powers in the heavenly places, might be made known through the Church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord.—EPH. iii. 10, 11.

ANGELS are evidently employed to observe the prayers and actions of God's people, and are commissioned to relate and remember them in heaven. Such agency is not a necessity to God; neither is the agency of man, be he preacher, teacher, or evangelist. As the omniscient God does not depend upon His angels for His information, so He does not depend upon the wisdom, strength, and zeal of men for the conversion of sinners. Still, if He *can* do without these agents, angelic and human, He does not. The absolute necessity for the use of angels cannot be proved; but the reason for employing such instrumentality may be found in the fact that such employment is an education to the angels, and a channel of rich comfort to mortals. The celestial beings desire to look into the things which accompany salvation, and their vision becomes keener and clearer through frequent visits to earth, where they bow over penitent sinners and praying saints.

ARE these the tracks of some unearthly Friend,
His footprints, and his vesture-skirts of light,
Who, as I talk with men, conforms aright
Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
With my hid thought;—or stoops him to attend
My doubtful pleading grief;—or blunts the might
Of ill I see not;—or in dreams of night
Figures the scope, in which what is will end?

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

August 22

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—

LUKE XV. 10.

THE verse just quoted closes the Parable of the Lost Piece of Silver, which tells us, among other things, that the sinner, though gone astray, really belongs to God and His angels all the time.

God, of course, stands behind the angels, and, we may suppose, prompts their whispers to men's hearts. He is not shut out from us by the intervention of angels, only the thought of them helps us in representing to ourselves God ministering to us in matters which we should (unwisely, of course) have been apt to think too small for God's concern. Scripture speaks of angels so often that we must suppose that the notion of their intervention—a familiar one in old days—was one that carried profit with it.

REV. H. LATHAM.

OUTSIDE His providence we cannot stand,
 His Presence makes the smallest room expand
 Wider than wings of Day and Night e'er fanned.
 I who am here, His Messenger, to-night,
 But bring that Presence to a point in light.
 We are the agencies, the living laws,
 Whereby Creation is eternal Cause.

Ye stir and put forth feelers which are clasped
 By airy hands, and higher life is grasped.

GERALD MASSEY.

August 23

Which things angels desire to look into.—1 PETER
 i. 12.

To the intent that now, unto the principalities and
 powers in heavenly places, might be known by the
 Church the manifold wisdom of God.—EPH. iii. 10.

I HAD meant to have said somewhere, that if the
 wills of angels are free, and they are short of
 perfection, as we believe them to be, they cannot
 remain morally and intellectually unchanged. De-
 velopment of some kind there must be, and if it do
 not tend towards perfection, as a limit never quite
 to be reached, deterioration is likely to ensue. This
 peep of ours into the angel world may, at any rate,
 save us from fancying that the world was made only

for man and his concerns. One among the purposes of our peopled globe may be this, that it should offer to the spiritual host a sphere for interest and the play of faculty, leading them thereby away from themselves and furthering their advance.

REV. H. LATHAM.

YET are 'ware of a sight, yet are 'ware of a sound
 Beyond Hearing and Seeing,—
 Are aware that a Hades rolls deep on all sides
 With its infinite tides
 About and above us,—until the strong arch
 Of our life creaks and bends as if ready for falling,
 And through the dim rolling we hear the sweet
 calling
 Of spirits that speak in a soft under-tongue
 The sense of the mystical march :
 And we cry to them softly, 'Come nearer, come
 nearer,
 And lift up the lap of this dark, and speak clearer,
 And teach us the song that ye sung !'

O Life, O Beyond,
 Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

E. B. BROWNING.

August 24

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial.

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.—I COR. xv. 40, 44.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended unto my Father.—S. JOHN xx. 17.

THE angels of sacred history . . . see, they eat, they speak, they sing, their voices are heard by human ears, their touch is felt upon human hands, as when they led Lot and his family forth from Sodom. In short, they command material forces

and achieve material results. When they appear their bodies resemble a human form, nor is there any indication in Scripture that those bodies are not real, and only assumed for the time and then laid aside. For myself, I believe that they are material, though of a form of matter of which we as yet can form no true conception, but which, some day perhaps, in the progress of a sanctified science, we shall be able to understand, if not discern. At all events, their life-history, as far as the Bible gives it . . . shows them united in sympathetic and harmonious service of God, with man and the inferior animals and with all creation.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

SO every spirit, as it is most pure,
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
 So it the fairer body doth procure,
 To habit in, and it more fairly dight
 With chearefull grace and amiable sight ;
 For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

SPENSER.

August 25

Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He is able even to subject all things to Himself.—PHIL. iii. 21.

AS the power of man above the beasts of the field arises from his having a spiritual soul, while they have only fleshly bodies, so do the angels, being pure spirits, being wholly free from the manifold, ever-growing wants and weaknesses of the body, excel mankind in power. Indeed, we need only think of the power which the mind has to dart through time and over space, through thousands of years and over thousands of miles in a moment, to get some notion what its power would be, if it were not bound down to a single spot by the numbing

weight of the body, which, whatever it may have been at first, now that the soul is so weakened and maimed by sin, has become a heavy, intolerable clog to it.

ARCHBISHOP HARE.

GO! upon thy wing arise,
Plumèd by quick energies,
Mount in circles up the skies;
And I will bless thy wingèd passion,
Help with words thine exaltation,
And like a bird of rapid feather,
Outlaunch thee, soul, upon the ether.

GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

HOW mind will act with body glorified
And spiritualised, and senses fined,
And pointed brilliant-wise, we know not. Here,
Even, it may be wrong in us to deem
The sense's degradations, otherwise
Than as fine steps, whereby the queenly soul
Comes down from her bright throne to view the mass
She hath dominion over, and the things
Of her inheritance, and re-ascends,
With an indignant fiery purity,
Not to be touched, her seat.

P. J. BAILEY.

August 26

For neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are sons of God, being sons of the resurrection.—S. LUKE xx. 36.

It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

I COR. xv. 43, 44, 49.

BY laying this saying of our Lord by the side of S. Paul's words, we arrive at the probability that an angel has 'a spiritual body.' If risen men

have a spiritual body, and angels are equal unto risen men, angels must possess a spiritual body too. . . . There is a strange parallel between the above words of S. Paul and our Lord's words to Nicodemus, 'Except a man be born of water and the spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' Can it be that 'being born of the spirit' means the quickening of an inborn germ of the spiritual body by the spirit 'breathing where it listeth,' or by the 'life-giving Spirit of Christ'? Can it be possibly that this spiritual body should go on growing, along with the natural body, during man's life on earth and afterwards, escaping from it, become equal with the angels?

REV. H. LATHAM.

FOR such a vestal soul as his—so pure,
 So crystal-clear, so filled with light, we looked
 As at some window of the other world,
 And almost saw the angel shining through

And thinking of the holy life he lived,
 And knowing he was one of those that soon
 Attain their starry stature, and are crown'd,
 We could not linger in the dust to weep.

Let us uplift the eyelids of the mind
 And see the living Love who dwelt a while
 In that frail body, now a spirit of Light,
 All jubilant upon the hills of God.

GERALD MASSEY.

ALL that hath been majestic
 In life or death, since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The heart of man.

J. R. LOWELL.

August 27

So God created man in His own image: in the
 image of God created He him.—GEN. i. 27.

Thou madest him a little lower than the angels;

Thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and
didst set him over the works of Thy hands.—HEB. ii. 7.

ADAM.

FOR this plainly demonstrates, that before his sin, whilst he stood in the first state of his creation, that he was an angel in nature and power, that neither his *own outward* body, nor any part of outward nature, had any power in him or upon him; for had his own outward body, or any element of outward nature, had any power to act upon him, to make any impressions, or raise any sensations in him, he could not have been ignorant of good and evil in this world. . . . He was put into the possession of it only to rule as a superior being over it; he was to have no share of its life and nature, no feeling of good or evil from it, but to act in it as a heavenly artist, that had power and skill to open the wonders of God in every power of outward nature.

WILLIAM LAW.

AND Music was the name the dreamer gave
To that dream-world's mysterious sounds. In
vain,

However, for long years did Adam crave
To hear, in *this* world, *that* world's sounds again.
And everywhere on earth he sought to find
Or fashion images that might express
The echoes of them lingering in his mind,
But nought resembled their mysteriousness.
His sons grew up. Memorial words they wrote
On sun-dried river-reeds in cunning rhymes;
He praised their Scripture, but he shook his head:
'The higher language still lies out of reach,
And sweet your rhymes, my sons; but, ah!' he said,
'They are not music, only sweeter speech.'

. . . and pictures rich they wrought
Of man, his doings, and the world around.
But not in these was found what Adam sought.
'Things seen or known,' he said, 'they mimic well,
But all things known and seen are, I surmise,

Themselves but pictures of invisible,
 Or echoes of unheard, infinities ;
 Definite are words, forms, and colours, each :
 Music alone is infinite.'

LORD LYTTON.

August 28

And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

—GEN. iii. 22, 23.

Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels.—S. LUKE xx. 36.

ADAM had all that Divine nature, both as to an heavenly spirit, and heavenly body, which the angels have: but as he was brought forth to be a lord and ruler of a new world . . . so it was necessary that he should also have the nature of this new created world in himself, both as to its spirit and materiality. Hence it was that he had a body taken from this new created earth, not such dead earth as we now make bricks of, but the blessed earth of Paradise, that had the powers of heaven in it, out of which the Tree of Life itself could grow. Into the nostrils of this outward body was the breath or spirit of this world breathed; and in this spirit and body of this world did the inward celestial spirit and body of Adam dwell: it was the medium or means through which he was to have commerce with this world, become visible to its creatures, and rule over it and them. Thus stood our first Father; an angel both as to body and spirit, as he will be again after the resurrection.

WILLIAM LAW.

Shuddering
 Adam crouched low at the archangel's feet
 And cried, 'Whate'er I *must* be, and whate'er
 I *can* be, aid, O aid me, to forget
 What I no longer *may* be !'

. . . His helmèd head,
 As in obedience to some high command
 Deliver'd to him by no audible word,
 The Archangel bowed . . .

There ran
 The pang and shudder of a fierce surprise
 Through Adam's soul ; and then he slept again
 As he had slept before, when he (likewise
 In twain divided—Man and Woman) began
 His double being.

Upon the night-bound plain,
 In two vast fragments, each a dim surmise,
 Eternity had fallen—one part toward man,
 The other part toward man's lost Paradise,
 The light of Eden by its fall was crost,
 And in its shadow vanisht—save one gleam
 Of faintly-lingering glory that was lost
 In Adam's slumber, and became—a Dream.

LORD LYTTON.

August 29

But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.—ROM. viii. 11.

AND this was man's first and great trial ; a trial, not imposed upon him by the mere will of God, or by way of experiment ; but a trial necessarily implied in the nature of his state : he was created an angel, both as to body and spirit ; and this angel stood in an outward body, of the nature of the outward world ; and therefore by the nature of his state, he had his trial, or *power* of choosing, whether he would live as an angel, using only his outward

body as a means of opening the wonders of the outward world to the glory of his Creator ; or whether he would turn his desire to the opening of the bestial (animal) life of the outward worldling himself, for the sake of *knowing the good and evil* that was in it. . . . No sooner had he got this knowledge, by the opening the bestial (animal) life and sensibility within him, but in that day, nay, in that instant, *he died* ; that is, his heavenly spirit with its heavenly body were both extinguished in him ; but his soul, an immortal fire that could not die, became a poor slave in prison of bestial (animal) flesh and blood ; see here the nature and necessity of our redemption ; it is to redeem the first angelic nature that departed from Adam ; it is to make that heavenly spirit and body which Adam lost, to be alive again in all the Human nature ; and this is called Regeneration.

WILLIAM LAW.

O life
Which is not man's nor angel's ! What is this ?

E. B. BROWNING.

There ran
The pang and shudder of a fierce surprise
Through Adam's soul ; and then he slept again
As he had slept before, when he (likewise
In twain divided—Man and Woman) began
His double being . . .
Adam had lost his memory by the stroke
Of that celestial sword's transfixing flame,
And so forgot his dream when he awoke.
Yet did its unremembered secret claim
Release from dull oblivion's daily yoke
In moments rare. He knew not whence they
came,
Nor was it in his power to reinvoke
Their coming ; but at times through all his frame
He felt them, like an inward voice that spoke
Of things which have on earth no uttered name ;
And sometimes like a sudden light they broke
Upon his darkest hours, and put to shame

His dull despondency, his fierce unrest,
His sordid toil, and miserable strife.
These rare brief moments Adam deemed his best,
And called them all THE POETRY OF LIFE.

LORD LYTTON.

August 30

We see Jesus, Who was made a little lower than
the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with
glory and honour; that He by the grace of God
should taste death for every man.—HEB. ii. 9.

The last Adam was made a quickening spirit.—
1 COR. xv. 45.

SEE here the nature and necessity of our Redemp-
tion; it is to redeem the first angelic nature
that departed from Adam. . . . See also the true
reason why only the Son, or eternal Word of God,
could be our Redeemer; it is because He alone, by
whom all things were at first made, could be able to
bring to life again that celestial spirit and body which
had departed from Adam. . . . And therefore if
angels after angels had come down from heaven to
assure him, that God had pity and compassion to-
wards him, that God had no anger at him, he had
yet been unhelped; because, in the nature of the
thing, nothing could make so much as a beginning of
his deliverance, but that which made a beginning of
a new birth in him, and nothing could fully effect his
recovery, but which perfectly finished the new birth
of all that heavenly life which he had lost.

WILLIAM LAW.

WHERE'S Adam? Can pardon
Requicken that sod?
Unkinged is the King of the Garden,
The image of God.

E. B. BROWNING.

WHERE glowed one human glory bright enough
To feed the fond desire, the hopeless hope
That, somewhere, at beginning, Man did touch

Divinity ; and somewhere, at his end,
 Might pass—a purged thing—to the Infinite?
 This hath my Lord and Master satisfied ;
 This, from the mouths of doubters and unfaith,
 For ever hath He taken ! Ah ! the worst,
 Th' unworthiest creature of us, crawling earth,
 If he but knew what bliss hath happened here,
 What sudden splendour of inheritance,
 What unexpected purple, undeserved,
 Hath lighted, making him the kith of Kings,
 Would lift his head from the life-dust he licks,
 And, in the sunshine of new happy hope,
 Spread jewelled wings of joy.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

August 31

**Which things angels desire to look into.—1 PETER
 i. 12.**

For verily He took not on him the nature of angels ; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.—

HEB. ii. 16, 17.

HOW does all this manifest the infinity of the Divine Love towards man? It is because nothing less than this mysterious Incarnation (which astonishes angels) could open a way, or begin a possibility, for fallen man to be born again from above, and made again a partaker of the Divine nature. . . . No powers, no abilities of the highest order of creatures, could kindle the least spark of life in him, or help him to the least glimpse of that heavenly light which he had lost. . . . How adorable is that mystery, which enables us to say, that when man laid thus incapable of any relief from all the powers and possibilities of nature, that then the Son, the Word

of God, entered by a birth into this fallen nature, that by this mysterious Incarnation, (they) might be born again of Him according to the Spirit, in the same reality, as they were born of Adam according to the flesh !

WILLIAM LAW.

CHRIST.

THEN, at last
I, wrapping round me your humanity,
Which being sustained, shall neither break nor burn
Beneath the fire of Godhead, will tread earth,
And ransom you and it, and set strong peace
Betwixt you and its creatures. With my pangs
I will confront your sins ; and since those sins
Have sunken to all Nature's heart from yours,
The tears of my clean soul shall follow them
And set a holy passion to work clear
Absolute consecration. In my brow
Of kingly whiteness shall be crowned anew
Your discrowned human nature . . .

Ye shall fall

No more, within that Eden, nor pass out
Any more from it.

E. B. BROWNING.

September

'Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength.'

September 1

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?—JOB xxxviii.

4, 7.

AS it is given us in the night of this world to behold the heavens studded with stars, great, glorious, and beautiful, in like manner has Scripture opened to our view a sight of the blessed angels. They appear as stars around us. But no unconcerned spectators in their silent watches Michael, 'who is as (like unto) God?'; Gabriel, 'the strength of God'; Raphael, 'the healing of God' (so their names signify). They are ministering spirits sent by Him, shadows of His presence; He has revealed to us their deep concern for our welfare, their active ministrations about us day and night, and especially their peculiar regard for those who are of a meek spirit and despised of the world. What a dignity does this shed on our daily life!

J. WILLIAMS.

STARS of the morning, gloriously bright;
Fill'd with celestial virtue and light!
These that where night never followeth day,
Raise the Trishagion ever and aye.

These are Thy counsellors; these Thou dost own,
Lord God of Sabaoth! nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy ministers, these Thou dost send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers:
Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, and Powers:
Where with the living ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

'Who like the Lord?' thunders Michael the Chief:
 Raphael, 'the Cure of God,' comforteth grief:
 And as at Nazareth, Prophet of Peace,
 Gabriel, 'the Light of God,' bringeth release.

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid-space,—
 Then, when the planets first sped on their race,—
 Then, when were ended the Six Days' employ,—
 Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us! still let them fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right!
 Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
 We with the angels may bow and adore.

Trans. by DR. J. M. NEALE.

September 2

He raised Him from the dead, and made Him to sit
 at His right hand in the heavenly places, far above
 all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and
 every name that is named, not only in this world,
 but also in that which is to come.—EPH. i. 20, 21.

GABRIEL, the hero of God.

Michael, who is like unto God?

Raphael, the healing of God.

Gabriel (Heb. 'Man of God'), as the messenger more especially of comfort and of good tidings, occupies a prominent place in the New Testament, as announcing the birth both of John the Baptist to Zacharias and of our Lord to the Virgin Mary. By a singular fate, having been regarded by Mahomet as his immediate inspirer, he is looked upon in many parts of the East as the great protecting angel of Islamism, and, as such, in direct opposition to Michael, the protector of Jews and Christians.

Uriel, the fire of God, the fourth archangel, is regarded as more particularly charged with the interpretation of God's will, of judgments and prophecies. These archangels of Christian tradition

are to the Jews the first four of those seven angels who see the glory of God; the other three being Chamuel (he who sees God), Jophiel (the beauty of God), and Zadkiel (the righteousness of God).

To these, the Jews added Ruchael, the angel of the Wind; Abdiel, the servant of God; Sammael, the angel of Death, and others.

SMITH'S 'DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.'

‘**H**EAR all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues,
powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand ; your Head I him appoint ;
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord :
Under his great vicerent reign abide
United as one individual soul
For ever happy.

MILTON.

MILTON.

September 3

Therefore with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name.—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

And every created thing which is in the heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and on the sea, and all things that are in them, heard I saying, Unto Him that sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb, be the blessing, and the honour, and the glory, and the dominion, for ever and ever.—REV. V. 13.

SERAPHIM and cherubim, angels and archangels join with mankind and the animate world and with all inanimate nature to advance the Divine glory. The whole universe of intelligent and material creatures is represented as built into and enclosed

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within one mighty temple of glory, beneath the all-
enclosing dome of the rainbow, which overarches the
throne.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

A GOOD man, and an angel ! these between
How thin the barrier ! What divides their fate ?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year.

Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.

Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin ;
Yet absent, but not absent from their love. —
Michael has fought our battles ; Raphael sung
Our triumphs ; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign : and are these, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? And thou (shame burn
Thy cheek to cinders !) rival to the brute ?

YOUNG.

September 4

And whiles I was speaking, and praying, and
confessing my sin . . . and presenting my supplica-
tion before the Lord my God . . . the man Gabriel,
. . . being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the
time of the evening oblation. And he instructed me,
and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now
come forth to make thee skilful of understanding. —

DAN. ix. 20, 21, 22.

WHEN God's special glory has to be satisfied by
His answer to our prayer, it may call for such
haste as to make an angel grow weary. Daniel tells
us that when Gabriel touched him about the time of
the evening oblation, he had the appearance of one
who had come in great haste. I venture to follow
those who render 'caused to fly swiftly,' with the
expressive phrase, 'caused to fly with weariness.'
Keil's scholarly translation, 'wearied with weariness,'

and his application of it to the condition of Daniel at the former visit of the angel, seems to be rather far-fetched. Keil's contention that we cannot speak of an angel, who is an unearthly being, as being wearied, is very much open to question. Perhaps the condition of weariness is always, more or less, experienced by angels when they assume earthly forms, even as the Son of God became weary when clothed with perfect humanity, and the tremendous purposes of the infinite God may tax the energies of the grandest and most spiritual creatures. Thus we learn the lesson that God spares not the angels when the time for answering the cry of His elect is come !

NOT for obeisance but obedience
 Give motion to thy wings ! Depart from hence ;
 The voice said 'Go !'

Beloved, I depart,
 His will is as a spirit within my spirit,
 A portion of the being I inherit,
 His will is mine obedience.

E. B. BROWNING.

September 5

But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias ;
 because thy supplication is heard.

And the angel answering said unto him, I am
 Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God ; and I was
 sent to speak unto thee, and to bring thee these good
 tidings.—S. LUKE i. 13, 19.

ARE special angels commissioned to attend upon
 praying saints ? It would appear so. Luke, in
 his Gospel, tells us that, while Zacharias, the priest,
 was burning incense in the temple, and the multi-
 tude of people were praying without, 'there appeared
 unto him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right
 side of the altar of incense.' He did not leave the
 priest long in doubt as to his errand, for he at once

assured Zacharias that a certain prayer he had offered up was heard, and, therefore, would be answered. This was not the first time that Gabriel had come from heaven to earth for the purpose of assuring a praying soul that his cries had been heard. The prophet Daniel says : 'While I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly with weariness, touched me about the time of the evening oblation.'

REV. PHILIP REYNOLDS.

BUT what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed ?
 The mighty utterance of a mighty need.
 The man is praying, who doth press with might
 Out of his darkness into God's own light.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
 When angel hands from heaven are scattering gold.

R. C. TRENCH.

September 6

And another angel came and stood over the altar, having a golden censer ; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should add it unto the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, with the prayers of the saints, went up before God out of the angel's hand.—REV. viii. 3, 4.

A BEAUTIFUL scrap of instruction out of old rabbinical lore tells us that there are in heaven two kinds of angels—the angels of service and the angels of praise. The latter are of a higher order than the former. No one of them praises God twice, but having once lifted up his voice in the song of heaven, he ceases to be. He has perfected his being. His song is the full flower and perfect fruit of his life, that for which he was made. He has now finished his work, and his life is breathed out in his one holy psalm. There is in this delightful fancy a

deep truth, that the highest act of which an immortal life is capable is praise. The unpraising life has not yet realised its holiest mission. It has not yet borne the sweetest, ripest, best fruit, that which in God's sight is most precious of all. In heaven all life is praise, and we come near heaven's spirit only as we learn to praise.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air—
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn and expire
With the song's irresistible stress ;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below ;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

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And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

LONGFELLOW.

September 7

Then said Tobit to her, Take no care, my sister ; he shall return in safety, and thine eyes shall see him. For the good angel will keep him company, and his journey shall be prosperous, and he shall return safe.—

TOBIT V. 20, 21.

RAPHAEL, the healing of God.

THE prince of guardian spirits, the guardian angel of all humanity, is Raphael ; and in this character, according to the early Christians, he appeared to the shepherds by night 'with good tidings of great joy, which shall be for all people.' It is, however, from the beautiful Hebrew romance of Tobit that his attributes are gathered : he is the protector of the young and innocent, and he watches over the pilgrim and the wayfarer. The character imputed to him in the Jewish traditions has been retained and amplified by Milton : . . . his sympathy with the human race, his benignity, his eloquence, his mild and social converse. So when Adam blesses him :—

Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore !
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever
With grateful memory. Thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return !

MRS. JAMESON.

BY the spring of God's compassions,
 Where the light is hard to bear,
 Oh ! who is that golden spirit
 So intensely gazing there ?
 By the sealed and secret fountain
 In the midst of the Abyss
 Where God's love of human nature
 Springs in life, and light and bliss :—

He hath drunk of that one fountain,
 In the Godhead's placid breast,
 Till his beautiful, broad spirit
 Is with love of man possest.
 Oh, look, look upon his beauty,
 E'en in heaven how passing fair !
 God Himself, O grand Archangel !
 Deems thee bright beyond compare.

Thou art special in thy longings,
 Thou art special in thy crown :
 Heaven wonders at thy beauty,—
 'Tis a beauty of thine own.
 Thou art Raphael the Healer,
 Thou art Raphael the Guide,
 Thou art Raphael the Comrade,
 Aye at human sorrow's side.

Yet thy proper gift is gladness,
 And thy nature is so sweet,
 Thou art made to be the shadow
 Of the unmade Paraclete.

O Archangel of Compassion !
 Unto thee God's Heart is given ;
 For thou lov'st the gifts of healing,
 Most of all the gifts of Heaven.

O thou human-hearted Seraph !
 How I long to see thy face,
 Where in silver showers of beauty
 God bedews thee with His grace !

But I see thee now in spirit
 'Mid the Godhead's silent springs,
 With a soft eternal sunset
 Sleeping ever on thy wings.

F. W. FABER.

September 8

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders ; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands ; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—REV. V. 11, 12.

THE divine existence multiplies itself. The company of spiritual beings who surround Him with their loyalty and love, the angels in countless orders sweeping upward from the ministers of man's lower wants up to those who stand nearest the throne—all these in some belief or other have been included in the faith of every race of men, of almost every man, who had come to the knowledge of a spiritual world and trusted in a God. We must not rob ourselves of the strength and richness that the thought of their existence has to give.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man.

CARLYLE.

NEXT he did beget
 An infinite increase of angels bright,
 All glist'ring glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
 (Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
 Adorned with thousand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold)
 He gave as their inheritance to hold,

That they might serve him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those joyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on their will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of love both day and night.

'THE FAERIE QUEEN,' SPENSER.

September 9

And I heard a voice of many angels round about the throne . . . and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.—
REV. v. 11.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of *Hosts*.—ISA. vi. 3.

NOR are these thoughts without their direct influence on our faith in God and His Son ; for the more we can enlarge our view of the next world, the better. When we survey Almighty God surrounded by His holy angels, His thousand, thousand of ministering spirits, and ten thousand times ten thousand standing before Him, the idea of His awful majesty rises before us more powerfully and impressively. We begin to see how little we are, how altogether mean and worthless in ourselves, and how high He is, and fearful. The very lowest of His angels is indefinitely above us in our present state ; how high then must be the Lord of angels ! The very Seraphim hide their faces before His glory, while they praise him ; how shamefaced then should sinners be, when they come into His presence ! Lastly, it is a motive to our exertions in doing the will of God, to think that, if we attain to heaven, we shall become the fellows of the blessed angels.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

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HOW shall I sing that majesty
 Which angels do admire?
 Let dust in dust and silence lie,
 Sing, sing ye heavenly quire.
 Thousands of thousands stand around
 Thy throne, O God most high;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
 Thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
 Whilst I thy footsteps trace;
 A sound of God comes to my ears;
 But they behold Thy face.
 They sing because Thou art their sun,
 Lord, send a beam on me;
 For where heav'n is but once begun,
 There Hallelujahs be. JOHN MASON, 1694.

September 10

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.—I CHRON.
 xvi. 29.

**Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God.
 . . . Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin;
 neither say thou before the angel, that it was an error:**
 —ECCLES. v. 1, 6.

FROM the observation of the Festival we may learn to adore the wisdom and goodness of God, in appointing such excellent and glorious beings to minister to our salvation, and to be thankful to Him for the invisible aid and protection we receive of them. . . . To behave ourselves with great gravity and reverence in the public worship of God; because those excellent beings attend to observe our outward carriage and deportment. To imitate their example, in serving God with the same readiness and diligence, with the same cheerfulness and zeal, as they do in heaven. To condescend to the meanest services for the good of others, especially with all

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our might to help forward the salvation of our neighbours. Never to despise any good man, because he is dear to God and under the peculiar care of the holy angels.

ROBERT NELSON, 1656.

FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in Thy Presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend :
And casting down each golden crown,
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings ;
So may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

Here, where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home
And love Thee even as they ;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That childhood's flower and manhood's power
Be Thine, and Thine alone. Amen.

DEAN FARRAR.

September 11

On earth peace, goodwill toward men.—S. LUKE
ii. 14.

And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea, and
upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven.—REV. x. 5.

ONE hand uplifted to heaven, one foot on sea
and one on earth, the angel thus places him-
self in contact with the universe ; and delivers his

message, not as an alien standing aloof, but rather as a fellow-creature so far akin to all whom his words concern. We know that angels minister to the heirs of salvation : who can doubt that they love them while caring for them ? If contact may be supposed to express sympathy between natures so diverse, much more should it breed sympathy between individuals of one race. In angels towards men sympathy seems an extra and gratuitous grace : in men towards one another it is an essential grace. Let us not abandon sympathy to the angels. An unsympathetic angel would be a devil. An unsympathetic man or woman would be—— ?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IT is a member of that family
 Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were
 made,
 Millions of ages back, have stood around
 The throne of God : he never has known sin ;
 But through those cycles all but infinite
 Has had a strong and pure celestial life,
 And bore to gaze on the unveil'd face of God,
 And drank from the everlasting Fount of truth,
 And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.
 Hark ! he begins again.

ANGEL.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
 But most in man, how wonderful Thou art !
 With what a love, what soft persuasive might
 Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
 Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
 To fill the throne which angels lost through pride !

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
 The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
 And I have waged a long relentless fight,
 Resolved that death-environ'd spirit to win,
 Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
 Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh, what a shifting parti-colour'd scene
 Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
 Of recklessness and penitence, has been
 The history of that dreary, lifelong fray !
 And oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead,
 How patient, prompt and lavish at his need !

How should ethereal natures comprehend
 A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
 Were we not task'd to nurse it and to tend,
 Link'd one to one throughout its mortal day ?
 More than the Seraph in his height of place,
 The angel-guardian knows and loves the ransom'd
 race.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

September 12

And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it ; or one member is honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ.—1 COR. xii. 26, 27.

All are yours, and ye are Christ's ; and Christ is God's.—1 COR. iii. 22, 23.

THIS notion of intermediate intelligences seemed to make the entire spiritual world one. Naturalists have made out a continuous chain of species in the organic world : what if there should be a world of angels, of different orders, bridging over the chasm between man and God ? The boundless spiritual world was one community, and of this I was a member myself. My world became infinitely more vast ; I had all the company of heaven to care for, as well as all the beings on earth. Who of us men and women, and even indeed of the animals, could be offended and the company of angels not be offended ? The world began to look differently from what it had done before.

REV. H. LATHAM

EACH creature holds an insular point in space ;
 Yet what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,
 But all the multitudinous beings round
 In all the countless worlds with time and place
 For their conditions, down to the central base,
 Thrill haply, in vibration and rebound,
 Life answering life across the vast profound,
 In full antiphony, by a common grace ?
 I think this sudden joyaunce which illumines
 A child's mouth sleeping, unaware may run
 From some soul newly loosened from earth's tombs :
 I think this passionate sigh, which half begun
 I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
 Of God's calm angel standing in the sun.

E. B. BROWNING.

O MIGHTY love ! Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him. GEORGE HERBERT.

September 13

His angels He chargeth with folly.—JOB iv. 18.

And let all the angels of God worship Him.—HEB.
 i. 6.

THE fundamental law of Heaven is Love ; it is
 the very essence of its being. The moment
 man or angel seeks to lead a life apart from the Love
 Divine that breathed him into being, that moment
 he falls. When He who came out from the bosom
 of the Father prayed 'That they all may be one ; as
 Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they
 also may be one in Us,' He knew that no life, how-
 ever glorious, could be of the 'company of Heaven'
 without this blessed union of self-forgetting Love.

W. S.

I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels. SHAKESPEARE.

Angel ! rather ask
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee,
And what collateral love moves on with thee ;
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.

E. B. BROWNING.

HENCEFORTH I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend.
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things. . . .
To whom thus also the Angel last replied :
' This having learnt, thou hast attained the sum
Of wisdom ; . . . only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable.' MILTON.

September 14

I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you
these things in the churches.—REV. xxii. 16.

I am now come forth to give thee skill and under-
standing . . . therefore understand the matter, and
consider the vision.—DAN. ix. 22, 23.

THE ministry of good angels consists in declaring
upon occasion the mind and will of Christ to
His Church ; for thus most of the Divine messages
were conveyed to the prophets, and there are frequent
instances of it in the New Testament ; in guarding
and defending us from outward dangers, and from the
fury of evil spirits, either by removing such evil
accidents from us, as in the course of necessary
causes must have befallen us ; or by diverting the
evil intentions of our enemies against us ; and some-
times by forewarning us of approaching danger, by
some external sign, or unaccountable impression
upon our fancies.

ROBERT NELSON, 1656.

IF the Celestials daily fly
 With messages on missions high,
 And float, our masts and turrets nigh,
 Conversing on Heaven's great intents ;
 What wonder hints of coming things,
 Whereto man's hope and yearning clings,
 Should drop like feathers from their wings
 And give us vague presentiments ?

JEAN INGELOW.

IF called, like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice,
 Some angel may be there in time ;
 Deliverance shall arise.

September 15

The angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt.—S. MATT. ii. 13.

Cornelius the centurion . . . was warned from God by a holy angel to send for thee into his house, and to hear words from thee.—ACTS x. 22.

I DO think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits (for those noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard unto their fellow-natures on earth); and therefore believe that those many prodigies and ominous prognosticks, which forerun the ruines of States, Princes, and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good angels, which more careless enquiries term but the effects of chance and nature.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1642.

THERE are more things in heaven and earth
 than we
 Can dream of, or than nature understands ;
 We learn not through our poor philosophy
 What hidden chords are touched by unseen hands

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Forebodings come : we know not how, or whence,
Shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul,
And stir within our hearts a subtler sense,
Than light may read, or wisdom may control.

And who can tell what secret links of thought
Bind heart to heart? Unspoken things are heard,
As if within our deepest selves was brought
The soul, perhaps, of some unuttered word.

But, though a veil of shadow hangs between
That hidden life and what we see and hear,
Let us revere the power of the Unseen,
And know a world of mystery is near.

A. A. PROCTER.

AND the strange inborn sense of coming ill
That oft-times whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low tone which nought can drown or still,
'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest ;
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall ?
Why shakes the spirit thus ?—'tis mystery all !

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not.
Yes ! it may be that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot ;
Fearfully, wondrously our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismay'd.

F. HEMANS.

September 16

God is Love.—1 JOHN iv. 16.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these
are sons of God.—ROM. viii. 14.

THE good angels are wiser and know more than
the evil angels. The reason : they have a
mirror wherein they look and learn—'the face of the
Father.' They are also much mightier ; for they
stand before Him whose name is Almighty.

LUTHER.

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AND haply, pleading long with Him
 For sin-sick hearts and cold,
 The angels of our childhood still
 The Father's face behold. J. G. WHITTIER.

WHEN I sleep my Guardian wakes,
 And revives my wearied mind ;
 Every morning on me breaks
 With some mark of love most kind ;
 Had my God not stood my friend,
 Had His countenance not been
 Here my guide, I had not seen
 Many a trial reach its end.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

Often hath my crafty Foe
 Threaten'd to bring down on me
 Many a sore and heavy woe,
 From which yet my life is free ;
 For the angel whom God sends,
 Wards off every threaten'd hurt,
 Every evil doth avert
 That mine enemy intends.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.

September 17

For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.—EPH. vi. 12.

IT would not be fit that we should know how earnestly the dear holy angels contend for us with the devil ; what a hard and severe strife and warfare it is. For if we saw it, we should be dismayed. LUTHER.

MY oldest friend, mine from the hour
 When first I drew my breath,
 My faithful friend that shall be mine
 Unfailing to my death !

Thou hast been ever at my side ;
 My Maker to thy trust
 Consigned my soul, what time He framed
 The infant child of dust.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font,
 And thou, each budding year,
 Didst whisper elements of truth
 Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
 My rebel spirit fell,
 Ah ! thou didst see and shudder too,
 Yet bear each deed of Hell.

And then in turn, when judgments came
 And scared me back again,
 Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
 And hallow every pain.

And thou wilt hang about my bed
 When life is ebbing low :
 Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom
 The jealous, sleepless foe.

And mine, oh ! brother of my soul,
 When my release shall come,
 Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
 Thy wings shall waft me home.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

September 18

Through the resurrection of Jesus Christ ; Who is on the right hand of God, having gone into heaven ; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him.—1 PETER iii. 21, 22.

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There shall no evil befall thee.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night.—

Ps. xci. 10, 5.

AND be sure that if, before you lay down, you seriously and reverently committed yourself to Him in prayer, with sincere penitence for all your sins, He will not let the roaring lion devour you. You may, without presumption, imagine Him, then, saying to some of His good angels: 'Here is one who lay down to rest, desiring to dwell under the defence of the Most High; here is one who hath sought, day and night, to abide under the shadow of the Almighty; he hath set his love upon me, and tried to know my Name: therefore do you, my good angels, take charge of him, and keep him from the evil that walketh in darkness.' Such is the comfortable hope with which a penitent, believing person may lie down in sleep, yea, even in death, ever since Jesus Christ went into heaven, and the angels, authorities, and powers were made subject unto Him. I say a penitent, believing, obedient person, for all these blessings depend on our keeping hold of Christ; and that depends on our sincerely trying to obey Him, in thought and word and deed. KERLE.

MY Jesus, stay Thou by me,
 And let no foe come nigh me,
 Safe shelter'd by Thy wing:
 But would the foe alarm me,
 Oh let him never harm me,
 But still Thine angels round me sing!

My loved ones, rest securely,
 From every peril surely
 Our God will guard your heads,
 And happy slumbers send you,
 And bid His hosts attend you,
 And golden-arm'd watch o'er your beds.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1653.

September 19

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.—EPH. vi. 12.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

ALL the Fathers are unanimous as to the existence of angels good and evil. They hold that it is evermore the allotted task of good angels to defend us against evil angels, and to carry on a daily and hourly combat against our spiritual foes. They teach that the good angels are worthy of all reverence as the ministers of God and as the protectors of the human race.

MRS. JAMESON.

‘CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,’
Hear thy guardian angel say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
‘ Watch and pray.’ C. ELLIOTT.

DRIVE evil thoughts and spirits far away,
Master, watch o’er us till the dawning day,
Body and soul alike from harm defend,
Thine angel send.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN BRETHREN.

AND as he rose up from his knees, his spirit was
aware
Of somewhat, forceful and unseen, that sought to
hold him there ;

As of a Form that stood behind, and on his shoulders
prest
Both hands to stay his rising up, and somewhat in
his breast,

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In accents clearer far than words, spake : ' Pray, yet longer pray,
For one that ever prayed for thee, this night hath passed away ;

' A soul that climbing hour by hour the silver shining stair
That leads to God's great treasure-house, grew covetous, and there

' Was stored no blessing and no boon, for thee she did not claim,
So lowly, yet importunate ! and ever with *thy* name

' She linked—that none in earth or heaven might hinder it or stay—
One other Name, so strong, that thine hath never missed its way.

' This very night within my arms this gracious soul I bore
Within the Gate, where many a prayer of hers had gone before.'

DORA GREENWELL.

September 20

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion.—PS. lxxv. 1.

Ye are come unto mount Zion, . . . and to innumerable hosts of angels.—HEB. xii. 22.

IF we praise God that He has created for us the dear sun, the moon, wine and bread, we should surely also praise Him that He has created the dear angels. My God, I thank Thee that Thou hast set Thy good angels to care for us, and guardest us with such heavenly princes round about us ! LUTHER.

THINE angels, Lord, we bless with thankful lays,
Dwelling with Thee above yon depths of sky ;
Who mid Thy glory's blaze
Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise
And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry.

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We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high
The mercies of their King
To mortal saints to bring,
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

BISHOP HEBER.

THE little byrde which sing so swete
Are like the angeles voyce
Which render God his prayes meete
And teach us to rejoyce ;
And as they more esteem that myrth,
Than dread the night's anoy,
So must we deeme our days on earth
But hell to heavenly joye.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, 1536-1577.

September 21

And Elisha prayed, and said, 'Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man ; and he saw ; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—2 KINGS vi. 17.

THE essence of the story belongs to every time . . . a young man believes in and follows the prophet of God. . . . He is in danger and he is in earnest. And then, a vision is given him. He sees what champions are gathered in the interests of truth. What seemed to be darkness and weakness becomes peopled with forms of light and strength, and the young man sees that his beset and persecuted life is really stronger than its persecutors, and takes courage and stands by to see his enemies struck with blindness and thrown into confusion.

When we speak of our spiritual helpers, we mean most of all those actually existent beings, those persons living a higher life than ours, whose life is capable of touching ours and aiding it, the knowledge of whose existence and whose readiness to

September 23

The angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour. . . . And the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have I not sent thee? And he said unto him, Oh my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house. And the Lord said unto him, Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man.—JUDGES vi. 12, 14, 15, 16.

JOAN OF ARC.

JOAN heard these Voices long before she spoke of them to her mother. A flood of dazzling, heavenly light gave warning to her of their approach. Sometimes these Voices impressed on her wisdom, piety, and purity; sometimes they pictured the wounds of France and the groans of her unfortunate people. One day, at noon, alone in the garden, under the shadow of the church wall, she distinctly heard a male voice which called her by name and said: 'Joan, arise; go to the succour of the Dauphin, restore to him the kingdom of France.'

The heavenly brilliance was so dazzling, the Voice so distinct, and the command so imperative, that she fell on her knees and pleaded: 'How shall I do it, for I am only a poor girl, who knows neither how to ride nor to lead soldiers?' The Voice would hear no excuses: 'You will go,' it said to Joan, 'and find the Lord of Baudricourt, the king's captain at Vaucouleurs, and he will conduct you to the Dauphin. Fear nothing; St. Catherine and St. Margaret will come to your help.' This first vision made Joan tremble and weep tears of anguish, but she still kept it as a secret between herself and the angels.

LAMARTINE.

HE felt the heart of silence
 Throb with a soundless word,
 And by the inward ear alone
 A Spirit's voice he heard.

And the spoken word seemed written
 On air and wave and sod,
 And the bending walls of sapphire
 Blazed with the thought of God.

J. G. WHITTIER.

SO let it be. In God's own might
 We gird us for the coming fight,
 And strong in Him whose cause is ours
 In conflict with unholy powers,
 We grasp the weapons He has given,—
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

J. G. WHITTIER.

September 24

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire . . . And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people . . . for I know their sorrows. Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh. And Moses said unto God, Who am I . . . that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt? And He said, Certainly I will be with thee.—EX. iii. 2, 7, 10, 11, 12.

JOAN OF ARC.

OTHER visions succeeded. Joan saw S. Michael armed with his lance, clothed with light, conqueror of the dragon, such as he was depicted over the altar of her village church. The archangel showed her the unhappy divisions of the kingdom; he entreated her compassion for her country. St. Margaret and St. Catherine, sacred and well-loved figures in those provinces, appeared in the clouds, as had been announced. They spoke to her from their eternal blessedness, with tender and compassionate voices. Crowns were on their heads,

angels like unto the sons of God attended them. The beauty of Paradise was open to her eyes. Her soul, in this sacred intercourse, forgot the severity of her mission and steeped itself in the ecstasy of contemplation. When the Voices ceased and the skies closed on the heavenly visitants, Joan found herself bathed in tears. 'Ah!' said she to herself, 'if only the angels had taken me with them.'

LAMARTINE.

THE painful search that man hath made
 For path that may this path evade
 Is its own bitter irony !
 He treads it still who thinks to shun :
 And call it what he may, each one
 Will tread the path escaped by none,
 Which leads through Life's Gethsemane.

He who would fain achieve the state
 Of spirit made initiate
 Of Life's great secret mystery,
 Walks in the Garden without fear :
 He hears the Voice that whispers clear :
 'I, too, have wept and suffered here !
 I also trod Gethsemane !'

He knows that in the dead of night
 Darkness itself may call to sight
 Angelic Forms of Ministry :
 And cheered, with such companionings,
 He faces what the vigil brings,
 Till Dawn, with healing on its wings,
 Brightens above Gethsemane.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

September 25

And his servant said unto him, Alas ! my master !
 how shall we do ? And he answered, Fear not ; for
 they that be with us are more than they that be with
 them. . . . And the Lord opened the eyes of the young

man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

—2 KINGS vi. 15, 16, 17.

JOAN OF ARC.

JOAN displayed prodigies of valour at the siege of S. Pierre-le-Moutier. She refound her sacred inspiration in the smoke of the assault. Almost alone on the other side of the trench, and abandoned by her soldiers, she still fought. Her faithful squire, Daulon, cried to her in vain: 'What are you doing, Joan; you are alone?' 'No,' said she, pointing towards heaven and into empty space, 'I have fifty thousand men.' And continuing to rally the disheartened soldiers, and to shame their discouragement by her bravery, she brought them back to the walls, and scaled them victoriously at their head.

For some time a redoubled fervour had been noticed in Joan. In the evenings she entered the churches and simple country chapels, and knelt in the midst of the children who were being taught the holy mysteries. She was found aside, rapt and devout, in the shadow of the darkest pillars. She had her 'agony under the olives,' before going to her martyrdom, like the Master whom she served.

LAMARTINE.

BORNE on by Thee in paths unknown,
Well may we trust Thy hand alone,
And suffer angels of Thy own
To shield us as they may.

Revealer of a heaven encamped
Where'er Thy servants go,
By ministries of love to each
That none beside may know,—
By wings at many a pass outspread,
By winning joy and warning dread,
We learn the word which Thou hast said,
The truth which Thou wilt show.

And ever to the heavenward eye,
 On noble aims intent,
 Some vision from a further gaze
 At every step is sent.
 That which could guide us in Thy name,
 Beyond the rule of sin and shame—
 We shall not question whence it came,
 Or wonder why it went. A. L. WARING.

September 26

And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels going forth to war with the dragon; and the dragon warred and his angels; and they prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven.
 —REV. xii. 7, 8.

DOCTOR MARTIN once said of the angels: 'This is what I picture to myself, and I stand on it as on sure ground, that the angels are already getting ready for the field, drawing on their armour, girding on their sword and spear; for the Last Day is already beginning to dawn and the angels are arming themselves for the battle.'

LUTHER.

THEN downwards speed they—Lo! the cry
 Of a fallen world's deep agony!
 It smites and wounds each purest heart,
 And paling face reflects the smart;
 In large blue eyes the trouble grows,
 Then down long lashes overflows.
 Confusion's myriad gibbering tongues,
 The wild wail of a myriad wrongs,
 Whirled in the storm they could not face
 But in the calm rays of His grace
 That broods perennial, luminous,
 Through smoke of hell, to succour us;
 For else no seraph pure might breathe
 In such thick poisoned air of death.

RODEN NOEL.

WHEN Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close dim and fast on Armageddon's plain ;
And Michael and his angels once again
Drive howling back the Spirits of the Night.

J. G. WHITTIER.

September 27

Yet Michael the archangel . . . durst not bring
against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord
rebuke thee.—JUDE 9.

Let all bitterness . . . and evil speaking be put
away from you . . . and be ye kind one to another,
tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God
for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—EPH. iv. 31, 32.

ALL Christians may learn from the behaviour of
S. Michael to avoid the scandalous and un-
christian practice of evil speaking, the seed of all
evil, and the pest of civil society, which we are so
apt to fall into, and yet find it so hard to repent of,
by reason of the difficulty of making such reparations
as are necessary upon such occasions.

ROBERT NELSON, 1656.

AND found at last, the mystic Graal I see,
Brimmed with this blessing, pass from lip to lip
In sacred pledge of human fellowship ;
And over all the songs of angels hear,—
Songs of the love that casteth out all fear,—
Songs of the Gospel of Humanity. J. G. WHITTIER.

September 28

Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with
the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst
not bring against him a railing accusation, but said,
The Lord rebuke thee.—JUDE 9.

WE are apt to speak sharply of others, when we
think they are dishonouring God, or when
they are against us in any good work ; and we count

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it almost necessary so to speak, in order to show ourselves in earnest. But can we be more in earnest than the angels? than the seraphim—the flaming fires? than Michael the archangel? Yet how guarded, how serious, how calm was his rebuke! He left the matter to God; he called no hard names, yet he distinctly indicated his horror at the sin, and his fear for the person; and that though he was greater in power and might.

KEBLE.

H EAVEN hath a balsam here too—pray for love,
For thee and thy offender; virtue rare
Hath ardent supplication; and above,
Swift ministers of peace are prompt to bear
From heart to heart the generous thoughts that move
The hardest, e'en as ice the sunny air.

REV. G. S. CAUTLEY.

September 29

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people.—
DAN. xii. 1.

Michael and his angels fought against the dragon;
and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed
not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.
—REV. xii. 7, 8.

IT is difficult to clothe in adequate language the divine attributes with which painting and poetry have invested this illustrious archangel. Jews and Christians are agreed in giving him the pre-eminence over all created spirits. All the might, the majesty, the radiance of Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers, are centred in him. In him God put forth his strength when he exalted him chief over the celestial host, when angels warred with angels

ANGELS THAT EXCEL IN STRENGTH 325

in heaven ; and in him God showed forth His glory when He made him conqueror over the power of sin, and 'over the great dragon that deceived the world.'

MRS. JAMESON.

HAIL, bright Archangel ! Prince of Heaven !
Spirit divinely strong !
To whose rare merit hath been given
To head the angelic throng !

Our vile world-frozen hearts bedew
With thy celestial flame,
And burn our spirits through and through
With zeal for Jesu's name.

O trumpet-tongued ! O beautiful !
O Force of the Most High !
The blessed of the earth look dull
Beside thy majesty.

Praise to the Three, whose love designed
Thee champion of the Lord,
Who first conceived thee in His mind
And made thee with His Word ;

Who stooped from nothingness to raise
A life like thine so high,
Beauty and being that should praise
His love eternally !

F. W. FABER.

September 30

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

O EVERLASTING God, Who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order, mercifully grant, that as Thy holy angels alway do Thee service in heaven, so by Thy appointment, they may succour and defend me on earth, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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LORD keep us safe this night, secure from all our
fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep, till morning
light appears.

THOUSAND thousand warrior princes
In Thine angel army stand ;
Flames the victor cross before them,
Grasped in Michael's dauntless hand.

Lord of angels, Christ, we pray Thee,
Bid them aid us in our strife,
Chase afar the hosts of evil,
Till we reach the land of life.

FROM THE LATIN.

October

**‘Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister
for them who shall be heirs of salvation?’**



October 1

That through death He might bring to nought him
that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and
might deliver all them who through fear of death were
all their lifetime subject to bondage.—HEB. ii. 14, 15.

Are they not all ministering spirits?—HEB. i. 14.

O HOLY and most gracious Saviour Jesus, we
humbly recommend the soul of Thy servant
into Thy hands, Thy most merciful hands; let Thy
blessed angels stand in ministry about Thy servant,
and defend her from the violence and malice of all
her ghostly enemies: and drive far from hence all
the spirits of darkness. Amen. JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE room was full of angels,
And she wondered we could not see,
That we could not see their shining wings
As they floated noiselessly
Around her bed.
The room was full of music,
Beautiful music—she said,
And she wondered we could not hear
How the holy strains were stealing,
How the happy songs were pealing,
All through the hush and gloom
Of the silent room—
And just before the dawning,
When the darkness of night was o'er,
And the night of her suffering life
Was ended for evermore,
In the grey of Ascension morn
The angels came again,
And tenderly they bore her

For whom they had waited long,—
 Watched and waited in heaven,
 Knowing that even here
 She was learning their blessed song.
 So in the grey of morning
 They bore her soul away
 Beyond the prison bars,
 Beyond the fading stars,
 To the brightness of the day.

M. E. TOWNSEND.

October 2

We are of good courage, I say, and are willing
 rather to be absent from the body, and to be at home
 with the Lord.—2 COR. v. 8.

Be thou faithful unto *death*, and I will give thee the
crown of life.—REV. ii. 10.

WE go to the grave of a friend, saying, 'A man is
 dead'; but angels throng about him saying,
 'A man is born.'

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WHO knows if that which is called death be not
 life, and life mere dying?

EURIPIDES.

INTO our world a baby-soul there crept,
 And pitying angels bowed their heads and wept—
 Wept,—for they knew the sorrow and the pain
 That soul must suffer ere it slept again,
 While we of earth—so blind poor mortals are—
 Rejoicing spread the wondrous news afar;
 Hailing, with sounds of joy, the happy morn
 When on the earth a little child was born.

One day, Heaven's gates were opened—opened wide,
 And mortals wept because a child had died.
 No tongue can tell the anguish in each breast
 Because the little soul had gone to rest!

But, up above, the angels wept no more—
They knew that pain and suffering were o'er,
 And hailed, with Heaven's own melodies, the morn
 When into Heaven's own joy a child was born.

ELPHINSTONE THORPE.

WHAT surprise
 For these who go feet foremost to the grave,
 To learn the dream was Daytime, Light was Night,
 Gliding—soft-gliding—to that greater Life,
 Which always was so near.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

. . . It is over ; and the woe that's dead,
 Rises next hour a glorious angel.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

October 3

Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying,
 he shall never see death.—S. JOHN viii. 51.

WE know not when the Angel of Death cometh,
 but as surely as the leaves of the forest, which
 last spring you saw so young and green and bright
 in the rain of golden sunshine, are now fading and
 falling around us, and being trodden down into the
 dishonoured dust—so surely the generations of men
 are passing, so surely shall each of us be carried
 among mourners to our last long home.

DEAN FARRAR.

AND he
 Knew at once that the man who, erewhile, unawares
 coming to him, had brought
 That Apple of Life, was, indeed, God's good Angel
 of Death. And he thought,
 'In mercy, I doubt not, when man's eyes were opened
 and made to see plain
 All the wrong in himself, and the wretchedness, God
 sent to close them again,

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For man's sake, his last friend upon earth—Death,
the servant of God, who is just.

Let man's spirit to Him whence it cometh return, and
his dust to the dust !' LORD LYTON.

THE Shadow of Death is changed into the Dawn,
The radiant Angel of Eternity !

The mourners look up from the grave to see
The dark, that bowed them by its awfulness,
Fell from the Father's hands, spread out to bless.

GERALD MASSEY.

SO let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth ;
And in Thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below !

J. G. WHITTIER.

October 4

Now we see in a mirror, darkly ; but then face to
face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even
as also I have been known.—I COR. xiii. 12.

Out of darkness into His marvellous light.—I PETER
ii. 9.

A TRUE acceptance of the whole Bible idea of
ever-present spiritual life would not set us
watching . . . for the sight of angels, but it would
give us the strength which comes to every work and
suffering from the knowledge that this universe is
larger than it seems, and that it is all peopled with
spiritual existences who are God's ministers to
enlighten and to feed our life. . . . The mother may
not discern an angel bending over the bed on which
her child is laid, but still she may know that there
are other watchers by its bed beside herself, spirits
whom God has sent to see that none of His little
ones take any harm. And I cannot but think that
it will change our whole idea of death. Surrounded
by this spiritual life, and yet seeing it only here and
there through broken gaps of this enveloping mor-

tality, what will it be for us to die? Only to cast this mortality away and stand face to face with the realities that have been close to us all the while. All spiritual companionship, all unknown spiritual protection that has been blessing us in the darkness opened suddenly into the light so that we see it all and enter on the new life that begins with death.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

SPEAK, Death, O speak! What high command
 restrains
 The dark disclosure? Is it thine own will
 Thou workest, I adjure thee, shape of fear?
 Then from the awful face a shadow wanes,
 And, clad in robes of light unspeakable,
 God's loveliest angel sits beside me here.

T. E. BROWN.

October 5

And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write,
 Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from hence-
 forth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from
 their labours.—REV. xiv. 13.

THE Scriptures say that the holy and just go into the unseen world, and there enjoy the most pleasant peace and sweetest rest. As in this life they were wont to fall softly asleep in the guard and keeping of God and of the dear angels, without fear of harm, though the devils might prowl about them—so, after this life, they repose in the hand of God.

When my soul departs, I know that highest kings and princes are appointed to attend me; namely, the dear angels themselves, who will receive me and guard me on my way.

LUTHER.

SEE forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
 Come the princes of heaven, how bravely they
 shine!

'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,
 And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.

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There are millions of saints, in their ranks and
degrees,
And each with a beauty and crown of his own ;
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the seas ,
The nine rings of angels encircle the throne.

But words may not tell of the Vision of Peace,
With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous fires ;
Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows all
cease,
And the gift has outbidden its boldest desires.

F. W. FABER.

October 6

In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were
not so, I would have told you : for I go to prepare a
place for you.—S. JOHN xiv. 2.

He was carried away by the angels.—S. LUKE xvi.
22.

NOR do they then desert us. As celestial angels
ministered to the wants of the soul in infancy,
so now they are present when the first cycle of life
is completed, to assist in our resurrection to the
fulness of life in the spiritual world. When all vital
connection between the body and the man himself
has ceased, he passes into a deep, unconscious sleep.
The angels are around him to guard him from the
approach of every disturbing influence, and gradually,
by soft and gentle attractions, they withdraw him
from his material covering and raise him up and
minister to every want. Now they teach the nature
of the new world into which he has openly and
consciously entered, giving him every attention and
kindness, and in manifold ways preparing him for
his eternal home.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

ANGEL voices sweetly singing
Echoes through the blue dome ringing
News of wondrous gladness bringing :

Ah ! 'tis heaven ! 'tis heaven at last !
 Softest voices, silver pealing
 Freshest fragrance, spirit healing,
 Happy hymns around us stealing ;
 Ah ! 'tis heaven ! 'tis heaven at last !

H. BONAR.

GOD, strengthen thou my faith, that I may see
 That 'tis Thine angel, who, with loving haste,
 Unto the service of the inner shrine
 Doth waken Thy beloved with a kiss.

J. R. LOWELL.

ALONE? No ! God hath been there long before,
 Eternally hath waited on that shore
 For us who were to come
 To our eternal home ;
 And He hath taught His angels to prepare
 In what way we are to be welcomed there.

F. W. FABER.

October 7

And there appeared an angel unto Him from
 heaven, strengthening Him.—S. LUKE xxii. 43.

For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted,
 He is able to succour them that are tempted.—HEB.
 ii. 18.

THE main care and most officious endeavours of
 these blessed spirits are employed about the
 better part, the soul—in the instilling of good
 motions ; enlightening the understanding, repelling
 of temptations, furthering our opportunities of good,
 preventing occasions of sin, comforting our sorrows ;
 quickening our dulness, encouraging our weakness :
 and lastly, after all careful attendance here below,
 conveying the souls of their charge to their glory,
 and presenting them to the hands of their faithful
 Creator.

BISHOP HALL.

HOLY as the thoughts of dying saints when
angels hover o'er them. CUMBERLAND.

UP and away, call the angels to us ;
Come to our home where no foes pursue us,
And no tears bedew us ;
Where harvest justifies labour of sowing,
Where that which budded comes to the blowing
Sweet beyond your knowing.
Come and laugh with us, sing in our singing ;
Come, yearn no more, but rest in your clinging.
See what we are bringing :
Crowns like our own crowns, robes for your wearing ;
For love of you we kiss them in bearing,
All good with you sharing :
Over you gladdening, in you delighting ;
Come from your famine, your failure, your fighting ;
Come to full wrong-righting.
Come, where all balm is garnered to ease you ;
Come, where all beauty is spread out to please
you
Come, gaze upon Jesu. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

October 8

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and
come with singing unto Zion ; and everlasting joy
shall be upon their heads : they shall obtain glad-
ness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee
away.—ISA. XXXV. 10.

THERE is now a legion of shining ones just come
to town, by which we know that there are more
pilgrims upon the road ; for here they come to wait
for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow !
Then the pilgrims got up and walked to and fro :
But how were their ears now filled with heavenly
noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions.

JOHN BUNYAN.

HARK ! hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
shore :

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come' ;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

F. W. FABER.

October 9

To him that overcometh, to him will I give of
the hidden manna, and I will give him a white
stone, and upon the stone a new name written.—
REV. ii. 17.

These all died in faith . . . having confessed that
they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. . . .
But now they desire a better country, that is, a
heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them,

to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.—HEB. xi. 13, 16.

NOW upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them saying, 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note, that the City stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms. . . : They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them. The talk they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is the mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. . . . There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither. JOHN BUNYAN.

I N the land where I am going
 When my earthly life is o'er,
 When the tired hands cease their striving
 And the tired heart aches no more,—
 In that land of light and beauty,
 Where no shadow ever came
 To o'ercloud the perfect glory,
 What shall be my angel name?

When the spirits who await me
 Meet me at my entering in,
 With what name of love and music
 Will their welcoming begin?
 Not the one so dimmed with earth-stains,
 Linked with thoughts of grief and pain;
 No: the name that mortals gave me
 Will not be my angel name!

For the angels will not call me
 By the name I bear on earth ;
 They will speak a holier language
 Where I have my holier birth.
 Syllabled in heavenly music,
 Sweeter far than earth may claim,
 Very gentle, pure and tender,
 Such shall be my angel name.

FLORENCE PERCY.

October 10

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
 shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art
 with me.—Ps. xxiii. 4.

My God hath sent His angel.—DAN. vi. 22.

BUT good and loving escorts and ministering
 spirits must the angels be, who all through this
 life protect and preserve us, and contend for us, and
 at last, when we most need it, wait for our souls, to
 bring them into the bosom of God.

LUTHER.

THEY come, God's messengers of love,
 They come from realms of peace above,
 From homes of never-fading light,
 From blissful mansions ever bright.

They come to watch around us here,
 To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear ;
 Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
 God willeth you with us to stay.

Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and tears
 Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
 To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
 Thou didst not scorn Thine angel's aid ;

An angel guard to us supply,
 When on the bed of death we lie ;
 And by Thine own Almighty power
 O shield us in the last dread hour.

ROBERT CAMPBELL.

friends, that those who are unknown to us in our early years even by name, become in our later years indissolubly bound up with our history and our joy? And thus the angels, whom on earth we have never seen, will, nevertheless, when the manhood of our being is reached, become our intimate friends, and dear companions for ever. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

GO fearless then, my soul, with God
 Into another room ;
 Thou who hast walkèd with Him here,
 Go see thy God at home.
 View death with a believing eye,
 It hath an angel's face ;
 And this kind angel will prefer
 Thee to an angel's place.

JOHN MASON, M.A., 1694.

THE saints in glory their companion own ;
 Angels, who long have had him in their care,
 Bore him to heaven and bid him welcome there.

JOSEPH GRIGG, died 1768.

October 13

And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire. . . .

Put off thy shoes from off thy feet ; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.—EX. iii. 2, 5.

For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.—2 COR. iv. 17.

THERE may be a stage when we are hardly fit to see these things. Even when seen, as in the case of the beloved John, the vision may be so bright that for a moment the seer falls down before a fellow-servant, as Cornelius 'fell down and worshipped Peter,' who 'took him up, saying, Stand up, I myself

am also a man.' Yet such a vision never is forgotten.
The seer learns from it, in a way above all words,
that 'the light affliction, which is but for a moment,
is not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall
be revealed in us.'

REV. ANDREW JUKES.

The end ! the end.

Surely the end ! What's here ? a shape, a shade,
A flash of light. Is that the angel there
That holds a crown ? Come, blessed brother, come.
I know thy glittering face.

TENNYSON.

' O H, happy, happy land !
Angels like rushes stand
About the wells of light.'—
' Alas, I have not eyes for this fair sight :
Hold fast my hand.'—

' As in a soft wind, they
Bend all one blessed way,
Each bowed in his own glory, star with star.'
' I cannot see so far,
Here shadows are.'—

' White-winged the cherubim,
Yet whiter seraphim,
Glow white with intense fire of love.'—
' Mine eyes are dim :
I look in vain above,
And miss their hymn.'—

Angels, archangels cry
One to other ceaselessly
(I hear them sing),
One ' Holy, Holy, Holy to their King.'—
' I do not hear them, I.'—

Joy to thee, Paradise—
Garden, and goal, and nest !
Made green for wearied eyes ;
Much softer than the breast
Of mother-dove clad in a rainbow's dyes.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

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Yet saith a saint : 'Take patience for thy scathe';
 Yet saith an angel : 'Wait, for thou shalt prove
 True best is last, true life is born of death,
 O thou, heart-broken for a little love.'

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

LIFE is the failer ; death, the angel sent
 To draw the unwilling bolts and set me free.

J. R. LOWELL.

October 16

But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city
 of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to
 an innumerable company of angels, to the general
 assembly and church of the first-born, which are
 written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to
 the spirits of just men made perfect.—HEB. xii. 22, 23.

THE name, the 'Lord of Hosts,' reveals it all,
 that we may know what help is ever near in
 Him who 'gives His angels charge concerning us.'
 It may perhaps be said, that though such things
 were known by saints of old, Christians have little
 or no experience of them now. But surely it is not
 so. There are few among the truly believing poor,
 who have not facts to speak of, which prove that
 angels' help is still as near as ever. If men have not
 proved it, is it not because they have not needed
 such help, or have not confidently looked for it from
 the living God? Thanks be to God, not a few yet
 know that 'the Lord of Hosts is with us.' Such can
 only bless Him for the trials through which they
 have learnt this name, and can therefore say, not
 with their lips only, but from their heart, 'Holy, holy.
 Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are full of
 the majesty of Thy glory.'

REV. ANDREW JUKES.

WE need no change of sphere
 To view the heavenly sights, or hear
 The songs which angels sing. The hand

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Which gently pressed the sightless orbs ere-
while,
Giving them light, a world of beauty, and the
friendly smile,
Can cause our eyes to see the better land.

We need no wings
To soar aloft to realms of higher things,
But only feet which walk the paths of peace,
Guided by Him whose voice
Greets every ear, makes every heart rejoice ;
Saying, Arise, and walk where sorrows cease.

Visiting spirits are near ;
They are not wholly silent, but we cannot hear
Nor understand their speech.
Our Saviour caught His Father's word,
And men of old, dreaming and walking, heard
The breathings of a world we cannot reach.

They mounted to the skies,
And read deep mysteries.
While yet on earth, they placed a ladder there
Like Jacob's, that each round should lead,
By prayer outspoken, in a word or deed,
The soul to heights of clearer, purer air.

They saw no messenger of gloom
In him whom we call Death, nor met their doom
As prisoner his sentence ; but naturally, as bud
unfolds to flower,
As child to man, so man to angel—
They recognising Death the glad evangel,
Leading to higher scenes of life and power.

'CHANGED CROSS,' AND OTHER POEMS.

October 17

Angels came and ministered unto Him.—S. MATT.
iv. 11.

For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to
keep thee in all thy ways.—Ps. xci. 11.

the ocean's bed, forms a lovely pearl; and forms veins of silver and gold in the dark earth; so the God of all virtue and glory is forming a more electric, more vital human body, within the present opaque form.

DR. JOHN PULSFORD.

INDEED you do me wrong—I merit not
 Those hard censorious eyes and dull regards,
 Because I have not wept, or sighed, or raved,
 Or sat in a mute madness, though I knew
 That she, whom we so loved, is gone away.
 I have lost nothing, why then should I weep?
 She is to me the same she ever was,
 A never-ceasing presence, a life-light,
 In the dark watches of the pleasant night
 Or some far darker passages of day.

I do not say that when I saw her lie
 Hushed to cold sleep by Nature's lullabies
 I did not for one moment stare aghast,
 And know the blood stood still about my heart;
 But soon the wailers left me there alone,
 And in the quiet of the gloom I saw
 The blessed image moving, ministering,
 By me, about me—just as heretofore.
 Oh ye! who talk of Death, and mourn for
 Death;
 Why do you raise a phantom of your weakness,
 And then shriek loud to see what ye have made?
 There is no Death; to those who know of Life
 —No Time, to those who see Eternity.

October 19

So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than
 his beginning.—JOB xlii. 12.

WE cannot let our angels go. We do not see they
 only go out, that archangels may come in.

R. W. EMERSON.

ONE time must be, in all the lives which live,
 When strength sinks into weakness, faith de-
 sponds,
 And fair hope swoons, and—for a little while—
 No star shows where the path winds; not one
 gleam
 From all those promised angels who have gone,
 And know the way, and should be there to make
 The Valley of the Shadow safe with hands
 Familiar, at first touch, in thickest dark.

He, who had twenty myriad shining ones
 With golden plumes at poise, fluttering to fly
 Swift—it might have been—to wipe His brow
 Clean of the bloody sweat, and comfort Him,
 And catch Him to His kingdom—prayed full sore;—
 The God consenting while the mortal shrank.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

October 20

Ye are come . . . to the spirits of just men made perfect.—HEB. xii. 23.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.—S. MATT. v. 48.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.—IS. xl. 31.

THE spirits of just men made perfect, freed from the fetters of the gross animal body, and now somewhere in that boundless universe in which this earth is but a tiny speck, doing God's will as they longed to do it on earth, with clearer light, fuller faith, deeper love, mightier powers of usefulness! Ah, that we were like them!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THEN lift me with thee to those fields of light,
 Till earth's fair meads appear no longer bright;
 And angels meet us with their wings of fire
 That never tire.

Then standing meekly at the golden door,
 Filled where I hungered, rich where once so poor.
 I may forget—ah, only, only pain—
 Love will remain.

And often, sweeping down on wings unfurled
 To bear heaven's messages about the world,
 A happy spirit may come wandering round
 The garden's bound :

Dropping—not tears but blessings ;—holy-willed,
 Fulfilling all things here left unfulfilled ;
 Since from the death-change, with fresh wings unworn,
 Life sprang new-born. MRS. CRAIK.

A FRAID of Death?—That waking bright
 To higher duties, clearer light,
 Where, having bathed in perfect rest,
 With perfect vigour he is blest
 Who laboureth? A. MATHESON.

October 21

Yet, for love's sake, I rather beseech thee, being
 such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a
 prisoner of Jesus Christ. I beseech thee for my son
 Onesimus.—PHILEMON 9, 10.

Are they not all ministering spirits?—HEB. i. 14.

OLD age seems to forecast the qualities which
 shall find their sphere in angel's work. The old
 person, such as I take him or her to be, delights in
 seeing the game of life, or any of the needful contests
 of men, bravely and nobly played. Now and then he
 will catch a prevision of another function of angels,
 when they get permission to whisper thoughts to

man. He hears of two drowning men clinging to a bit of bulwark broken from the wreck, and of one offering to let go, that the other, who had a wife and family, might have a better chance of life. It was some angel, his instinct tells him, that whispered to the helmsman of the rescuing boat his straight course to that floating spar; and his dearest dream it is, that he may himself be given charge to do such angel work as this.

REV. H. LATHAM.

I LOVE it for my good old mother's sake,
Who lived and died here in the peace of God!

Making her homely toil and household ways
An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

J. G. WHITTIER.

A LITTLE longer, and thy Heart, Belovèd,
Shall beat for ever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No creature knows and lives, will then be thine.

A little longer yet—and angel voices
Shall ring in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee:
Belovèd, can we bid thee linger here!

A. A. PROCTER.

October 22

O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?—I COR. xv. 55.

He was carried away by the angels into Abraham's bosom.—S. LUKE xvi. 22.

AT death, when we die we have the dear angels for our escort on the way. Those who can grasp the whole world in their hands, can surely also keep our souls, that they journey safely home.

LUTHER.

BUT on he moves, to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HARK ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !

.
 The world recedes, it disappears ;
 Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

October 23

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of
 my departure is at hand.—2 TIM. iv. 6.

Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and ser-
 vice of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all.—
 PHIL. ii. 17.

IT has struck me how curiously well the conditions
 of life in ideal old age are adapted to serve as
 the threshold for entering the angel world. Our life
 on the earth is throughout a schooling for Heaven,
 and the circumstances of its closing stage are most
 like to the conditions under which the real work that
 awaits us will have to be done. Hindrances are
 cleared away and help is given, now that the bourne
 is in sight. Self, that formerly nearly shut out the
 Heavens, and filled the centre of our field of vision,
 has drawn to the edge of this field now, and is dis-
 appearing, as a planet passes out of a telescopic
 view. Herein we gain an approach to the angels,

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for the highest perfection with them is to know
nothing of self.

REV. H. LATHAM.

THE fine pale face, pathetically sweet,
So thin with suffering that it seemed a soul :
We feared the angels might be kissing it
Too often and too woefully for us.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has
made ;

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER.

GOD reverses human growth
For spirits ; they go ripening toward youth
For ever.

GERALD MASSEY.

October 24

The kingdom of God is within you.—S. LUKE xvii. 21.

THE other world is not another place but another
view.

KANT.

AND for the dead of Death ; to Thee
I trust it ; for indeed I know that he
Who through his life's appointed days
Has stood not idle in the market-place,
He dies not, no ! there is no death for him,
No death, but only change,
Beyond this earthly range.
New life, new work, with servant seraphim.

O Lord of Service ! Lord of Life !
Grant me that guerdon in the other life,
New service there—that with my latest breath,
Be my one prayer, O living Lord of Death.

DEAN STUBBS.

October 25

For He is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for
all live unto Him.—S. LUKE xx. 38.

THOSE who die in the fear of God and in the
faith of Christ do not really taste death; to
them there is no death, but only a change of place, a
change of state; they pass at once into some new
life, with all their powers, all their feelings unchanged;
still the same living, thinking, active beings which
they were here on earth. I say active. Rest they
may, rest they will, if they need rest. But what is
true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

E'EN for the dead I will not bind my soul to grief;
Death cannot long divide;
For is it not as though the rose that climbed my
garden wall

Had blossomed on the other side? UNKNOWN.

I PRAISED thee not while living; what to thee
Was praise of mine? I mourned thee not when
dead;

I only loved thee,—love thee! oh thou fled
Fair spirit, free at last where all are free.

Oh what hath death with souls like thine to do?

DORA GREENWELL.

AND for the sake
Of this great family, with care oppress,
That it might fare the sweeter, ye did wake
Betimes, and watch that it might safer rest,
Ye wore not then the Halo on your brow.

And he who looked upon you there, the Seer
Beloved, hath spoken little, if ye wake
Or sleeping, where you take your solemn rest—
Yet hath a voice from Heaven proclaimed you surely
blessed.

DORA GREENWELL.

October 26

Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.—ROM. viii. 21.

And His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face.—REV. xxii. 3, 4.

IF we could only know, somewhat as John must have known after his vision, the presence of God into which our friend enters on the other side, the higher standards, the larger fellowship with all his race and the new assurance of personal immortality in God; if we could know all this how all else would give way to something almost like a burst of triumph as the soul which we loved went forth to such enlargement, to such glorious consummation of life.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

REST is happy—rest is right,
 Rest is precious in God's sight.
 But if he, who lies below,
 Out of an abundant heart
 Drawing remedies for woe
 Never wearied to impart
 Blessings to his fellow-men;
 If he never rested then,
 But each harvest gathered seed
 For the future word and deed,—
 And the darkness of his kind
 Filled him with such endless ruth,
 That the very light of truth
 Pained him walking with the blind,—
 How, when some transcendent change
 Gives his being boundless range,—
 When he knows not time or space,
 In the nearness of God's face,—
 In the world of spirits how
 Shall that soul be resting now?
 While one creature is unblest,
 How can such as he have rest?

. . . And the holiest still are those
 Who are farthest from repose,
 And yet onward, onward press
 To a loftier godliness ;
 Still becoming, more than being,
 Apprehending, more than seeing,
 Feeling as from orb to orb
 If their awful course they run
 How their souls new light absorb
 From the self-existing One,—
 Demiurgos, throned above,
 Mind of mind, and Love of love.

LORD HOUGHTON.

October 27

And he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up
 steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God.—
 ACTS vii. 55.

IT is a fact well attested in all ages, and proved by
 manifold experience, that minds do consciously
 approximate God and the heavenly society, accord-
 ingly as they are turned away from evil and set open
 to good. They feel a certain nearness to beings and
 words supernatural, that amounts to society begun.
 And then how very often, as their affinities are more
 completely fixed and set open, do they, in their last
 hours, hail the Saviour present, and good angels
 revealed, and departed friends whom they salute by
 name, waiting to receive them. Doubtless all such
 things will be set down as the illusions of their
 wandering faculty : but what if they should happen to
 be true—even the truest truths ever beheld by them,
 and most profoundly wanted by us all ?

HORACE BUSHNELL.

ALL the year round the watchful Heaven is o'er us,
 And hope's melodious whisper floateth by,
 That the old poet's spring-day is before us,
 A sacred bridal of the earth and sky.

When Heaven's pure spirit shall about us gather,
Its infinite calm and lovingness draw near,
Till thankful earth shall feel its present Father,
His temple's outer court all round the year.

'HOUSEHOLD WORDS.'

SO God beckons by a Hand
I have clasped unto His land ;
So He bids its Dawn arise
On me, through belovèd eyes ;
So the new, unearthly song
Seems a strain remembered long ;
With the angel voices blend
Tones familiar, seraphs near
Looks I loved on earth ; oh, friend,
Kind companion, *thou* art there !

DORA GREENWELL.

October 28

He that believeth on the Son, *hath* everlasting life.—
S. JOHN iii. 36.

Who hath translated us into the kingdom of His
dear Son.—COL. i. 13.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God.—1 JOHN iii. 2.

The kingdom of God is within you.—S. LUKE xvii. 21.

ETERNITY does not mean merely some future
endless duration, but that ever-present *moral*
world, governed by ever-living and absolutely
necessary laws, in which we and all spirits are now ;
and in which we should be equally, whether time
and space, extension and duration, and the whole
material universe to which they belong, became
nothing this moment, or lasted endlessly.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HIS unity, His undivided will,
His law, one perfect law, uniting still
His boundless universe through heaven and hell !

A. MATHESON.

WE shall, past death,
 Retain those forms of knowledge learned in life
 Since, if what here we learn, we there shall lose,
 Our immortality were not life, but time.

G. CHAPMAN, 1634.

DO such earthly matters move you? You are
 passed from hence away
 Into larger joys and sorrows than belong to this our
 day;
 And you look upon the whirling of this life with
 calmer eyes
 That have learnt to bear the measure of eternity's
 surprise.

Are you near us? Can you see us? Can you watch
 us in our ways?
 Do you witness all the evil—all the good of all our
 days!
 Do you knowing all things better, wonder at us in
 our strife,
 As we touch the tinsel gilding, and pass by the
 Crown of Life?

ALFRED NORRIS.

October 29

That through death He might . . . deliver them
 who through fear of death were all their lifetime
 subject to bondage.—HEB. ii. 14. 15.

AND our hearts respond that Death is a warder,
 flinging open the gates which barrier the path
 of mortality to immortality; a white-wanded usher,
 introducing us to the nobler associates of the heavenly
 assembly; our guide over the slender bridge that
 spans the gulf between this life and the next, the
 angel of loving mien, bidding the sorrowful to weep
 no more, the weary to rest. Because life is a joy,
 and because death is only the introduction of a man
 into a higher and fuller life, therefore *death is a
 blessing*: it is THE GATE OF LIFE.

THE death-change comes :
 Death is another life ! We bow our heads
 At going out, we think ; and enter straight
 Another golden chamber of the king's,
 Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.
 'OUR ETERNAL HOMES.'

October 30

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye
 cannot bear them now.—S. JOHN xvi. 12.

We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even
 the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the
 world unto our glory.—I COR. ii. 7.

IT is not yet the time for angels. They wait.
 They are always there, like the still peace that
 is always on the tops of the mountains. They hold
 a secret in their hands, but they are in no hurry,
 because they see eternity.

F. F. MONTRÉSOR.

GRANDER souls have passed unheard :
 Such as found all language weak ;
 Choosing rather to record
 Secrets before heaven : nor break
 Faith with angels by a word.

LORD LYTTON.

It is not well for Life
 To learn too soon the lovely secrets kept
 For them that die.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

WHEN the angel's sword was blazing
 Round the garden of delight,
 Through her tears in terror gazing,
 Eve stood weeping in his sight.

'Lo,' he murmured, eastward turning,
 'Here the tree of life still grows !'
 Then he leaned across the burning
 And he plucked her one red rose.

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Such a rose may every mortal
 One day hold with soft surprise,
 As he lingers at the portal
 Of a flame-girt paradise.

And to those this boon possessing
 Seems it still of wondrous worth :
 Yea, to them, for curse or blessing,
 'Tis the only rose on earth.

A. MATHESON.

October 31

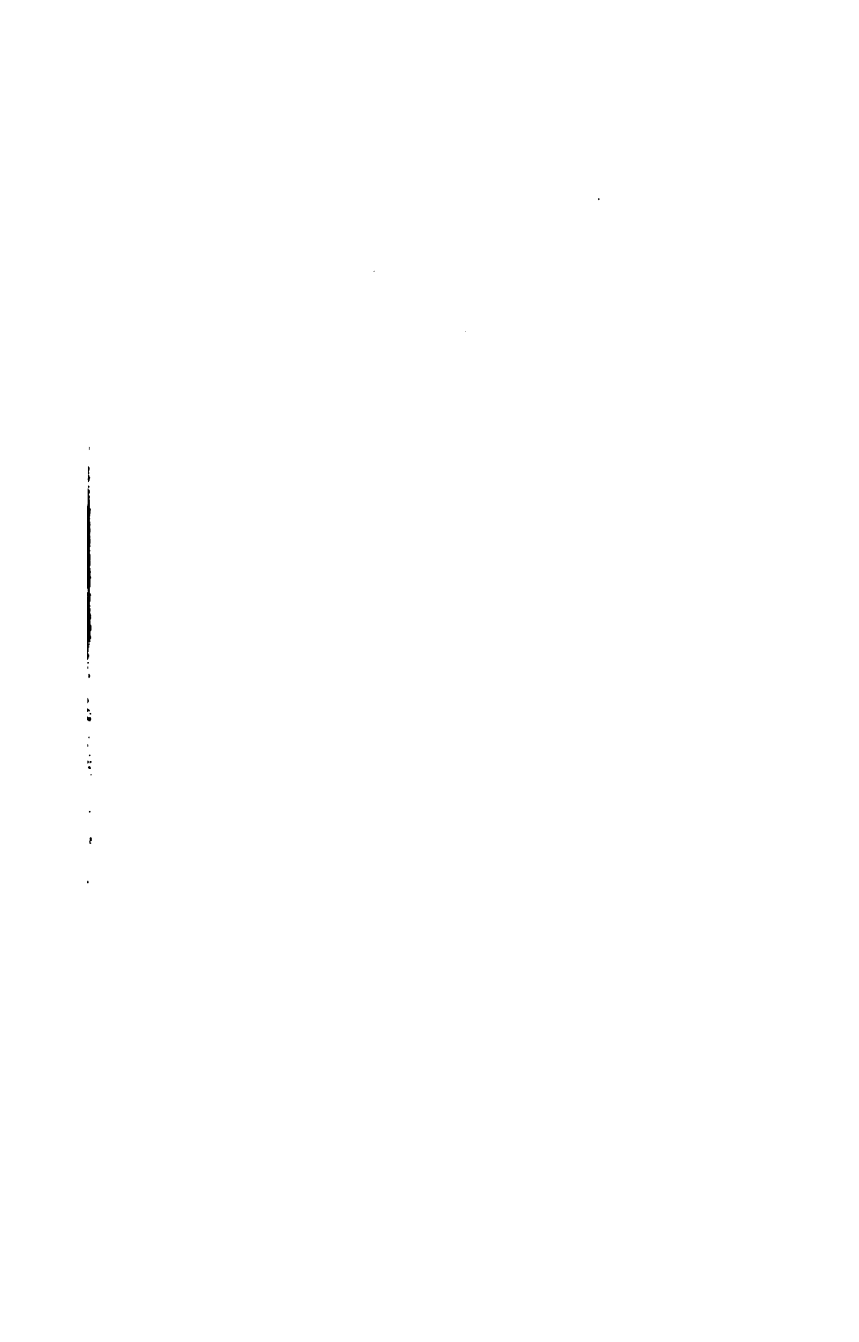
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.—S. MATT.
 vi. 10.

BLESSED God, Whose throne is encircled with myriads of glorious spirits, who veil their faces as not being able to behold the brightness of Thy Majesty, and who delight in their attendance upon those ministries whereunto Thou hast appointed them ; I, Thy unworthy creature, prostrate myself in all humility at Thy footstool, beseeching Thee to give me grace to do Thy will on earth with the same diligence and industry, with the same zeal and cheerfulness as Thy blessed angels do it in heaven ; that, imitating their exemplary obedience, constant devotion, profound humility, unspotted purity, and extensive charity, I may engage their protection in all my necessities ; and may particularly enjoy the advantage of their assistance in my last hour of darkness ; and being by them conducted to the mansions of glory, may be advanced in a more intimate and happy society with them in the life to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DEATH found her busy at her task : one word
 Alone she uttered as she paused to die :
 ' Silence ! ' then listened even as one who heard
 With song and wing the angels drawing nigh !

November

'I believe in the communion of saints.'



November 1

ALL SAINTS' DAY

I believe in the Communion of Saints.—BOOK OF
COMMON PRAYER.

Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the Saints, and of the household of God ; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone ; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.—EPH. ii. 19, 20, 21.

SHALL we not recollect the blessed dead above all in Holy Communion, and give thanks for them there—at that holy table at which the Church triumphant and the Church militant meet in the communion of saints? Where Christ is, they are ; and therefore if Christ be there, may not they be there likewise? May not they be near us though unseen?—like us, claiming their share in the eternal sacrifice, like us, partaking of that spiritual body and blood which is as much the life of saints in heaven as it is of penitent sinners on earth? May it not be so?

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

NOT so ! not then—least then ! when life is
 shriven
And death's full joy is given,—
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,
Say not, 'We loved them once.'

E. B. BROWNING.

MY soul did build
To music of its own, a temple filled
With worshippers beloved that hither drew

In silence ; then I thirsted not to hear
 The voice of any friend, nor wished for dear
 Companion's hand firm clasped in mine ; I knew
 Had such been with me, they had been less near.

DORA GREENWELL.

November 2

I believe in the Communion of Saints, and the life
 of the World to come.—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with
 so great a cloud of witnesses . . . let us run with
 patience the race that is set before us.—HEB. xii. 1.

LET the believer in the Communion of Saints reverently concentrate determined thought upon one now in the spirit-world, whose judgment on earth he greatly valued ; not seeking that species of intercourse which encourages messages spelt by raps and knocks, but by projection of the mind into space external to itself, seeking at the same time communion with the Divine Spirit ; and who shall deny the probability that the loved one we seek, whose affections are expanding in the fuller, freer life beyond the grave, can pour into our minds a stream of guiding, stimulating influence ? We are surrounded, says St. Paul, by an innumerable cloud of witnesses. Amongst them are some of our closest and dearest—the mother who bore us, the father who taught us by his forbearing love what the love of God must be. Would they not cheer, encourage, console us, if they could ? Must they not grieve when we are hard, worldly, prayerless, impure, un-Christlike ? And then, perhaps, their Father and our Father wipes away (metaphorically) their tears—I know not how—possibly by the assurance that as they have fought and conquered, so shall we ; that if they ‘ wait but a little while longer in uncomplaining love, His own most gracious smile shall welcome us also above.’

ARCHDEACON BASIL WILBERFORCE.

WAS it sent because I was thinking of her,
 And yearning for sign that is tenderer
 And clearer far than earth accords
 To those who mourn? . . .
 Maybe the Faith which has slowly grown
 In the Battle of Life to be my own
 Was taken and used by the Voice of Love
 In a way it scarce was conscious of,—
 But how it came and whenso'er,
 I know that the message came from her,
 And that Love was the secret messenger.
 This was the Counsel given to me,
 With the force of unseen authority :
 'Do not let my memory keep you back,
 Or stay your feet in life's onward track.
 Do not let it make you less, but more,
 Of the man that you were in the days of yore,
 The happy days before I died,
 When our paths in life ran side by side.
 If I ever helped you then, my dear,
 I can help you now, if you do not fear ;—
 Ay, more than you dream in your present sphere.
 If you do not fear ; and will only Will
 That we be Friends and Companions still.
 You can help me too, if you will not rave
 With that hopeless sorrow that looks at the Grave.
 You hold me back on my upward path,
 When you grieve with a grief that such scant
 faith hath ;
 You hinder my feet with those self-centred tears,
 You darken my way with those earth-born fears.
 I ask your help as I used to do,
 When our Plane was one. I look to you
 For the love you never denied me yet—
 Oh ! give it me still. Do not forget
 That even in life you did not see
 The thing that you loved so much in me.'

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

November 3

And God shall wipe every tear from their eyes.—
REV. vii. 17.

For we, being many, are one body in Christ, and
every one members one of another.—ROM. xii. 5.

WHAT else do those tender words revealing the motherliness of God signify? Why does He wipe away their tears? Are there tears in Paradise? There is joy, we are told, when sinners repent. Must there not, therefore, be sorrow when sinners are hardened? There must be a thrill of sympathy between us and them. The ascertained facts of physical science are tending ever more and more in the direction of breaking down the supposed antagonism between mind and matter, between natural and supernatural, and indicating that the communion of saints is not so much a theological expression as a natural law; for it is rapidly being demonstrated that mind can act on mind independently of the recognised channels of sensation. Call it mind-transference, or telepathy, or dynamic thought, or what you will, it is a fact that in some circumstances mind can influence mind without contact, without even proximity. Tennyson, our poet-prophet, says in 'Aylmer's Field':

'Star to star vibrates light. May soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own.'

ARCHDEACON BASIL WILBERFORCE.

'T WAS the Heart, was it not? and the Mind
you loved?
Yet you saw but the Form wherein they moved
They are scarce more hidden now than in days
When we held our converse, face to face.
Did the Form, then, give the Life? Ah, nay.
It was but used for a life's brief day,
And that which used it passed on its way.

Oh ! what it is to find and to feel
That the only part of life that is real
Is life transfigured to its Ideal !

To learn that in very truth and word,
Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard,
Nor heart conceived in hope's fairest field
The Glory of Being that can be revealed.

When the blinding curtain, which you call Sight,
Is drawn aside in the Unseen Light !

I was never so near you : never so much
At one with your life, or so close in touch.

I am in your Thought. Oh ! seek for me there !
I move in your memories, breathe in your prayer !

I am yours as I never was yours before ;
You are mine as you never were mine of yore.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

November 4

Ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city
of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to
innumerable hosts of angels, . . . and to God the
Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made
perfect.—HEB. xii. 22, 23.

And they said, It is his angel.—ACTS xii. 15.

WHEN you have closed your doors and made
darkness within, remember never to say that
you are alone. For you are not alone. God, too, is
present there, and your guardian spirit ; and what
need have they of light to see what you are doing ?

EPICTETUS.

DO we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side ?
Is there no baseness we would hide ?
No inner vileness that we dread ?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
 I had such reverence for his blame,
 See with clear eye some hidden shame,
 And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue ;
 Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?
 There must be wisdom with great Death ;
 The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall :
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours .
 With larger other eyes than ours,
 To make allowance for us all. TENNYSON.

I FEEL as though her spirit hovered near,
 Holy and pure, it wafts me with its wings.
 P. J. BAILEY.

November 5

That they without us should not be made perfect.
 Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with
 so great a cloud of witnesses . . . let us run with
 patience the race that is set before us, looking unto
 Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.—HEB.
 xi. 40 ; xii. 1, 2.

BELIEVE that those who are gone are nearer us
 than ever ; and that if (as I surely believe) they
 do sorrow over the mishaps and misdeeds of those
 whom they leave behind, they do not sorrow in vain.
 Their sympathy is a further education for them, and
 a pledge, too, of help—I believe of final deliverance
 —for those on whom they look down in love.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WEEP not for me ;—
 Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
 The stream of love that circles home,
 Light hearts and free !
 Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
 Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near ;—
 Watching the smiles I prized on earth ;
 Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
 Now too I hear
 Of whisper'd sounds the tale complete,
 Low prayers and musings sweet.

A sea before
 The throne is spread ;—its pure still glass
 Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
 We on its shore
 Share in the bosom of our rest
 God's knowledge, and are blest.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

I HOPE for such meeting—I lost you,
 So much left untold !
 But perhaps even now you know all things,
 The new and the old ;
 Perhaps even now you are nearer
 Than ever before ;
 And you smile as you watch me come to you,
 A Lost Love no more ! ALFRED NORRIS.

November 6

That they all may be one ; as Thou, Father, art in
 Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.
 —S. JOHN xvii. 21.

AS every telephone in this great city opens communication with another telephone through a centre common to both, so do sundered souls, though between them lies all the inexplicable mystery of another world, find each other in the presence and on the heart of a Lord and Saviour common to both. . . . We cannot see them in that other dimension of space, neither could we see them if they were at the Antipodes ; but whenever we draw near to the heart of the Risen Lord, we draw near also to those who are in the world of spirits. Personally, I believe that the certificated trysting-place of this spirit-communion

between sundered souls is the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and that at that supreme moment the hearts of earth-soiled, sin-bewildered men reach for a while into the Paradise of God, and are able to say without exaggeration and hyperbole: 'Therefore with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name evermore, praising Thee and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.'

ARCHDEACON BASIL WILBERFORCE.

KISS me and do not grieve ;
 I believe, love, I believe,
 That He who holds the measure of our days,
 And did thus strangely weave
 Our opposite lives together, to His praise—

He never will divide
 Us so wide, love, us so wide ;
 But will, whate'er befalls us, clearly show
 That those in Him allied
 In life or death are nearer than they know.

MRS. CRAIK.

THOUGH you keep
 Your silence even from good words, I miss
 No sign of greeting, nor have need of kiss
 For sealing of our love ; for this is clear,
 That ye are near me when I draw most near
 To Him in Whom we meet ; I see you shine
 In Christ, as once I marked above a shrine
 By midnight clear, yet moonless, pictured fair
 A Virgin Mother in a lowly place
 Bend o'er a sleeping Infant ; full of grace
 His brow and lip ; with gifts and odours rare
 Came kings adoring, lowly shepherds there
 Rejoicing knelt, and all the canvas dim
 Was crowded up behind with seraphim
 In goodly ranks ; yet mother-maid serene,
 Sage seraph, lowly shepherd, all were seen
 By Light that streamed from out the Babe Divine.

DORA GREENWELL.

November 7

The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?—1 COR. x. 16.

Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.—And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.—1 COR. xii. 27, 26.

BELIEVE the Holy Communion is the sign of Christ's perpetual presence; that when you kneel to receive the bread and wine, Christ is as near you—spiritually, indeed, and invisibly, but really and truly as near to you as those who are kneeling by your side. And if it be so with Christ, then is it so with those who are Christ's, with those whom we love. . . . Surely, like Christ, they may come and go even now, though unseen. Like Christ, they may breathe upon our restless hearts and say, 'Peace be unto you,' and not in vain. For what they did for us when they were on earth they can more fully do now that they are in heaven. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

OR are they ever with thee on thy way,
In dreams by night, in visions of the day,
Growing so clear and full at quiet eve
That for a while the heart forgets to grieve,
Deeming that still it hath its treasure here,
So present doth it seem, so freshly dear?

Do they go with thee through the city's din
Like guardian angels, saving thee from sin,
When thy foot falls on paths thy soul would rue?
Calming thy fevered heart with heavenly dew,
When, proudly fighting in the world's fierce strife,
It recks not of the other endless life?

Hath it no whisper for thy weary heart?
No tale of worlds where love-links never part?

What thought like this the soul of grief beguiles,
 When others seek their homes so rich in smiles—
 'Thy day is longer ; but its eve will come !
 Thou too hast welcomes waiting thee at home !'

R. R.

November 8

Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.—S. LUKE
 xi. 2.

**Seeing we also are compassed about with so great
 a cloud of witnesses . . . let us run with patience the
 race that is set before us.**—HEB. xii. 1.

IT is not too much to say, that this prayer expresses the longing desire of all the angelic heavens, and of 'the spirits of just men made perfect.' They never doubt that their desire will be accomplished: they cannot doubt, because God Himself is the strength of their desire . . . Heaven and earth are connected, and the connection cannot be broken. The chain of causes in heaven, and the chain of effects on earth, are one chain. The earthly links, for the present, work gratingly, painfully, and even disastrously, through our prevailing disorders ; but the heavenly links will never cease to transmit their healing and rectifying virtue, until the earthly links work sweetly, and work out our Father's will 'on earth, as in heaven.'

DR. J. PULSFORD.

AS, after death, our Lost Ones grow our Dearest,
 So, after death, our Lost Ones come the nearest :
 They are not lost in distant worlds above ;
 They are our nearest link in God's own love—
 The human hand-clasps of the Infinite,
 That life to life, spirit to spirit knit !
 They fill the rift they made, like veins of gold
 In fire-rent fissures torture-torn of old !
 With sweetness store the empty place they left,
 As of wild honey in the rock's bare cleft.

In hidden ways they aid this life of ours,
As sunshine lends a finger to the flowers,
Shadowed and shrouded in the wood's dim heart,
To climb by while they push their grave apart.
They think of us at sea, who are safe on shore ;
Light up the cloudy coast we struggle for !

We would not put them from us when we are
sad ;
We will not shut them from us when we are glad ;
Nor thrust our angel from the Marriage Feast,
Although he comes not clothèd like the rest
In visible garment of a Wedding Guest.

GERALD MASSEY.

November 9

BIRTHDAY OF KING EDWARD VII.

For the king trusteth in the Lord ; and through the
loving-kindness of the Most High he shall not be
moved.—Ps. xxi. 7.

He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep
thee in all thy ways.—Ps. xci. 11.

Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.—S. LUKE
xi. 2.

Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings. SHAKESPEARE.

RING out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

AND He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! SHAKESPEARE,

November 10

I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man.—Eph. iii. 14, 15, 16.

WHY should not those who are gone be actually nearer us, not farther from us, in the heavenly world, praying for us, and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways of which we, in our prison-house of mortality, cannot dream? Yes! Do not be afraid to believe that he whom you have lost is near you, and you near him, and both of you near God, who died on the cross for you.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ONLY the dead Hearts forsake us never ;
 Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign
 Consecrating Love our own for ever,
 Crowning it eternal and divine. A. A. PROCTER.

I thoughts which answer to my own,
 In words which reach my inward ear,
 Like whispers from the void unknown,
 I feel thy living presence here.

J. G. WHITTIER.

AS from the darkening gloom a silver dove
 Upsoars, and darts into the eastern light,
 On pinions that nought moves but pure delight,
 So fled thy soul into the realms above,

Regions of peace and everlasting love ;
Where happy spirits crowned with circlets bright
Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight
Taste the high joy none but the blest can prove.
There thou or joinest the immortal quire
In melodies that even heaven fair
Fill with superior bliss, or, at desire
O' the omnipotent Father, cleav'st the air
On holy message sent—what pleasure's higher ?
Wherefore does any grief our joy impair ?

JOHN KEATS.

NAY !

In this world or the next I count to be
Remembering and remembered ; we have shared
The cloud and sunshine here, Eternity
Will never blight the flower that Time hath spared !

DORA GREENWELL.

November 11

And we desire that each one of you may show the same diligence unto the fulness of hope even to the end: that ye be not sluggish, but imitators of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.—

HEB. vi. 11, 12.

WE are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at every success. How should this thought check and rebuke every worldly feeling and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us, in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace ! They have overcome—have risen—are crowned, glorified ; but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforters, and in every hour of darkness their voice speaks to us : ' So we grieved, so we struggled, so we fainted, so we doubted ; but

we have overcome, we have obtained, we have seen,
we have found—and in our victory behold the
certainty of thy own.’

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

‘PRAY not for her, but for thyself and those
Who linger far behind ; the little way
That she hath yet to travel, like the rose
Doth blossom, paved with love, her kindred wait
E’en now to welcome her within the gate ;
But ere their dancing and their songs resound,
Her spirit rushing on before, hath met
The Father coming forth ; her cheek is wet
With reconciling tears . . .’

Yet must I pray
For thee, so spake I soft, ‘The stream is wide
That lies between ; oh, gentle be its flow
When she doth cross,’—that boon was not denied.
Now that thy feet upon the hither side

Stand firm, I charge thee, Friend, by all below
That knit our souls in one, that thou dost take
This music from my lips, for thou canst frame
Its flow more fitly ; only change thy name,

Beloved, for mine. I lay on thee this task,
Entreat for me ! for thou hast drawn more near
God’s gracious heart, and closer to His ear,—

Nay ! thou dost pray for me, I need not ask !

DORA GREENWELL.

November 12

So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners,
but ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the
household of God, being built upon the foundation of
the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being
the chief corner stone: . . . in whom ye are also
builded together for an habitation of God in the Spirit.

—EPH. ii. 19, 20, 22.

LET us learn that we can never be lonely or for-
saken in this life. Our Lord has promised,
‘Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the

world.' And *in Him* all His saints are with us too. They share His sympathy with the church militant on earth. Shall they forget us, because they are 'made perfect'? Shall they love us less because they have now power to love us more? If we forget them not, shall they not remember us with God? Kneel down and you are with them. Only a thin veil, it may be, floats between. All whom we loved and all who loved us, whom we love no less while they love us more, are ever near, because ever in His presence in Whom we live and dwell.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

We, by enemies distress—
They in Paradise at rest ;
We, the captives—they the freed—
We and they are one indeed.

One in all we seek or shun,
One—because our Lord is one,
One in heart and one in love—
We below, and they above. .

Yet in sacrament and prayer
Each with other hath a share ;
Hath a share in tear and sigh,
Watch and fast and litany.

Saints departed even thus
Hold communion still with us ;
Still with us, beyond the veil,
Praising, pleading without fail.

With them still our hearts we raise,
Share their work and join their praise,
Rend'ring worship, thanks, and love
To the Trinity above. Amen.

DR. J. M. NEALE.

November 13

And Jesus said unto them, The sons of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they that are accounted worthy to attain to that world, and the resurrection of the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: for neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels: and are sons of God, being sons of the resurrection.—S. LUKE xx. 34, 35, 36.

THESE words of our Lord give the key to our strange interest in angel life, for they tell us in plain terms that we may some day wear the likeness of angels ourselves. . . . Well, indeed, may these hints of angel existence come close home to us and touch the very quick of our nature, for they give us a glimpse through the clouds of what may be awaiting our own souls.

REV. H. LATHAM.

LOVE deep as death and rich as rest;
Love that was love with all Love's might;
Level to needs the lowliest;
Cannot be less Love at full-height!

Though earthly forms be far apart,
Spirit to spirit nestles nigher;
The music chords the same at heart
Though one voice range an octave higher,
Eyes watch us that we cannot see;
Lips warn us which we may not kiss;
They wait for us, and starrily
Lean towards us from Heaven's lattices.

We cannot see them face to face,
But love is nearness. And they love
Us yet, nor change, with change of place,
In their more steadfast world above,
Where love, once leal, hath never ceased,
And dear eyes never lose their shine,
And there shall be a Marriage Feast,
Where Christ shall once more make the wine.

GERALD MASSEY.

November 14

Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.

S. MATT. vi. 10.

IN heaven, my friends, as well as on earth. Form your own notions, as you will, about angels, and saints in heaven, for every one must have some notions about them, and try to picture to himself what the souls of those whom he has loved and lost are doing in the other world : but bear this in mind : that if the saints in heaven live the everlasting life, they must be living a life of usefulness, of love and of good works. Ask—‘Father, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.’ For in asking that, we ask for the best of all things. We ask for the happiness, the power, the glory of saints and angels. We ask to be put in tune with God’s whole universe, from the meanest flower beneath our feet, to the most glorious spirit whom God ever created.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

PEACE at last. Of peace eternal is her calm
sweet smile a token :

Has some angel lingering near her let a radiant
promise fall ?

Has he told her heaven unites again the links that
earth has broken ?

For on earth so much is needed, but in heaven
Love is all !

A. A. PROCTER.

THERE beamed on me those eyes of heaven

That wept no more, but ever smiled ;

‘Love only *is* love in that Home

Where I abide—where, till thou come,

I work for thee, my child.’

If from my sight thou passedst then,

Or if my sobs the dream exiled,

I know not : but in memory clear

I seem those strange words still to hear,

‘*I work for thee, my child.*’

MRS. CRAIK.

What if henceforth by Heaven's decree
 She leave thee not alone,
 But in her turn prove guide to thee
 In ways to angels known?

O yield thee to her whisperings sweet :
 Away with thoughts of gloom !
 In love the loving spirits greet,
 Who wait to bless her tomb.

In loving hope with her unseen
 Walk as in hallow'd air,
 When foes are strong and trials keen,
 Think, 'What if she be there?' KEBLE.

November 17

Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.
 —EPH. ii. 19.

As ye know how we . . . charged every one of you, that ye would walk worthy of God, Who hath called you unto His kingdom and glory.—1 THESS. ii. 11, 12.

THUS is the Communion of Saints, the common Divine life that death cannot sunder, a truth that should awaken us to the dignity and blessedness of life, lift us into the sphere of eternal realities, help us to live unto God earnestly, consciously, willingly, repentantly, for our home is with God and our citizenship is in heaven. . . . And while you know that for our blessed departed who went hence in the Lord there must be limitless occasions of happy growth 'for ever with the Lord,' so, too, will you believe that He, Who will brook no waste in any world, will say to those angel reapers who shall do His bidding at the last day, 'Now gather up the fragments that remain, that *nothing* be lost.'

ARCHDEACON BASIL WILBERFORCE.

DEAR angels and dear disembodied saints
Unseen around us, worshipping in rest,
May wonder that man's heart so often faints
And his steps lag along the heavenly quest.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

TYPE for us of the Eternal Love which seeks
Strays of the flock ; and will not have them
lost

For all its saints, and will not spare its toil,
'Mid thorns and thickets, till it find, and save ;
Then makes more joy in Heaven for one lost sheep
Brought home, than all the folded ewes and rams
Knee-deep in grass of Paradise.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even :
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

It seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers :
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

November 18

And His servants shall serve Him.—REV. xxii. 3.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to
minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?—

HEB. i. 14.

AND so with those who are Christ's whom we
love. Partakers of His death, they are par-
takers of His resurrection. Let us believe the
blessed news in all its fulness, and be at peace. A

Who have hedged us both day and night
 On the left hand and on the right,
 Who have watched us both night and day
 Because the devil keeps watch to slay.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

November 20

That they without us should not be made perfect.—
 HEB. xi. 40.

Ye are come . . . unto the city of the living God,
 . . . to an innumerable company of angels, . . . and
 to the spirits of just men made perfect.—HEB. xii. 22, 23.

THERE are those who hold that the world of
 spirits is very close at hand ; that our beloved
 dead hover, invisible, near us with sweet solicitude—
 guardian angels, having more than angels' love and
 sympathy ; the tender love and sympathy they have
 stooped a little lower than the angels to gain.

'TRUTH.'

OFT may the spirits of the dead descend
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;
 To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
 And heaven and nature opened to their view.
 Oft when he views his cheerful hearth, and sees
 A smiling circle emulous to please ;
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well.
 Oh thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share,
 From reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care ;
 With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know
 The humble walks of happiness below ;
 If thy blest nature now unites above
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;

Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout, yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

November 21

Ye are come . . . unto the city of the living God,
. . . to the general assembly and church of the first-
born, which are written in heaven . . . and to the
spirits of just men made perfect.—HEB. xii. 22, 23.

S. PAUL calls us 'fellow-citizens with the saints.' The city is alive, its citizens are awake, are stirring, acting ; a city of sleepers would be rather a necropolis than a city ; the fellow-citizens of saints are fellow-citizens of the living. The same apostle exclaims : 'Ye are not come unto Sinai, ye are come unto mount Zion, to the general assembly . . . to the spirits of just men made perfect.' These spirits are living at this present hour in the presence of God ; for 'the body is dead, but the spirit is life.'

COMTESSE DE GASPARIK.

HER gentle teaching sweetly blends
With the clear light of truth
Th' ærial gleam that fancy lends
To solemn thoughts in youth.

If thou hast loved, in hours of gloom,
To dream the dead are near,
And people all the lonely room
With guardian spirits dear,

Dream on the soothing dream at will :
The lurid mist is o'er,
That show'd the righteous suffering still
Upon th' eternal shore.

KEBLE.

‘**B**UT they are dead : those two are dead !
 Their spirits are in heaven !’
 ’Twas throwing words away : for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, ‘ Nay, we are seven !’

WORDSWORTH.

OR in clearer light and purer air,
 Busy about His business—*otherwhere*.

MRS. CRAIK.

November 22

Therefore, let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us.—HEB. xii. 1.

TEMPORAL death, therefore, can have no power to dissolve this holy fellowship. The members of Christ, who have been removed from our sight by death, still remain true and living members of Christ’s mystical body, only they have reached the point which conceals them from our view. Their trials are over, and they are safe in the world of spirits, in the presence of their Divine Head. There they hold communion with us, and we on earth with them. Like a great cloud of witnesses they encompass us about to encourage us in our heavenward path.

DEAN HOOK.

IN life our absent friend is far away ;
 But death may bring our friend exceeding near,
 Show him familiar faces long so dear
 And lead him back in reach of words we say.
 He only cannot utter yea or nay
 In any voice accustomed to our ear ;
 He only cannot make his face appear
 And turn the sun back on our shadowed day.

The dead may be around us, dear and dead ;
 The unforgotten dearest dead may be
 Watching us with unslumbering eyes and heart
 Brimful of words which cannot yet be said,
 Brimful of knowledge they may not impart,
 Brimful of love for you and love for me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

November 23

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.—1 COR. ii. 14.

IN the relation of spirits and beings supernatural, we know not by what presences and revelations they may come within the precincts of knowledge ; as little by what fences they are kept asunder. Place in this matter may be nothing, congenialities everything. It does not surprise us that the bad should somehow come upon the bad in temptation ; as little should it that the good have a way of social presence with the good. Perhaps, too, it will relieve the aspect of extravagance here, if I say, that faith is nothing but the opening of the supernatural sense of the soul on the supernatural being to be apprehended. It opens, in other words, the heaven of the mind ; and God, and Christ, and the good supernatural society press in to fill it. HORACE BUSHNELL.

BUT is there prayer
 Within your quiet Homes, and is there care
 For those ye leave behind ? I would address
 My spirit to this theme in humbleness :
 No tongue nor pen hath uttered or made known
 This mystery, and thus I do but guess
 At clearer types through lowlier patterns shown ;
 Yet when did Love on earth forsake its own ?
 Ye may not quit your sweetness, in the Vine
 More firmly rooted than of old, your wine

Hath freer flow ! Ye have not changed, but grown
 To fuller stature ; parting hath but shown
 True hearts their hidden riches, friend to friend
 More clear revealing,—what is Death to rend
 The ties of life and love, when he must fade
 In light of very Life, when he must bend
 To Love, that loving, loveth to the end ?

DORA GREENWELL.

November 24

For to this end Christ died, and lived again, that
 He might be Lord of both the dead and the living.
 —ROM. xiv. 9.

And His servants shall do Him service.—REV.
 xxii. 3.

UNBELIEF once traced over the gate of a
 cemetery the word *Fuerunt*,—‘They have
 been.’ Faith always writes over the gate of a
 churchyard, ‘I am the resurrection and the life.’ To
 unbelief the dead are the memories of beings who
 have ceased to be. To faith the dead are living,
 working, it may be praying, friends whom nothing
 but the dulness of sense hides from sight. They are
 not yet what they will be, but they are there.

CANON LIDDON.

THOU art not dead, my father ! Nay,
 Still for each other will we pray :
 Shall prisoning creeds true love immure,
 Or love but in the body endure,
 And then corrupt like mortal clay ?—

Father, how many a sunshine day
 In fields and woodlands far away
 God spoke to us ! My heart is sure
 Thou art not dead !

A. MATHESON.

THE point where the Seen and the unseen blend
 Is at once a Death and a Birth,—an End
 That begins anew. Oh ! listen, my Friend !

This is the Secret whose Doors stand wide,
Where Morning and Eve stand side by side.

And I, who speak from the Silence of Death
With the Voice new-born of the new-born Breath,

Inspire you here with the truth divine,
Which asks no proof and needs no sign,

Whereby you KNOW that life is not gone
When it passes from us. It but passes on.

In this, as in all worlds, nothing is lost :
Least of all is that lost which we prize the most.

Uplift your heart ; and look o'er head !
For those you have lost be comforted.

Believe it with all your soul and will,—
They are able to love and be loved by you still.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

November 25

And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect. Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses . . . let us run with patience the race that is set before us.—HEB. xi. 40 ; xii. 1.

THEY who are as the angels of God in heaven, yet cannot be conceived as so assimilated that their different experiences and affections upon earth shall then be forgotten and effectless. RUSKIN.

ARE souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe ?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through THAT Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

E. B. BROWNING.

whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.—PHIL. iii. 20, 21.

THOSE who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true; they are only gone into the next room, and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon *you*, and you will be no more seen.

W. M. THACKERAY.

WE cannot tell if up above they know
The thoughts of those who linger here
below;
And yet, each hour, some message comes to
prove
Our dear ones watch our doings from above!

To know those eyes, so kindly and so pure,
Are watching us should nerve us to endure,
And bear ourselves more bravely in the race,
Till we can meet our dear ones face to face!

ELPHINSTONE THORPE.

AND Love knows the secret of Grief

And I feel what it must be and is,
When God draws a new angel so
Through the house of a man up to His
With a murmur of music you miss
And a rapture of light you forego.

How you think, staring on at the door
Where the face of your angel flashed in
That its brightness, familiar before
Burns off from you ever the more
For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

You know how one angel smiles there
Then weep not.

E. B. BROWNING.

November 29

That they may be one, even as we are one ; I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be perfected into one.—S. JOHN xvii. 22, 23.

HEART-UNIONS are marvellous things, and powerful for good and evil. There is no more expressive word in our language than *attachment*, which truly means a *binding together*. When they are the most real and most profound, they are bound up with human destiny, to be parts of us for ever. Such beloved ones have, and everlastingly will have, power over us ; and over such loving ones shall we for ever have power. Their love for us will draw them near to us, as our love for them will impel us toward them ; and being made one with us by love, as angels we may together be made one in the Lord by our common love for Him.

'OUR ETERNAL HOMES.'

I LOOK to you still, my Belovèd :
O, help me in my task !
Surely your help is ready
And waits but for me to ask.

It may be that I can help you
By doing what you would love :
It may be that you can help me
In ways that I know not of.

My task will be wrought the better,
And brighter its hour will be,
If only the faith in your Presence
Is present in both to me.

Not yours is the sad-faced memory
That drags me to bygone years,
With dull regret that weakens,
And dims true sight with tears.

Such memory would but wrong ye,
 Who were in life so brave :
 You cannot give less of courage
 Than erst your voices gave.

I feel your hands are upon me.
 I rise to face the to-day,
 Believing that more is given
 Than Death hath taken away.

Ye are ever with me, Belovèd ;
 What wonder then I should ask
 That now, even more than ever,
 Ye should help me in my task.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

November 30

I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made
 perfect in one.—S. JOHN xvii. 23.

Now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face
 to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know
 even as also I am known.—1 COR. xiii. 12.

I BELIEVE that the union of those who have
 loved here will in the next world amount to
 perfect identity, that they will look back on the
 expressions of affection here as mere meagre
 strugglings after and approximation to the union
 which then will be perfect, Perfect !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HEART with heart
 May commune safely when the Master's art
 Hath tuned His perfect instrument ! below
 We learn not half its sweetness.

DORA GREENWELL.

AND shall these spirits in an air serene,
 Where nought can shadow nought can come
 between,
 Meet once again, and to the other grow
 More close and sure than could have been below ?

Or will that State that blissful Commonweal.
 Leave, each of all possessing, room to feel
 For other bliss than merges in the flow
 Of Love's great ocean, whence these drops did steal
 To Earth of old, and wandered to and fro?
 I know not of this now, but I shall know.

DORA GREENWELL.

THEY took not Counsel of the Eye or Ear
 These are but erring vassals, and the clear
 Soul-region in its rarer atmosphere
 Needs not their failing witness.

DORA GREENWELL.

TO whom the angel, with a smile that glowed
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answered : ' Let it suffice thee that thou knowest
 Us happy ; and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars :
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring ; nor restrained conveyance need
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.

MILTON.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

December

'Thy kingdom come.'



December 1

BIRTHDAY OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;
The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be
gracious unto thee.—NUM. vi. 24, 25.

He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep
thee in all thy ways.—PS. xci. 11.

SO dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear ;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape.

MILTON.

AND with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

December 2

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.—
S. MATT. vi. 10.

The kingdom of heaven is at hand.—S. MATT. x. 7.

THIS is Christianity, a spiritual society, not
because it has no worldly concerns, but
because all its members, as such, are born of the
Spirit, kept alive, animated and governed by the
Spirit of God. It is constantly called by our Lord

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the kingdom of God, or heaven, because all its ministry and service, all that is done in it, is done in obedience and subjection to that Spirit, by which angels live, and are governed in heaven. Hence our blessed Lord taught His disciples to pray that this kingdom might come, that so God's will might 'be done on earth, as it is in heaven'; which could not be, but by that same Spirit, by which it is done in heaven.

WILLIAM LAW.

AH ! the dream !
All fair, could it but last in waking hours !
Could men but hear the angels' song anew,
And learn to sing it, making 'Peace on earth !'

Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea,
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity :
Hearts of men upon earth,
Never once still from their birth,
To rest, as the wild waters rest,
With the colours of heaven on their breast !

Love, which is sunlight of peace
Age by age to increase,
Till Angers and Hatreds are dead,
And Sorrow and Death shall cease :
'Peace on earth and goodwill !'
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss !

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

December 3

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting
nor destruction within thy borders ; but thou shalt call
thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.—ISA. lx. 18.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come
to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their

heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—ISA. XXXV. 10.

THE imagination exhausts its resources in vain, attempting to construct this ideal life. We may suppose that, in place of the desire for mastery and for material possession, the heroism of love and faith is dominant, since our Lord hath said that the meek shall inherit the earth—they who overcome evil with good. This heroism of meekness not only hath in it all that is possible of human courage in the face of life and death; but is reinforced by the Divine might. Here is an army whose weapons are drawn from the armoury of heaven. We may imagine an array of bright, angelic forms, supple as Michael's, shining with the health of seraphs, from their radiant brows, beneath which the piercing glance of every eye is like the flash of Ithuriel's spear, to their beautiful feet upon the mountains—upon the vantage-ground of truth: and unto them truth is life and life is love. They have the wisdom of serpents, the harmlessness of doves, and the strength of God. The whole race of men upon earth becoming such as these, we may picture to ourselves a society . . . in which there is a common bond of love uniting all hearts and all activities.

'GOD IN HIS WORLD.'

LO! earth shall live again and, with her sons,
Have resurrection to a brighter being;
And wakening like a bride, or like a morning,
With a long blush of love, to a new life,
Another race of souls shall rule in her,
Creatures all loving, beautiful and holy;
Such—see them!—as, evil quelled, and justice
wrought,
Have vanquished, bound and trampled under foot
Their souls' defect, by self-set tendence towards
The absolute good; whom death holds therefore not
In more than freshening slumber; and who prime
Resurgents of all life, haste now to live.

P. J. BAILEY.

THE world seems wreathed from end to end with
 joy,
 And garlanded with glory, as the hall
 Of some great populous palace at a feast.

P. J. BAILEY.

December 4

Whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began.—ACTS iii. 21.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.—REV. v. 13.

THE Spirit that animated the inward life of those glorious angels, and that moved with its sweet breath, through all this glassy sea, opening and changing new scenes in the mirror of Divine wisdom, was the Holy Spirit of God, that eternally proceeds from the Father and the Son. Thus did these celestial spirits live, move, and have their being in God. . . . With this degree of glory and happiness was the whole extent of the place of this world filled, before the angels fell; and to this degree of happiness, and heavenly glory, will the whole place of this world be again raised, when the love of God shall have finished the great work of the redemption of mankind. Heaven again, and angels again, raised out of the misery of time, to sing eternal praises to the Holy Trinity, and to the Lamb that has overcome sin, and death, and hell, and turned all the wrath, misery, and darkness of this world into an heaven never more to be changed. WILLIAM LAW.

THE snow is gone ! but ye only
 Know how good doth that good news sound,
 Whose hearts long buried and lonely,
 Have been waiting, winter-bound,
 For the voice of the wakening angel
 To utter the welcome evangel,
 'The snow is gone : re-arise,
 And blossom as heretofore,
 Hopes, imaginings, memories,
 And joys of the days of yore !'

LORD LYTTON.

LET the redeemèd of the Lord
 Their thankful voices raise ;
 Can we be dumb while angels sing
 Our great Redeemer's praise ?
 Come let us join with angels then,
 'Glory to God on high ;
 Peace upon earth, goodwill to men.'
 Amen, Amen, say I.

JOHN MASON, 1694.

December 5

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of
 him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ;
 that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth
 salvation.—ISA. lii. 7.

OUR Sinai is before us, and we realise that we
 must climb it and hold converse with the
 divine. A wave of new invigoration is sweeping
 over the entire world. The gospel of hope, of faith,
 is bearing men to a wingèd vantage-ground. To
 keep one's foot firmly set in the way that leads
 upward, however dark and thorny it may be at the
 moment, is to conquer. All trial is, in its very
 nature, temporal ; all joy is, in its nature, eternal.
 Legions of angelic powers wait upon the soul, and
 guide it to the Mount of Vision.

LILIAN WHITING.

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THE rift 'twixt Sense and Spirit will be healed
Ere the Redeemer's work be crowned and
sealed.

And Heaven is as near Earth as when
The angels visibly conversed with men.

GERALD MASSEY.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride doth earthward move.

DR. J. M. NEALE.

December 8

Ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.—HEB. xii. 22, 23, 24.

IF the outward were the measure of the Church of Christ, we might, as we have seen, well despair. But side by side with us, when we fondly think, like Elijah or Elisha's servant, that we stand alone, are countless multitudes whom we know not, angels whom we have no power to discern, children of God whom we have not learnt to recognise. We have come to the kingdom of God, peopled with armies of angels and men working for us and with us, because they are working for Him. And though we cannot grasp the fulness of the truth, and free ourselves from the fetters of sense, yet we can, in the Light of

the Incarnation, feel the fact of this unseen fellowship ; we can feel that heaven has been reopened to us by Christ.

BISHOP WESTCOTT.

GOD'S interpreter art thou,
To the waiting ones below ;
'Twixt them and its light midway
Heralding the better day.

Catching gleams of temple spires
Hearing notes of angel choirs,
Where, as yet unseen of them,
Comes the new Jerusalem !

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,
On the glory downward blazing ;
Till upon Earth's grateful sod,
Rests the City of our God !

J. G. WHITTIER.

December 9

And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep : for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand : let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.—ROM. xiii. 11, 12.

IT is a strengthening, calming consideration that we are in the midst of an invisible world of energetic and glorious life, a world of spiritual beings, than whom we have been 'made for a little while lower.' Blessed be God for the knowledge of a world like this, for we believe the wrongs of the ages will be righted there.

ARCHDEACON BASIL WILBERFORCE.

JESUS our Lord hath lived and died and lived ;
And, now, in Suns, and Stars, and amplest
Heaven,
When angels name us they must name Him, too,
Since He was Man—is Man.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

December 11

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—S. MATT. v. 16.

For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren.—ROM. ix. 3.

HOPE that you will by God's blessing be enabled to lead a life far higher and more heroical than the vulgar and sleepy standard of the so-called religious world—that God's grace may inspire you with such a passion for integrity and truth, that you may be hereafter among those saints of God who have inspired the souls of others by the conspicuous example of Christ-like lives. Such hopes, such thoughts are as the unseen Seraphim who swing their holy incense in the spiritual temple; and such a temple your hearts should be. Greater are they that are with than they that are against you. . . . All good angels lean over you with their glittering faces; the silent company of the immortal dead, the household and city of God, are with you.

DEAN FARRAR.

TRULY he cannot, after such assurance
Truly he cannot, and he shall not fail;
Nay, they are known, the hours of thy endurance,
Daily thy tears are added to the tale.

Never a sigh of passion or of pity,
Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,
Hath not its archive in the angel's city,
Finds not its echo in the endless song.

Then, though our foul and limitless transgression
Grew with our growing, with our breath began,
Lift thou the arms of endless intercession,
Jesus, divinest when Thou most art man.

F. W. H. MYERS.

AND my mind throngs with shining auguries.
Circle on circle, bright as seraphim,
With golden trumpets, silent, that await
The signal to blow news of good to men.

J. R. LOWELL.

December 12

Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, Take the filthy garments from off him. And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with rich apparel. And I said, Let them set a fair mitre upon his head. So they set a fair mitre upon his head, and clothed him with garments, and the angel of the Lord *stood by*. And the angel of the Lord protested unto Joshua, saying, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, If thou wilt walk in my ways, and if thou wilt keep my charge, then thou shalt also judge my house, and shalt also keep my courts, and I will give thee a place of access among these that *stand by*.—ZECH. iii. 3-7.

THE way to rise to higher things is to be faithful where we are. Unless we do well the smaller things which God gives to do, He will not intrust greater things to us. The man who was faithful and diligent in the use of his two talents, saw the two become four, and found himself put in trust also with new responsibilities. The promise here was that if this good priest would walk in God's ways and keep His charge, he should have influence and power in God's house and should stand among angels. This latter is a remarkable promise. It seems to mean that even on the earth, those who are faithful in holy things shall have fellowship with angels. They may not be conscious of the companionship amid which they stand; but really they are working alongside spiritual beings continually while they wait upon God.

DR. J. R. MILLER.

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THEN was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate : ' Never fear !
For heaven is love, as God Himself is love,
Thy work below shall be thy work above.'
And when he looked, lo ! in the stern monk's place
He saw the shining of an angel's face !

J. G. WHITTIER.

December 13

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save.—ISA. lix. 1.

The Lord of Hosts is His name.—ISA. li. 15.

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.
It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.—ISA. xxxv. 1, 2.

IT tells of One, who, in the ruins of His Church on earth, is yet the Lord of Heavenly Hosts ; who therefore, whatever may be the failure of His elect on earth, in relation to the dispensation, that is, to that which is committed to them, can and will yet perfectly fulfil His purpose of blessing to the world, perhaps even more fully through the very failure of His people.

REV. ANDREW JUKES.

DID we not know Heaven's Might
Servant and succour to Him ? plumèd bands
Of Presences invisible, intent,
Upon His lightest sighing, loyally
To go and come, bearing Him embassy ?

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THEY heard the air above them fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo ! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord.

'Arise,' he said, 'why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind,
Your loss may yet restore ?

'I leave you with a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

'I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil ;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain thro' toil.

'Go, cheerful as yon humming bees,
To labour as to play.'
While glimmering over Eden's trees
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found where'er they tilled the earth
A garden of the Lord !

We share our primal parent's fate,
And in our turn and day
Look back on Eden's sworded gate
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying angel leaves,
And leads thro' toil to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves !

J. G. WHITTIER.

December 14

**For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth
for the manifestation of the sons of God.—ROM. viii. 19.**

HOW is it that there is such a strange fascination
in all that speaks to us of the angel world?
Why does a word on this matter, read to a home

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party by the fireside, rivet the attention of both old and young? Why has it, so to say, a personal interest for us all? The idea of angels never seems altogether strange to us. Why is this? Have we brought it with us from a previous state? . . . or does it belong to the future instead of to the past? Is it prognostical? Has it been given us to make the lessons needed for our future more attractive and easier to learn? The last suggestion is that which I prefer.

REV. H. LATHAM.

ANGEL CHORUS.

EXILED human creatures,
 Let your hope grow larger,
 Larger grows the vision
 Of the new delight.
 From this chain of Nature's
 God is the Discharger,
 And the Actual's prison
 Opens to your sight.

God, above the starlight,
 God, above the patience,
 Shall at last present ye
 Guerdons worth the cost.
 Patiently enduring,
 Painfully surrounded,
 Listen how we love you,
 Hope the uttermost!
 Waiting for that curing
 Which exalts the wounded,
 Hear us sing above you—
 Exiled, but not lost! E. B. BROWNING.

December 15

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.—Ps. viii.

FINALLY, the question will come, What is the bearing of all this matter of angels on our ways of thinking, on our doings, on our lives? I reply, if angels are ever about us, looking through us and through nature, registering every pulse of joy, and every emotion of good, and bearing it off with delight to the treasure-house of God, this surely must affect the feelings with which we look out on existence, and with which we regard one another and all the creatures of God.

REV. H. LATHAM.

SPIRITS may touch you, being, as you would say,
A hundred thousand million miles away.
Those wires that wed the Old World with the New,
Are not the only links mind lightens thro'!
The angels, singing in their heaven above,
Feel when ye strike the unison of love.

GERALD MASSEY.

FRIENDSHIP'S an abstract of this noble flame,
'Tis love refined and purged from all its dross,—
The next to angel's love, if not the same.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

To spread free wings
And burst exultingly on brighter life,
In a new realm of sunshine.

F. HEMANS.

December 16

And the cries of them that reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.—S. JAMES v. 4.

If so be that it is a righteous thing with God to recompense affliction to them that afflict you . . . at the revelation of the Lord Jesus from heaven with the angels of His power in flaming fire.—2 THESS. i. 6, 7.

EVEN the faith that there are such hosts of ministering spirits cannot but comfort the oppressed. Therefore the Apostle James, regarding

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the 'labourers who have reaped the fields, and whose hire is kept back by fraud,' by 'rich men who shall weep and howl for the miseries which are coming on them,' simply says—'The cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.' They shall be righted, if not by man, yet by the 'Lord of Hosts.' All are called to know how near He is, and how near are His unseen Hosts, who do His pleasure.

REV. ANDREW JUKES.

THE last are first, the first are last,
As angel eyes behold;
These from the sheep-cote sternly cast
Those welcomed to the fold.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

ALL our World changed! Poverty rich! sick
hearts
Comforted! those who weep, to laugh and sing!
This Earth the ante-room to neighbouring Heaven.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

NOT wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world
of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh
the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send
their prayer,
And still Thy white-winged angels hover dimly in
the air.

J. G. WHITTIER.

December 17

He that overcometh shall thus be arrayed in white garments.—REV. iii. 5.

Thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God with Thy blood men of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and madest them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests.—REV. v. 9, 10.

WE have now thought, first of the nature of angelic messengers, and second, of the recipients of their ministries. Let us turn a closing thought to the purpose thereof. Undoubtedly that purpose is to give men immortal life with God. The little book which the angel with the rainbow brings out of Heaven to the world is that gift of Jesus Christ in which life and immortality have been brought to light. The rainbow crown which surrounds the angel's brow becomes in turn the coronal of believing men. That is indeed a gift—the soul's coronation with Divine love. Blessed is he who is thus set apart as a king and priest unto his God for ever, whose life is girdled and glorified by the protecting covenant of Divine mercy.

DR. H. C. M'COOK.

I SEE them muster in a gleaming row
 With ever youthful brows that nobler show;
 We find in our dull road their shining track;
 In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,—
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspirations;
 They come transfigured back
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
 Beautiful evermore!—and with the rays
 Of morn on their white shields of Expectation.

J. R. LOWELL.

December 18

For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works.—S. MATT. xvi. 27.

YES; that is all they desire in their attendance about us. Let us worship God, fear God, serve God, and they account themselves very well paid. Their will is so entirely resolved into the will of God,

that they desire no more for all their service, than that our will might be resolved so too. And their love and affection is so entire to men, that for their ministration they desire no better pay than that man would love God for his own everlasting good. Therefore, though angels be infinitely below God, as being His creatures, and though they cover their faces before God, as owning themselves so infinitely below Him, yet, when the good of man is the business to be transacted—as the seeking for his good, rejoicing for his good, it is no wonder if angels be also named with God and Christ in some concurrence for such a thing.

DR. JOHN LIGHTFOOT, 1658.

AND thou, sad angel, who so long
 Hast waited for the glorious token,
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong
 To liberty and light has broken—
 Angel of Freedom! soon to thee
 The sounding trumpet shall be given,
 And over Earth's full jubilee
 Shall deeper joy be felt in heaven!

J. G. WHITTIER.

December 19

Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit.—EPIH. ii. 19-22.

A TEMPLE there has been upon earth, a spiritual temple, made up of living stones, a temple, so to say, composed of souls; a temple with God for its light, and Christ for the High Priest, with wings of

angels for its arches, with saints and teachers for its pillars, and with worshippers for its pavement. . . . Wherever there is faith and love, this temple is.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

AND whereas on earth
Temples and palaces are formed of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found
To mould withal, and form into a whole,
But what is immaterial, and thus
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,
The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

December 20

By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison.—I PETER iii. 19.

Which things the angels desire to look into.—I PETER i. 12.

And the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.—ISA. xxv. 8.

HYPATIA.

'BROTHER,' said the abbot, 'make ready for me the divine elements, that I may consecrate them.' And he asking the reason therefore, the saint replied, 'That I may partake thereof with all my brethren before I depart hence. For know assuredly that within the seventh day I shall migrate to the celestial mansions. For this night stood by me in a dream those two women whom I love, and for whom I pray, the one clothed in a white, the other in a ruby-coloured garment, and holding each other by the hand, who said to me, *That life after death is not such a one as you fancy*: come, therefore, and behold what it is like.'

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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LONG since a dream of heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft.

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament ;
Before the still uplifted veil

I see the crownèd foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air,
With breathings of unselfish prayer ;
And a Voice saith : ' O pity which is pain,
O Love that weeps, fill up My sufferings which remain.

' Shall souls redeemed by Me refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn ?
Or sin-forgiven, My gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern ?

Has saintly ease no pitying care ?
Has faith no work, and love no prayer ?
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell,
Can heaven itself be heaven, and look unmoved on hell ?'

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,
A wind of heaven blows coolly in ;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring pale sweet flowers of penitence ;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair
Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo ! God's hope is there !

Is it a dream ? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air ?
Its happy eyes for ever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer !
My God ! my God ! if thither led
By Thy free grace unmerited,
No palm nor crown be mine, but let me keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still can weep.

J. G. WHITTIER.

December 21

God having provided some better thing for us,
that they without us should not be made perfect.—
HEB. xi. 40.

In whom all the building, fitly framed together,
groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.—EPH.
ii. 21.

A SOLITARY perfecting in Christ is no more permitted to us than it was permitted to them. That is clear as words can make it. Progress is not the monopoly of those who are in the flesh. The spirits of the primitive believers share our higher and better things. The light and blessing and triumph that are our inheritance in Christ flash through the regions of the dead. The changes that have come to men by Christ's manifestation and sacrifice here have a counterpart in the circle of the unseen departed. Through the manifestation of Him who was the one hope of the covenant, the life and experience and history of the Old Testament Church has passed through some new and glorious development. The family in earth and heaven is one, and is influenced by the same events. Between the two halves of the circle there is absolute sympathy and interdependence.

T. G. SELBY.

ALL are but particles of one divine,
And never can in holy gladness shine
Till builded all into one common shrine
Which God shall make His temple. As the woe
Each human heart on earth doth undergo,
Shall be the calm immeasurable flow
Of joy, united man in heaven shall know.

P. J. BAILEY.

YET even so hast Thou been pleased to weave us
in one woof,
To bind us in one golden sheaf, that none may stand
aloof

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From these sweet sacred bands, and say, 'In having
One above
So have I all'; that none may scorn his human
brother's love
That *Thou* art mindful of; and thus since Thou hast
loved us, none
That love Thee best may ever rest in loving Thee
alone!

DORA GREENWELL.

December 22

That they without us should not be made perfect.—
HEB. xi. 40.

**And the nations of them which are saved shall walk
in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring
their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it
shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no
night there. And they shall bring the glory and
honour of the nations into it.—REV. xxi. 24, 25, 26.**

THE highest victories of the Church in heaven are only consummated by the victories of the church on earth. The disembodied spirits of the Jewish participate in the progress and achievement of the Christian Church, and the church of the first Christian centuries shares the progress of the church of to-day in all parts of the world. We have the highest possible warrant for the fact that 'there' is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth. And if there is joy for only one, there is greater joy for the many. And if there is joy at a sinner's repentance, much more abundantly must there be joy at that sinner's subsequent growth in knowledge and unselfishness, and power of sanctified service. . . . Some time ago a godly and eloquent minister said that he shrank from death, because he did not like to think of missing 'the thrill of living.' Who knows but that the dead feel a still more subtle thrill? The future holds the seed of no

harvest in the 'glory and shouting' of which we shall not participate. That is the meaning of such passages as 'We shall reign on the earth.'

T. G. SELBY.

NOW earth and heaven hold commune, day and night ;
There's not a wind but bears upon its wing
The messages of God ; and not a star
But knows the bliss of earth.

P. J. BAILEY.

FOR ever ours,
The good and great of all the ages past ;
The Father's children gather'd home at last :
Oh wealth, unutterable wealth of love,
All ours above.

For ever ours,
The noblest and the best of every land,
Innumerable as the silver sand
Of ocean, or the dust of stars that gem
Night's diadem.

For ever ours,
Pilgrims and patriarchs, and kings and seers,
Whose forms loom dimly through the mist of years ;
Apostles, martyrs, and evangelists,
All who are Christ's.

For ever ours,
The children by their angel guards caressed ;
And all the myriad myriads of the blest ;
Each heart a crystal well-spring of delight,
All clothed in white.

For ever ours,
What eye can range the limitless expanse
Or bear the blaze of love's inheritance ?
Ours :—Christ is ours : oh, miracle of bliss !
And we are His. Amen.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH.

December 23

Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
—PS. xc. 2.

Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered
up the kingdom to God, even the Father.—I COR. xv.
24.

Which things the angels desire to look into.—I
PETER i. 12.

LONG as these epochs may seem in our reckoning, through which the angels have been shining in their purity, and spiritual loveliness, their holiness is but like a lightning flash in the long, eternal day of God's moral splendour. . . . Whilst it is implied that the angels who stand in God's presence have kept their first estate, it is nowhere implied that first estate is the final goal of their vocation. . . . The history of human redemption is yet to reflect its inspiring lessons in their experience and life. It is not an idle and unfruitful instinct that quickens their ambition to look into its mysteries. Think you they can open that book and master its divine elements without reaching some new sublimation of character, and receiving some new girding for a more exalted heroism of service? . . . They no less than the children of men, look on to a golden age. They have not yet apprehended all that for which God made them. The angel must needs forget the things that are behind, for God has planned him for more brilliant and sunward flights.

T. G. SELBY.

GOD only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
By all but heaven unseen.

KEBLE.

YET a Tamer shall be found !
 One more bright than Seraph crowned,
 And more strong than cherub bold,
 Elder too than angel old,
 By his grey eternities.
 He shall master and surprise
 The Steed of Death.

E. B. BROWNING.

December 24

Whereof I am made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which is given to me for you, to fulfil the word of God ; even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints.—COL. i. 25, 26.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.—S. LUKE ii. 14.

IT is not possible for us to apprehend all the spiritual beauty which lay deep down, glorifying God, in this devotion of the angels. It was plainly a devotion of joy, of such joy as angels can feel. It was joy in a mystery long pondered, long expected, yet whose glory took them by surprise when at length it came. It was a joy full of unselfishness towards men, whose nature was at that moment triumphing over theirs. In their song they made no mention of themselves, only of God in the highest, and then of men on earth. How beautiful, how holy, in this silence about themselves!

F. W. FABER.

GLORY to God.' I said Amen afar.
 And those who from that earthly mission are,
 Within mine ears have told
 That the seven everlasting Spirits did hold
 With such a sweet and prodigal constraint
 The meaning yet the mystery of the song
 What time they sang it, on their natures strong,
 That, gazing down on earth's dark steadfastness,

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And speaking the new peace in promises,
The love and pity made their voices faint
Into the low and tender music, keeping
The place in heaven of what on earth is weeping.

E. B. BROWNING.

IF ye would hear the angels sing,
Christians ! see ye let each door
Stand wider than ever it stood before
On Christmas-Day in the morning.

Rise, and open wide the door ;
Christians, rise ! the world is wide,
And many there be that stand outside,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

DORA GREENWELL.

December 25

CHRISTMAS DAY

And there were in the same country shepherds
abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by
night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,
and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude
of the heavenly host. And it came to pass, as the
angels were gone away from them into heaven, the
shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even
unto Bethlehem.—S. LUKE ii. 8, 9, 13, 15.

THE shepherds went back to their sheep. They
had seen their only angels. The next night,
the next year, brought no more. They talked all
their lives about this one great experience. Did
they search the skies midnight upon midnight for
that flower of life? Did they tell their children's
children how the splendid Oriental zenith burst that
only time into celestial bloom? How the soft, winter
wind broke into articulate speech? How he looked

—the mighty one, who was General of the Heavenly Host? And how they found that spirits spoke the truth? For there was the child, and the manger.

E. STUART PHELPS.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold :
'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King ;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

G. HAMILTON SEARS.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright
That erst, with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear
So sweetly sang your joy, the clouds along,
Through the soft silence of the listening night.

MILTON.

AND all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

MILTON.

December 26

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill toward men.—S. LUKE ii. 13, 14.

WE do not know much of the angels, though we are assured that they are constantly and kindly taking care of us. They thought more of God's mercy to man than man thought of it himself. They were unselfish in their praise, for the goodwill was not to angels but to men, and the peace was not for heaven, but for earth. The peace was for *us*, but the thought gladdened them. The heavenly hosts know what heaven means. They have ex-

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perienced the blessing of the uninterrupted enjoyment of God's love and presence, and when the good news reaches them that another poor sinner is made heir of that heavenly home, all thoughts of self are forgotten in a fresh outburst of praise and thanksgiving for the saving power of redeeming grace.

CANON EDWARD HOARE.

LISTEN, and I will tell thee
The song creation sings,
From the humming of bees in the heather
To the flutter of angels' wings.

An echo rings for ever,
The sound can never cease ;
It speaks to God of glory,
It speaks to earth of peace.

Not alone did angels sing it
To the poor shepherds' ear ;
But the sphered Heavens chant it,
While listening ages hear.

Above thy peevish wailing
Rises that holy song ;
Above earth's foolish clamour
Above the voice of wrong.

So leave thy sick heart's fancies
And lend thy little voice
To the silver song of glory
That bids the world rejoice.

A. A. PROCTER.

December 27

See that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for
I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do **always**
behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—

S. MATT. xviii. 10.

FROM childhood upward, I should make a custom
of saying to a child, ' Dear child, thou hast an
angel of thine own. When thou prayest, morning

and evening, the same angel will be beside thee, will sit by thy little bed clothed in white raiment, will take care of thee, cradle thee to sleep, and guard thee, that the evil one, the devil, may not come near thee. Also when thou sayest the Benedicite and Gratias at meals, thine angel will be at table with thee, serving thee, guarding thee, and watching over thee.' If children were taught thus from childhood, it would not only make them trust themselves to the guardianship of the dear angels, but it would make them good; for when they were alone they would think, 'Although our parents are not with us, the angels are here.'

LUTHER.

GOD bless this house from thatch to floor,
The twelve Apostles guard the door,
And four good angels watch my bed,
Two at the foot and two the head.

'CHILD'S BOOK OF SAINTS.'

I WAS in heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto a place where he
Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in that palace bright
The presence-chamber might be duly dight;
For they were like to flowers of various bloom;
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose,
One flower that seemed to me a hedgling rose,
And from the tangled press
Of that irregular loveliness
Set it apart—and—'This,' I heard him say,
'Is for the Master': so upon his way
He would have passed; then I to him:
'Whence is this rose? O thou of cherubim
The chiefest?'—'Know'st thou not?' he said and
smiled,
'This is the first prayer of a little child.'

T. E. BROWN.

December 28

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O God.—Ps. xxvi. 6.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.—S. MATT. xix. 14.

THEY not only teach us patience by their martyrdom, but innocency by their innocence. Let Herod and all his hosts, all the Herods and hosts and armies of the world, do what they can, they cannot hurt us if we keep our innocence. Out of the world they may thrust us, but into heaven it is they drive us. Here, if they please, they may truly see themselves mocked indeed, when against their wills they undo us into a kingdom; think they destroy us, but will find at last, to their confusion, that they have been instruments to us both of life and glory. These infants, says S. Augustine, were snatched indeed from their mothers' breasts, but into the laps of angels were they carried, and into the bosom of the Almighty.

MARK FRANK.

SAY, ye celestial guards, who wait
In Bethlehem, round the Saviour's palace gate,
Say, who are these on golden wings,
That hover o'er the new-born King of Kings?
Their palms and garlands telling plain
That they are of the glorious martyr-train,
Next to yourselves ordain'd to praise
His name, and brighten as on Him they gaze?

Ask, and some angel will reply,
'These, like yourselves, were born to sin and die,
But ere the poison root was grown,
God set His seal and marked them for His own.'

And next to these, Thy gracious word
Was as a pledge of benediction, stored
For Christian mothers, while they moan
Their treasured hopes, just born, baptized, and gone.

KEBLE.

December 29

The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light.—ROM. xiii. 12.

THAT instinct of loving union which lies at the root of every human soul awaits its expression in humanity at large. Even now this is not so far off. To your own self be true, and it will follow, 'as the night the day,' you will be in touch with all other Selves; you will have the angel-wings which will carry you in an instant from one end of heaven to the other.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

GATHER you, gather you, angels of God,
Freedom, and mercy, and truth;
Come! for the earth is grown coward and old;
Come down and renew us her youth.
Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring, and love,
Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I HEARD an angel singing
When the day was springing:
'Mercy, Pity, and Peace
Are the world's release!' WILLIAM BLAKE.

X

December 30

The kingdom of God is within you.—S. LUKE xvii. 21.

Ye are come unto . . . the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels.—HEB. xii. 22.

THE acceptance of the one most important law that has been revealed to the world since the time of Christ grows larger, broader, and more

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universal daily. Even those who accepted the philosophy find they had not believed too much, but too little. The ethereal world is apparently in entire correspondence with the physical world. As a condition and not a locality it exists side by side : even more, it actually interpenetrates all this physical world, and it thus presents to us a realm of potency which, if we can but learn to use, will enable us to render our lives far more significant and useful.

LILIAN WHITING.

GOD'S kingdom is on earth begun :
Time and eternity are one :
And heaven is not some distant sphere :
It lies about us now and here.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

DOUBT who may, O friend of mine !
Thou and I have seen them too ;
On before with beck and sign
Still they glide and we pursue.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams of glories seen and flown,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,
Airs from viewless Eden blown ;

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste ;

Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us as they go
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine !
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,
Smiling eye and waving hand,
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
Lost and found, in Sunset Land.

J. G. WHITTIER.

YET I believe that God is Master still.
He reigneth ; He whose lightest breath could
thrill

The universe of worlds like drops of dew,
And if the Spirit-world hath broken through,
It cannot be unknown, unseen by Him ;
It must be with His will. . . .

Therefore I trust Him ; shut mine eyes and say,
'Lead on, O Lord, Thou only know'st the way !'

UNKNOWN.

December 31

NEW YEAR'S EVE

And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God,
I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh : and your
sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your
young men shall see visions, and your old men shall
dream dreams.—ACTS ii. 17.

WHEN our Lord comes the second time to earth,
a far brighter blaze of miracles will shine
around Him than that which ushered in His first
appearance. The whole frame of nature will be rent
in twain, as the veil of the temple formerly was, and
we shall get a glimpse through the great cleft into
the world of spirits ; we shall see those things which
here we have been called upon to believe without
seeing—an innumerable company of angels, and a
great white throne prepared for judgment, and Him
who sitteth thereon.

DEAN GOULBURN.

AND finally
With the great escapings of ecstatic souls,
Who, in a rush of too long-prisoned flame,
Their radiant faces upward, burn away
This dark of the body, issuing on a world
Beyond the mortal.

E. B. BROWNING.

‘MORNWARD!’ the angelic watchers say,
‘Passed is the sorest trial ;
No plot of man can stay
The hand upon the dial ;
Night is the dark stem of the lily Day.’

J. R. LOWELL.

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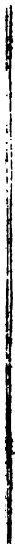
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